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A BROTHER TO DRAGONS.

I.

IN the year of grace, 15—, on the last day of the month of May, to all who may chance to read this narrative, these : —

I will first be at the pains of stating that had it not been for Marian I had never indited these or any other papers, true or false. Secondly, that the facts herein set down be true facts ; none the less true that they are strange. I will furthermore explain that Marian is the Christian name of my lawful wife, and that our surname is Butter.

My wife had nursed the Lady Margaret from the moment of her birth ; and here I must make another digression. The Lady Margaret was the twin sister of the then Lord of Amhurst, Lord Robert, and my lady and his lordship had quarreled ; Marian saith, with a great cause, but I cannot herein forbear also expressing my opinion, which is to the effect that for that quarrel there was neither cause, justice, nor reason. Therefore, before those who may chance to read these words, I will lay bare the facts pertaining to the said quarrel.

It concerned the family ghost, which ghost was said to haunt a certain blue chamber in the east wing of the castle. Now I myself had never gainsaid these reports ; for although I do not believe

in ghosts, I have a certain respect for them, as they have never offered me any affront, either by appearing to me, or otherwise maltreating me. But Marian, who, like many of her sex, seemed to consort naturally with banshees, bogies, apparitions, and the like, declared to me that at several different and equally inconvenient times this ghost had presented itself to her, startling her on two occasions to such an extent that she let fall, once, the contents of the broth-bowl on Herne the bloodhound, thereby causing that beast to maliciously devour two breadths of her new black tafetas Sunday gown ; again, a hot iron wherewith she was pressing out the seams of Lady Margaret's night-gown. On the second occasion, she fled along the kitchen hall, shrieking piteously, and preceded by Doll, the kitchen wench, the latter having in her seeming a certain ghostly appearance, as she was clad only in her shift, which the draughts in the hall inflated to a great size. The poor maid fled affrighted into her room and locked the door behind her. But when I did essay to assuage the terror of Mistress Butter, identifying Doll and the blue-room ghost as one and the same, she thanked me not, but belabored me in her frenzy with the yet warm iron, which she had instinctively snatched up in her flight ; demanding of me at the same time if I had ever

seen Doll's nose spout fire, and her eyes spit in her head like hot coals. I being of a necessity compelled to reply "No," Marian further told me that it was thus that the ghost had comported itself, that, moreover, it was clad all in a livid blue flame from top to toe, and that it had a banner o' red sarcenet that streamed out behind like forked lightning. She then said that this malevolent spirit had struck her with its blazing hand, and that, did I not believe her, I could see the burn on her wrist. Upon my suggesting that this wound might have been inflicted by the iron in its fall, she did use me in so unwifely a manner that I sought my bed in much wrath and vexation of spirit. Nay, I do fear me that I cursed the day I was wed, the day on which my wife was born, wishing all women to the d——l; and that, moreover, out loud, which put me to much shame afterwards for some days; although, be it said to my still greater shame, it was full a fortnight e'er I confessed my repentance unto the wife whom I had so abused.

But meseems I have in this digression transgressed in the matter o' length. Therefore, to return to the bare facts.

It was on the subject of this ghost that my lord and the Lady Margaret had disagreed. My lord, being a flighty lad, although a marvelous fine scholar and well disposed, did agree with my wife in the matter of the ghost; while my lady was of a like mind with myself.

It doth seem but yesterday that she came to me as I was training the woodbine o'er the arbor that led to her little garden, and put her white hand on my shoulder. (My lady was never one for wearing gloves, yet the sun seemed no more to think o' scorching her fair hands than the leaves of a day-lily.) She comes to me, and lays her hand on my shoulder, and her long eyes they laugh at me out of the shadow of her hat; but her mouth is grave as though I were a corse.

Quoth she:—

"Butter, dost thou believe in this ghost?"

"Nay, my lady," answered I, hoping to shift her to better soil; "I ne'er meddle with ghosts or goblins. Why, an there be such things, should they wish me harm? O' my word, my brain is no more troubled with ghosts, black or white, than our gracious Queen's," here I doffed my cap, "is with snails and slugs;" and here I plucked a slug from a vine leaf and set my heel on 't.

"Nay! nay!" quoth she, a-shutting of her white eyelids so tight that all the long black hairs on them stood straight out, like the fringe on Marian's Sunday mantle in a high wind. "Butter! Thou nasty man!"

"Why, for how dost thou mean, my lady?" quoth I.

"Why, for mashing that poor beast to a pap." And then a-holding of her hand level below her eyes, so that she might not discern the ground, "Is he dead?" quoth she.

"Dead?" asked I, for I was somewhat puzzled in my mind.

"Ay, the slug; is he dead?"

"That he is, verily," said I; for in truth he was naught but a jelly, and therewith I drew a pebble over him with my foot, that the sight o' his misfortune should not disturb her tender heart.

"How if I were to crush you 'neath my heel, Master Butter?" quoth she at last, having peered about for the sight she dreaded, and, not seeing it, returning to her discourse. "How wouldst thou like that, excellent Master Butter?" But somehow, as I looked at her foot, my mouth, for all I could do, went into a smile. For though she was as fine a maiden as any in all Warwickshire, her foot, methinks, was of so dainty a make 't would scarce have dealt death to a rose.

"But truly, my lady," continued I, seeing that she was making up a face at

me, "thou knowest I 've naught in common with ghosts."

"Ay," quoth she. "And thou knowest the like of me. But" — and here stops she, with the slyest tip of her frowzed curls toward the house — "thou knowest also this, Butter, that his lordship, my brother, thinks as doth Marian, thy wife, and that therein we four cannot agree."

So I look at my hoe-handle, and say I, "My lady, it is known to me."

"Well, now, Butter," she goes on, "thou most wise, most excellent, most cunning, most delectable of Butters, I have concocted a plan. I' fecks, Butter" (for my lady, like her Majesty the Queen, was somewhat given to swearing, though more modest oaths, as should become a subject), — "I' fecks, Butter," saith she, "'t is a most lustick plot. But I would not thy mome heard us;" and with that she makes me send away Joe, the under-gardener. He being gone, she whispers in my ear how she hath plotted to fright his lordship and Marian into very convulsions of further conviction, by appearing to them at the door o' the blue room in her night-gown, with a taper in her hand and her face chalked. What she desired o' me was, that I should come to the blue room with her, and there remain while she played off this pretty fantasy on my lord and Marian.

To be truthful in these my last days o' earth, I liked not my proffered office o'er well. Howbeit, that night did I do the bidding o' my young mistress, and — loath am I to speak of it, even at this late day — 't was the cause of my young master's leaving his home and going to bide in foreign countries.

Ah, bitter tears did his sister weep, and with mine own eyes I saw her, on the day he set forth, cling to his neck, and when he shook her thence, hang about his loins, and when at last he pushed her to the ground, she laid her hand about his feet and wept; and between every sob it was, "Go not, brother,

for my fault! Go not, brother, for my fault!" or else, "Robin, Robin, dost not love me enough to forgive me so little?" and then, "If thou didst but love me a little, thou couldst forgive me much." But he stepped free of her hands and went his ways, and my lady lay with her head where his feet had been, and was still.

Then Marian, who was very wroth with me for my part in the matter, did up with her nursling in her own proper strong arms (for she was aye a strong lass, that being one o' the chief reasons for which I had sought her in marriage, having had, as should all men, an eye to my posterity. It was a great cross to me, as may be thought, to find that all my forethought had been in vain, and that while Turnip, the harrier, had eight as fine lads as one would care to father, of a puny wench that my Marian could have slipped in her pocket, Mistress Butter presented me with no children, weakly or healthy). But, as I have said, Marian, in her own arms, did carry my lady up-stairs to her chamber, and laid her on the day-bed.

And by and by she opes her eyes (for Marian agreed that I sate on the threshold), and says she, putting out her hand half fearful like, "Is 't thou, brother?"

"Nay, honey," saith Marian; "it is I, thy Marian, thy nurse."

Then said my lady, "Ay, nurse; but my brother, he is below, — is 't not so?" But when Marian shook her head, my lady sate up on the day-bed and caught hold of her short curls, and cried out, "I have banished him! I have made him an outlaw! I have banished him!" And for days she lay like one whose soul was sped.

Well, the young lord came not back, nor would he write, so we knew not whether he were alive or dead. Yet were Marian and myself not unhopeful, for full oft did the heady boy find some such cause of disagreement with his sis-

ter to abide apart from her. But when we saw that in truth he came not back, and that week sped after week, and month did follow month, and still no tidings, we had perforce to acknowledge that the young lord was indeed gone to return no more.

The Lady Margaret, in her loneliness, grew into many strange ways. She did outride any man in the county, and she had a blue-roan by the name of Robin Hood; which same, methinks, no man in or out o' th' county would a' cared to bestride. She would walk over to Pebworth ('piping Pebworth,' as Master Shakespeare hath dubbed it) and back again, a distance o' some six miles; and afterward set forth for a gallop on Robin Hood, and be no more a-weary come eventide than myself from a trip 'round the gardens. She swam like a sea-maid, she had fenced even better than her brother, and methinks she was the bonniest shot with a long-bow of any woman in all England. She was but fifteen when my lord left Amhurst for aye, and in the years since she had grown mightily, and was waxed as strong as Marian and full a head taller. But she had long, curved flanks, that saved her from buxomness; and her head was set high and light on her shoulders, like a bird that floats on a wave, and o'er it ran her bright curls, the one o'er the other, like little wavelets. Her eyes were as gray as a sword, and as keen, and she had broad lids as white as satin-flowers, and there was a fine black ring around them, made by her long lashes.

My lady was courted by many a fine lord, and more than three youngsters have I seen weep, because of her coldness toward them; speeding them away out o' the sight o' mankind (as they thought), and casting themselves along the lush grass in my lady's garden, there to bleat and bleat, like moon-calves for the moon.

For one lad did my heart bleat verily.

'T was for the young Lord of Mallow, — but a lad, with buttercup curls and speedwell eyes, and a smile to win the love o' any maid in her reason (though, to be sure, my lady was in her reason). He comes to me and gets between my knees, like any little eanling that might a' been mine own, and quoth he: —

"Butter, Butter, she loves thee — wilt thou not speak to her, and tell her that she shall be the richest lady in all England, and maid of honor to the Queen, and have more jewels than the Queen herself? Oh, Butter!" cried he.

Then said I, a-stroking of the yellow gossamer that bestrewed his shoulders, as he knelt, head bowed, between my knees, "Nay, my lord, 't is not so that thou shalt win the Lady Margaret. She careth no more for jewels than she doth for the beads in a rainbow. Nor doth she care for riches. And methinks a maid who would marry just to be maid of honor to a queen would not be an honorable maid, either to herself or to her sovereign;" for so indeed I thought.

Then saith he: —

"Butter, dost thou believe in love-philters?"

And I asked his meaning, for verily I was ignorant of 't, albeit I was not ignorant in all matters. And he explained to me that it was a drink or potion to cause love.

Then I answered and said: —

"Calamint doth make a good brew, likewise sage, and some flax is soothing, but methinks none o' these would cause love."

On this he wept again, but said that I was a good old man, and that on his return to Mallow he would send me a gift: and so he did, — a pair o' silk hose such as my lady and the Queen do wear; but being mindful of my station, I laid them aside for the sake o' th' poor lad, and yesterday Marian did bring them to me with her ten fingers through as many moth-holes. Whereupon I was

mindèd o' th' text concerning that we lay not up treasures where moth and rust do corrupt, and at my behest Marian read me the whole of that chapter. But to return to bare facts.

It was on a certain night in March, 15—, that there occurred the conversation which was the cause of this narrative. There had been news of the return of one Lord Denbeigh to Warwickshire, by report as wild a cavalier as ever fought, and a godless body to boot. Marian, who, as I have said, had always a certain knack for ghost-stories and the like, froze me with her accounts o' this wild lord's doings. Quoth she, —

“Fire-brace is a suiting name for him, inasmuch as 't is a family name, and he a firebrand to peace where-some'er he shall go.”

“Peace, — peace thyself!” quoth I, hearing my lady's foot along the hall. And o' my word, Marian had but just ceased, and given her attention to the fire, when in clatters my lady, with her riding-whip stuck in her glove, and her bloodhound Gruff in a leash. She was much wrought, either with riding or rage, for there was a quick red in her cheek, and she had set her red lips until they were white. Then took she the hound between her knees, and plucked off her gloves. Here I did find it my duty to speak.

“My lady,” cried I, “'t is not in your mind to baste the dog?”

“Ay, that is it,” quoth she, and her lips went tighter, and she jerked at her glove.

Then said I, “How if he leap at thy throat?” And she answered, “Nay, he knows better;” and with that she gripped his collar, and let swing her whip. Then did I bid Marian that she leave the room. As for me, it was my duty to stay, though, as I have given an oath to tell but the truth in this narrative, I must confess that I was in a sweat from head to foot with fear.

But the great hound crouched as

though he knew he got but what he deserved, and when my lady had given him ten or twenty lashes she flung wide the door, and said she, “Get thee gone, coward! Go fare as fares the poor beggar thou sought'st to bite!” and the hound slunk out. Then turned my mistress to me, and “Butter,” saith she, “yon beast sought to bite an old beggar as we came through the park: so I whipped him. But for naught save cruelty or disobedience will I ever whip a dog; so, Butter, the next time that thou seest me about to lash one, keep thy counsel.” (This was the harshest that my lady e'er spoke, either to me or to Marian.) Then went she to the door and called Marian.

“Come, nurse,” quoth she, “I am a-weary. Fling me some skins on the settle, and I will lie down, and thou shalt card out my locks with thy fingers.” So we heaped the settle with the skins o' white bears, and thereon my lady cast herself, like a flower blown down upon a snow bank; and by and by, what with the warmth and Marian's strokings, she fell into a deep sleep. But we two sate and gazed on her.

She was clad all in a tight riding-dress of green velour cloth, and her white face seemed to come from the close collar like a white lily from its sheath. She was e'er flower-like, asleep or waking, as I have said, and her pretty head was sleek and yellow like a butterfly's wing. She was so sound that it appeared to me and Marian as though one longer breath might transform the mimicry into the actual thing, — death. But by and by awe fell from us, as it doth ever fall, even in the presence of that which hath awed us, and my wife and I did return to our discourse concerning my Lord Denbeigh. Quoth I to Marian: —

“But, wife, may not malice invent these tales?”

“Nay, nay,” said she, shaking her head; “as bloody a rogue as ever lived,

— as bloody a rogue as ever lived. They do say as how he'll set a whole tavern in a broil, ere he be entered in for three minutes."

"But," quoth I, "may he not be provoked?"

"Nay, I tell thee," said she, "but he'll jump at a body's head, and cleave't open ere a body can say 'Jesus.'"

At this, I said firmly, "I doubt not but what the poor man is most surely maligned." Whereupon Mistress Butter did wax exceeding wroth.

"Why wilt thou e'er be seeking to plead the cause o' villains?" cried she. "First that bloody beast o' my lady's, now this bloody villain o' th' devil's. I do wonder at thee, Anthony Butter." Whereat I did put in that I sometimes wondered at myself.

"For why?" quoth she.

"Why, that I ever married to be worded by a wench," said I. And at this, I am most entirely sure that she would have cast her joint-stool at me, had she not been sitting on't, and my lady's head against her knee. So she called me a "zany," and then after a little a "toad," but went on stroking my lady's hair.

And by and by, back we come to his lordship.

"'T is not alone his bloody tricks and murderous ways," quoth my wife, "that causes all Christian folk to abhor him, but he consorts with no other women than drabs and callets. Dost excuse that?"

"Nay," said I, with sufficient gravity, "then is this earl no longer a man, but a swine, and not fit for men's discussion, much less that of women."

At this reproof, I saw anger again in her eye, but she was so pleased withal at having got me to call Lord Denbeigh a swine that she forbore any further personal affront.

"And yet," she went on, "they do say he be as fine a man as a wench will walk through the rain to glimpse at, and a brave and a learned; but

that he wed a Spanish maid, and she betrayed him, and so he hath vowed to hate women, one and all."

"Hast thou seen him?"

"Nay, but I've had him itemized to me by the wife o' Humfrey Lemon. A blue eye, a hooked nose, a" —

"Well, well, wife," quoth I, "if a blue eye and a hooked nose be as bad signs in a man as they be in a horse, methinks this thy villain is a very round villain."

"And so he is," affirmed she.

"Yet," said I, "there is somewhere in me a something that doth pity him."

"By my troth!" cried my wife. "I do believe, Master Butter, that thou'dst pity the Devil's wife in childbirth."

"Ay, that I would," I made answer with a great calmness, for I saw that she sought to rouse my spleen.

"Well, do not bellow," blurted she, "for my mistress is as sound as a gold piece."

Then quoth my lady, a-rising up on her elbow: —

"Nay, that she is not. And moreover, she would hear all the stories concerning this bad and bloody Lord of Denbeigh!"

II.

When Marian heard my lady so speak, methought she would have swooned in verity; for she knew my lady's contempt for gossip. E'en for the first time in all her life, Marian could not find a word to her tongue.

"La! my lady," said she, and then stopped and was silent. My lady laughed at her, with her deep eyes, but as was her wont her mouth was wondrous solemn.

"Ay, nurse," quoth she, "thou thought'st me safe i' th' Land o' Nod, but one hath ears to hear there as elsewhere." Then she reaches out one hand and plays with Marian's ruff. "Go to, nurse," says she. "Dost thou not see

I am even i' th' same case with thyself? I too would gossip a little. Come, word it, — word it!"

So Marian told her all that she had heard, together with a little prophesying here and there, which boded no good to my Lord Denbeigh. She told how he had e'en been a brave lad, but how in Spain he had wed with a wife who played him false; how then he had vowed vengeance on all womankind, becoming a brawler and a haunter o' taverns; how death was in his sword and lightnings in his eye.

My lady listened, and now and again she would pinch her eyelids softly with her thumb and ring-finger, as one who is deep in thought. But when Marian paused for breath, she turned to her, and quoth she: —

"Nurse, thou hast often preached unto me; listen now to my preachings. Thou shalt often hear a man abused, nurse, but chiefly for that which he hath never done. This wild lord, I doubt not, hath been guilty of sorry deeds. What man hath not? But the half that thou hast told me is not to be believed."

Then went she to her room, taking Marian with her, but I saw that she was moved.

It was but the next day that my lady's uncle, Sir John Trenyon, came riding into the court. He often came in such wise, to bide for a day or two with his niece. A most courteous gentleman; red of face, blue of eye, and blithe of tongue. He had a jest for each tick o' th' clock, and a kind word for all.

"Ah, Butter," saith he, "and where is thy mistress? And thy wife, the good Dame Marian, — where is she? And how about thy family? Hast thou no better prospects than of yore?"

Whereat I looked sorrowful enough, I doubt not, for he did bid me take heart, as my first-born might have had a hare-lip or a crook-back. Then did he

toss me his bridle-reins, and my lady, having heard his voice, came forth to meet him.

"So, lady-bird!" quoth he, clasping her. "I am come for no less than three reasons this time. First, to see thy bonny face. Second, to ride thy bonny Robin. Third, to inquire and seek out a certain villain of mine acquaintance, of whom you have doubtless heard;" and forthwith did he say to her of how the wicked Lord Denbeigh was the son of a friend and comrade, and of how he had known him when a lad, together with much more, at which my lady pricked up her ears, as 't were, having all a lady's love for stories of wicked men who are not yet either old or ill-favored.

"By my troth," declared the old knight in ending, "I will take but a mouthful to stay me, and then set forth straightway in quest o' th' rascal." So having dined right heartily, he rode forth again.

Now, having related this hap to Marian, she was devoured of so great a curiosity that, as I am an honest man, I looked to see her consumed even unto her bones, as some men who burn of drink. She would have it that I must hazard a guess on the shape of Lord Denbeigh's nose, the color of his hair, and the height of his body. She forced me to wonder whether he were civil or rude of tongue. She pressed me to say whether I thought there was aye a chance of his returning with Sir John. She questioned me, in a word, until, having no answers, I was like to lose my wits, or my temper, or both together. At last comes she and sits on my knee, and tickles the back of my neck right playfully, as in the days of our wooing.

"As I live, Tony," quoth she, "we are like to have a strange story under our very noses. What if" — and here she takes my face in her two hands, and sets her chin against mine, so that I see

four round, blue eyes against her white brow, and am like to go blind with her thoughtlessness, — “what if it turns out that the Lord hath set upon our lady to be the saviour of this wicked earl?”

“Ay,” cried I. “And what if the Lord hath set upon me to be the founder of a nation, like Abraham? What then?” At which she boxed my ears right soundly. But I could not blame her, for in the wrong I was, without doubt, although verily she had plagued me into it. So I sued for pardon, and got it, and a kiss into the bargain. But she would not leave me in peace concerning Lord Denbeigh.

When that same afternoon there comes Sir John a-riding past, and the bad earl at his side, “What dost thou say now?” quoth Marian, a-plucking me in a way that did not serve to increase good feeling betwixt us. “Ah ha! Are not women prophetesses by nature?”

“Ay, by ill-nature,” answered I; and for this quip I was not forgiven for two days.

It was toward the setting of the sun, when Sir John and Lord Denbeigh rode up to the door of Amhurst, and my lady, knowing naught, came out at the sound of the horses’ feet, thinking only to greet her uncle. The red light from the west shone on her, and dabbled her white kirtle as with blood, and her face was like one of the red roses in her garden. So she put up her hand to shield it, and saw the stranger standing at her feet.

There was ne’er a nobler-looking man, for all he might outblack Satan in his soul: straight of body, and strong of limb, and lofty of head. His hair was the color of my lady’s, and there seemed to be ever some sunshine in it, as he moved his head. Methought his face was fair and goodly to look upon, albeit his lips went downward at the corners, and there was a droop in his broad lids. He was clad all in a close

suit of dark velvet, and in his hand he held a black hat with a knot of heron-plumes.

My lady stood and looked down at him from under her long, white hand, and he stood and looked up at my lady, as one looks upward at a fair picture. And the evening light crept between them. I was ashamed of my own folly, when I did catch myself remembering Marian’s silly sayings, but for all that they did come back to me, as the words of a foolish woman will return to the wisest of men. And in truth he did gaze up at her, as though she were more holy than the heavens above her. And for all her hand, the sunset found its way unto her cheek.

What I now relate was told me by Marian, some three days after. ’T was on the night of the day on which Sir John had brought the stranger to Amhurst, and Marian was carding out my lady’s tresses before her bedroom fire.

Quoth my lady suddenly: —

“Nurse, didst thou see Lord Denbeigh ere he went?”

And Marian said that she had seen him.

“He hath a strange face, nurse.”

“How ‘strange,’ my lady?”

“Why, it seems to me that each feature in it doth contradict the other. His brow is stern, and saith to his eyes, ‘Ye shall not be gentle.’ His eyes say to his nose, ‘Spread not thy nostrils so proudly.’ His nose commands his lips that they smile not, but, nurse, there was ne’er a sweeter smile on the lips o’ a saint!”

Marian fell a-thinking, and pulled my lady’s hair. My lady heeded it not, so Marian fell a-thinking yet more deeply.

“It is not a face that tells of a bad heart,” continued my lady. “Rather it speaks of rebellion and misfortune. A sad story, — a sad story.”

“What is, my lady?” asked Marian; but my lady was far away, whither Marian could not follow.

"Nurse," she saith presently, "that were a soul worth saving." Then got she suddenly to her feet, and turned and took her nurse's hands with hers. "It shall be saved," she saith, "God helping."

And she kissed Marian, and lay down upon her bed. But Marian did tell me how that no sleep visited her lady's eyes that night. Through the darkness she could hear her turn, first on this side, then on that; then sigh, and move her pillow, and sigh again.

Methought Marian would have split in sunder with importance, when Lord Denbeigh took to coming sometimes to Amhurst. 'T was never for even an hour that he stayed; and 't was always some question of business that brought him. But my lady and he touched hands full oft during a week, and always he would look at her with a different look from that which his eyes did wear at other times. And she spoke to him e'er courteously and kindly, even as though he had been a holy man and worthy of all reverence.

One day it chanced that my lady rode the blue-roan out into the woods, towards the hut of old Joan Gobble, who was crippled by reason of age. My lady had me follow her on Dumble, th' white nag, with a pat o' butter and some wine. I was taken up with pondering as to why my lady should go in person to Dame Gobble's, seeing she might have sent me alone on Dumble as well. Be that as it may, as we rode along by a brook-side, under the thick leaves, who should we come upon but my Lord Denbeigh. He was kneeling beside the water, and holding down his hand into the brook. As I looked I saw that his hand was befouled with gore, and that the brown stream did rush away ruddily from beneath his fingers.

My lady did not wait for me to hold Robin Hood, but did swing herself from her saddle, and was beside the earl in a

trice. He looked up, and seeing her did start upon his feet.

"Nay," said she, putting out her hand, "but tell me if I can aid thee."

And he strove to hide his hand at his side, saying, "'T is but a scratch;" but the blood ran down like water on the grass.

"Think not to spare me the sight o' blood," said my lady, "for I am learned in bandaging wounds." And certes she was, seeing that every soul at Amhurst did come to her for healing, let a cat but scratch them. And she took his hand between her two fair hands (having drawn off her gloves), and saw that his wrist was deeply severed as with a knife. But she asked him no questions, telling him only to stoop while she cleansed his hand sufficiently to bind it. And as she laid it in the water, and pressed the lips of the wound together, he said unto her in a low tone, not meaning that I should hear him, —

"Would that thou couldst wash my soul as thou hast washed my hand!"

She looked straight into his eyes, with her own so clear and honest, like a dog's (meaning no disrespect to my lady, as God knows), and she answered him and saith, —

"It were well worth the washing, my lord. But an higher than I must cleanse it."

And he saith, "There is none higher."

At that my lady's blood rose in her cheek, but she besought him that he would not speak to her in such wise. When she had made a compress of the napkins in the basket, wherein I was carrying Dame Gobble's butter, and had staunched the blood, she unwound the ribbon from her silver hunting-horn, and cast it about his neck for a rest to his wounded arm. Then he did bend down his head and kissed the ribbon, and my lady turned quickly, and got upon the roan, and rode away at so smart a pace that methinks Dame Gobble's butter and wine did reach her in

a closer conjunction than she could have found pleasant.

When I told Marian of this encounter, merely by the way of a bit of gossip, she did smile in such a wise that I was minded to cuff a woman for the first time in a long life.

It was that same night that Marian did tell me how that she feared the earl was in danger of some sort, judging by certain words that my lady had let fall in her sleep. I noticed how that my lady seemed restless, and would start at the clap o' a door, or when Herne did come suddenly upon her. And one day she leaned from a window, as I swept up the rose leaves from the grass on the east terrace, and called to me to come thither. She was as white as her kirtle, and her gray eyes were dark like water before a storm. She did not look at me, but beyond into the air. So I waited, having plucked off my cap, and my lady stood looking, looking; and after a while she saith, —

"Thou hast aye been a true and faithful servant unto me: therefore I am about to give unto thee a great charge."

And I said, "My lady, thou knowest that thou canst trust me;" and in truth I could say no more, for my throat was stiff.

And she continued and said, —

"Thou must be to-night at the Red Deer, and that by nine of the clock. One will be there in whom we have both deep interest. I cannot tell thee more. Take thy sword with thee, but have no fear, — thou wilt have no cause to use it. Yet, lest thou be fearful, take it with thee." And she said, "Thou wilt remember?"

"My lady, when have I e'er forgotten word of thine?" Whereat she did put out her fair hand to me, saying, "Never," and there were tears in her eyes.

So that night (for the first time in many years) did I find myself within the doors of the Red Deer. A cozy

place it was, despite the wine-bibbers that did profane it, and the inn-keeper's wife a most buxom, eye-pleasing wench, with three sturdy boys aye clambering about her. As I looked, some hard and sinful thoughts did visit my heart concerning the bounty that the Lord had lavished upon one who was a barterer of wine, when I, who had lived ever a temperate and (in so far as was in my power) a godly life, should remain childless. But I did conquer at last, bidding Satan get behind me, and was left in peace to toast my feet, and to ponder as to who it was that my lady had sent me thither to mark. Had I not loved my lady with all my heart, methinks I could not have stood the terms that were heaped upon me by the brawlers. I will not repeat the foul slanders; suffice it to say, I sustained for one half hour what few men are called upon to endure throughout a lifetime.

At last, the newness being gone, they left me in peace, and I, being settled safely in my corner, did set to work to watch the door.

Who should enter at that very moment, but my Lord Denbeigh! He was wrapped in a long brown cloak, and wore a broad hat, unornamented by plume or buckle, pulled down over his eyes. He came and tossed himself into a chair near the fire, and sat there pondering upon the coals, with his legs out in front of him. Now I have ever had a woman-weakness for a goodly leg in man, and the splendid limbs of Lord Denbeigh did witch me into a steadier gaze than that which civility doth permit. This by and by he did notice, and so spoke to me.

"At what art thou staring, ancient?" quoth he, not unkindly. So I told him, whereupon he laughed somewhat.

"Methinks thou art but a doting body," he said, "and yet is thy face familiar. What now? Hast thou e'er met with me before?"

Then did I lie right roundly, being, to confess the truth, not a little afraid.

"Out on thee," saith his lordship; "the truth is not in thee. I ne'er forget a face. How then shall I forget a face such as thine? Certes I have seen thee before. Wilt thou colt me?"

And again lied I, — blackly, most abominably.

"As thou wilt," quoth he. "But thy face is known to me, for all that."

It was at this time that the door opened again, and there did enter a stripling, clad all in dark maroon velvet, wrapped also about with a long cloak, and having a velvet bonnet pulled down over his brows i' th' manner o' Lord Denbeigh's. One could see naught o' his visage for the shadow from his head-gear. The revelers scarce noted his entrance, being far gone in drink, and some having departed, and others asleep. The lad came and stood near the fire, and I saw that he looked at Lord Denbeigh from under his drooping bonnet, — the earl having withdrawn unto a table apart, with a glass of wine and some papers, and his sword across the table. Even as I looked the boy turned, and went over, and leaned on the table to finger the heavy sword. My heart was afraid within me, for there was a dark light in the eyes that flashed up at the youth from under Lord Denbeigh's stern brows. I was nigh unto them, being but a stride or two apart, and so marked all that passed between them.

"By my troth," quoth his lordship, "a valiant crack!"

"Meaning me?" quoth the lad, smiling.

"Ay, meaning thee, Sir Insolence. Dost thou know how to handle thy own sword, that thou handlest a stranger's so freely?"

"Even so. But I meant not to vex thee. In truth, I am come to thee on an errand of life and death;" and as he spoke, he did doff his bonnet and toss it

upon the table, and the firelight and candlelight did leap upon his fair curls, and as I saw his face it was the face of my lady. The earl did start half-way to his feet, and his face was first like fire and then like snow.

"Margaret!" he saith, back of his teeth as 't were.

And the lad smiled, leaning still upon the table.

"Nay, my sister is called so," he said, "but my name is Robert, and I am the Lord of Amhurst and her brother. Happly she hath mentioned me unto your lordship."

The earl stared as one who sees a ghost (though I believe not in them myself), and he saith, "Whence comest thou? All think that thou art dead."

And the boy said: —

"Nay, but I would not that any besides thee knew of my whereabouts. As to thee, I know more concerning thee even than my sister, and it is for her sake that I come to thee to-night."

And my lord saith, "For her sake?"

"Even so. I am come to persuade thee that thou wilt not go on the errand thou wottest of two nights hence. There are those who do mean thee death. It is certain that thy life is plotted against. Surely thou wilt be warned?" And as I looked the color left the lad's face, and he grew white as any woman. Almost I could have sworn it was my lady's face. Line for line, eyelash for eyelash, look for look. And methought no mother's heart e'er yearned toward her new-born babe as yearned my heart toward the youth. It seemed as though I must cry out to him. To see him thus after five weary years; to be so near him, and yet unable to touch even the latchet of his shoes, or to hear his voice calling my name. I trembled and was blind with longing. When at last I did look up, he said again, "Surely, thou wilt be advised?"

The earl leaned with his forehead set

in his clasped hands, and by and by he said, —

“It is impossible. Would that I could!”

And the lad said, —

“Nay, it is not impossible. Thou canst save thy own life with a word.”

And Lord Denbeigh answered him,

“My life is not worth even a word,” and he did not lift up his forehead from his hands.

Then said my master: “Thy life may be worth less than naught to thee, but to others its price is above their own.” And again he was as pale as any girl.

And he spoke again and said, “Thou wilt not go? Thou wilt be warned?”

And again did the man answer, saying, “Impossible.”

Then saith my master, —

“Lord Denbeigh, if thou goest to London on the morrow, I will follow thee there. Nay, thou canst not prevent me. And think you my sister’s heart will be warmer towards thee if her brother’s blood be spilled at thy behest?”

And the earl sat with his stern eyes on the lad, and he said, —

“Thy blood will ne’er be spent at my behest. I do forbid thee to follow me.”

And the lad said, —

“I am not to be forbidden.” So they stood and looked at one another. And all at once the boy put out his hand (’t was my lady’s very gesture) and took the earl’s sleeve, and saith he in a gentle voice, —

“Thou wert a man after God’s own heart, did not thou let Satan consort with thee.”

Then turned Lord Denbeigh with a laugh that was not merry. And he saith, —

“An thou quotest Scripture to me, select thy texts with greater care. Even to my mind there doth come one more suiting, for even as Job ‘I am a com-

panion of owls, and a brother to dragons.’”

Then saith the lad, still with his hand on the man’s arm,

“Is it not the more to thy discredit that thou, who couldst be brother to Christ, do make brothers of dragons? Verily, my lord, I am bold through my sister, for methinks it is thus that she would have answered thee.”

And the man turned away as though to hide his face.

III.

Lord Robert spoke with Lord Denbeigh at some length, but he was not to be turned from his purpose (which, methought, must be a very strange and gruesome one, judging by their words). So finally they went out separately, and I got me back to Amhurst.

The next morning I did relate to my lady all that had passed, but mentioning no names, as I saw that she wished it not. And when I was finished she bade me go straightway to London and find out the whereabouts of Lord Denbeigh. Moreover, she told me that she herself would be there shortly with Marian, and that they two would lodge at the house of Marian’s aunt, one Mistress Pepper, a linen-draper’s wife. At this I wondered greatly, the more that she should keep silent concerning her brother than that she should follow him to London. And all that I could think was that Lord Robert was in some dire conspiracy, likewise the earl, and that she feared for the lives of one or both. So we all go to London, I earlier than my lady and Marian.

For a day I lost sight of Lord Denbeigh (whom I had followed closely all the way from Warwickshire), but the next afternoon I marked him as he passed along a by-way, and heard him speak with some one of his friends, naming a tavern where he would meet him at a certain hour that night.

So first I found out where the tavern was, then straight to my lady and acquainted her with all that I had discovered.

She said naught but to commend my diligence, and she went whiter than a just-washed sheep at shearing time. Quoth I to myself, "Butter, there is more here than thou wottest of;" which was very true.

That night, a little before the hour set upon, I did get me to the tavern, and lurked quietly in the shadows where none might observe; and there, verily, was the earl and him with whom he had spoken in the afternoon. He had but said a word or so when Lord Robert entered, and went and stood at his elbow, but did not touch him or pluck at his cloak. Albeit, the earl seemed to feel his presence, for shortly he turned and saw the lad.

"How!" quoth he. "Thou here?"

And the boy said, "I told thee I would follow thee."

And Lord Denbeigh answered him, "Dost thou know of what thou speakest?"

And the lad said, "Verily I know, and thou mayest trust me;" and with that he muttered two or three words under his breath, which, because of mine old ears, I could not catch. And the two men started and looked at one another. Then the earl did turn to his friend, saying to him that they could indeed trust the lad. So they three clasped hands. When that was done, Lord Denbeigh turns to my master, and saith he, "Hast thou thy dirk with thee?" and the lad answered that he had both sword and dagger.

"Not that there is any danger," quoth the earl, "but that thou mayest feel easy."

But the lad said, "There is danger, as I have told thee. And thou art putting thy life in jeopardy." At this Lord Denbeigh only laughed, but as they went out into the street I marked that

he kept the lad close at his side, almost as a mother keeps a child.

The night was still and cold, and the sky full of little white clouds that lapped the one over the other, like shells on a seashore. Now and again the moon would strike through, in a long, bright ray, that seemed like a keen blade or lance severing the misty air. The three went on and on, through many winding ways, and still I followed, for I knew not into what danger the lad might be hastening.

All at once, in a dark turning, there came the clang of swords and a rushing and scuffling, but no cry of any kind. And methought the silence was more hideous than sound. Stiff as were my old joints with disuse, I drew my sword and lay about me lustily, striving to get between the villains and my young master (which is no credit to me, as I was so wrought with rage that I verily believe I would have no more felt the thrust of a rapier than Marian's housewife the prick of a needle). But there was no method in aught, neither could anything be seen; for the moon had withdrawn behind the clouds, and we seemed to be fighting underneath clear water, so pale and ghastly was the light shed about us from the pale clouds. And as I struck out with my sword I saw a fellow in a mask close with Lord Denbeigh, lifting a dagger high in his hand, while another rascal pinned the earl's hands to his sides. And even as I looked, the lad leaped between, and the thin knife went deep into his breast. At the same time there was a louder clash of swords, and a thudding of men's bodies together, and the masked wretches turned about and did take to their heels with a good will. So I sheathed my sword and ran forward.

Lord Denbeigh and his friend were bending over the lad, who lay outstretched between them, with his white face turned up to the white sky, looking like the face of a dead man at the bot-

tom of a clear pool. Then could I not withhold my grief, but cried aloud, "My master, my master!" and tried to feel with my trembling old hands for the wound.

Then said the earl, "Not here! I will carry him to a place of safety." And he lifted the boy in his arms, as though he had been a hurt child.

When the other saw that, he laid hold on Lord Denbeigh's arm, saying, "What mean you? Are you distraught? There is but scarce time by the clock."

And the earl said, "Go you on. I must take this boy where his wound can be bound."

"Nay," said the man. "I tell you, you are mad!"

And Lord Denbeigh turned on him, and spoke in a harsh voice:—

"I have said I will not go. I have done with thee and thine. Go thy ways e'er it be too late;" and he passed on and left the man to swallow the moonshine with his great gaping mouth.

And he saith unto me, "Follow closely." So by and by we come to a great gray house, and Lord Denbeigh opened the door and bade me enter with him.

We passed through a vast hall, and up a ponderous staircase, and into a room. A fire was burning on the hearth, and there was a fantastic kind of lamp swinging from a silver chain above the bed's foot.

I guessed rightly, that this was his lordship's own apartment. He lay the lad on the bed, and fell to undoing his doublet of black velvet. I did see him set to shivering, as 'twere, when he noted the red stains on the shirt underneath, and my heart stood still within me. Then he opened the red linen, and did put in his hand gently to feel if the heart were yet beating. But no sooner had he done this than he gave a strange cry, and drew out his hand dripping with blood, and stood staring and trembling. At the same moment the lad stirred, and opened his eyes, and began

to clutch feebly at his doublet, drawing it together. I made naught of it until Lord Denbeigh did turn to me with the face of a dead man, and quoth he, "Stay here while I fetch women," and so rushed out like one in truth distraught.

Then did it all come upon me, and I knew that the face upon which I looked was the face of my lady.

Ere another second had passed I heard the earl's voice without, and he spoke with a woman:—

"Do thou go instantly and clothe the lady within in some of thy garments. And have care that thou say no word to any of what hath happened, else will it not be well for thee." When I heard the tone in which he spoke, methought in truth it would not be well for her did she not heed his commands.

Shortly there entered a woman most marvelous fair; with hair that seemed spun of black taffetas, and a skin like a white jasmine. When she saw the blood her lips whitened, and she did close them more closely, but no cry escaped her. Whereat I was much ashamed, remembering the hullabaloo that I had raised.

I turned aside while she disrobed my lady and clothed her in clean linen, and drew down the sheets, placing her between them. But the blood still flowed in spite of all bandages, and the fair linen was soon crimson.

And when all was prepared, the woman went to the door and said, "You can enter;" and the earl came into the chamber again. When, however, he did see my lady, he cried out, "God in heaven! She will bleed to death!" and he called the woman and showed her how to staunch the wound. Then when the steps of the surgeon were heard in the hall without, he said unto her, "Remember. She is thy sister, and thieves have stabbed her for the jewels on her neck."

And she answered him, "I will remember."

And all this time methought I was in an evil dream, and that Marian for some spite would not awaken me.

How it came about, to this day I recollect not, but ere two weeks had sped we were again at Amburste and my lady in her own bower under Marian's care. As to that, Marian had been with my lady ever since the fatal night whereon she was nigh done to death by that masked ruffian.

The earl did go himself to fetch her from Mistress Pepper's, and after that she came, neither of us saw the sloe-eyed woman any more.

None had known of my lady's stay in town, saving my lady herself, Lord Denbeigh, the black-eyed woman (who never uttered word more, good or bad, after that she had said, "I will remember"), Marian, and me. So besides us five, no one was the wiser.

It was towards the last of May that my lady did beg that we would lift her out to sit in a long-chair on the east terrace. The birds were at their morning gossiping in the shrubbery, and the air was most sweet with the breath of the white lilacs. My lady looked like a snow-wreath fallen suddenly among the greenery of spring, but her eyes did peep softly, like blue-bells, from the snows of her face. Methought she was all white and blue, like the heavens above her, and her hair made sunshine over all. Herne, the blood-hound, lay at her feet, and would not be stirred, though for sport my lady had Marian to tempt him with some comfits.

While we were all there, and my lady showing us how the light shined through her thin hands, and discoursing right merrily, there came a page and handed her a letter. Back fell she among her pillows, and her eyelids dropped over her eyes, like snow-flakes fallen on violets. Anon she opened the letter, and having read it said unto Marian, "Nurse, go bid him hither." So Marian beckoned me, and we left her. As we

entered the house, who should pass us but my Lord of Denbeigh, and o' my word he was whiter than my lady, if anything, and wrapped as usual in a long cloak. He seemed not to see us, and we went on in silence.

Here transpires the only part of this narrative concerning which I am reluctant to write. I will out with it, however, and the Almighty knows that I have not done with repentance even yet. So be it. There was a window overhanging the terrace where my lady sat (the window out of which she had leaned to speak to me about repairing to the Red Deer). But let me not defer longer. I, Anthony Butter, of respectable parents, and counted among my fellows and betters an honest man, did go to this window, and did most deliberately listen to the words that passed between my mistress and the Earl of Denbeigh. In fact (for I have sworn to keep back no jot or tittle of the truth), I did speed me so fast that I was at the window ere his lordship reached my lady's side.

He came slowly, but his look went before him, and was fast upon my lady's face ere he himself was within ten yards of her. When at last he was come to her side, he did stand and look down on her, but uttered no word. And also my lady did look down, and there was a light like sunset on her cheek.

Then suddenly did he drop upon his knees beside her, and bowed down his head upon her knee and was silent. Then my lady (God forever keep her!) did turn her eyes quickly and stole a look to see that no one was nigh (God forgive my dastardly presence!), and did reach out one pale hand, half fearfully as 't were, and did let it rest upon the man's bowed head, as a white rose-leaf falls and rests on the earth. And she said but two words, —

"My friend;" yet methought all love was in them. Whereat he raised his head and looked at her, and it is so that men look upward when they pray.

He took her hands with his and held them to her breast, and he saith, —

“Dear saint, if thou forgivest me, wilt thou but kiss my brow?” And she bended forward and kissed him. And he trembled, calling her by name. And she asked him what he would with her.

Then kneeling at her side he spoke to her, and his words were as follows :

“Thou hast heard of my life and of my misfortunes, but all hath not been told thee. Grant me but patience for a moment, that I myself may tell thee all.”

And she saith unto him, “Say on.” So he spoke and said, —

“There is much that I may not tell thee, yet part I will tell thee, for that I must. Thou hast heard how that my wife” — But he could not continue, so dropped his face into my lady’s hands, and she waited for him, saying softly, —

“I will understand what thou dost not say. Be not troubled, but speak out thy soul to me,” and presently he told her more. As I do live, never listened I to sadder story. So piteous it was that my tears fell down like rain, and I was sore afraid that my sighing would discover my whereabouts. But the Almighty is merciful even to sinners, and I remained unnoted. ’T was the old tale of love and treachery ; a false wife and a friend who was a villain.

The earl had killed the man (but in fair encounter), and his wife he had brought back, never to be as husband to her more, but to preserve her from further sin. And I do maintain that ’t was a noble act, and I did quite forgive him the blood of his betrayer. Methought my lady did forgive him too, for she did but stroke his hair softly, saying ever and anon, “Poor soul,” or “God help thee.” And by and by he lifted his face and saith, “But the worst is yet to tell thee.”

And she said again, “Say on.”

And he trembled again, but spoke

out bravely : “My wife yet lives. It was she who bound thy wounds.”

Now at this I thought to see my lady swoon. But she only smiled, though better had one seen her weep than smile in such wise. And she saith, “I have known that these many days,” and she leaned towards him, and placed both hands upon his head, saying, “Weep not. I hold thee guiltless. Do not weep.”

But he sobbed, clasping her knees, as one whose heart is broken, saying now and again below his breath, “O God ! O God !”

If there be this side the stars a more awful sight than the sight of a strong man in tears, God grant I may ne’er behold it ; for surely I should die of pity. Doth it please God that I resemble Abraham in the matter of age, if in none other, ne’er will that scene fade from my memory.

My lady, so wan and white and narrow, like a tall lily over which a rude wind hath swept, and at her knee the strong man bowed as a little lad that saith his prayers, clasping her kirtle and her hands, as though one sinking in deep waters were to grasp at a floating stem of flowers for support. And after a while, when the violence of his grief was spent, he saith unto her, —

“I sail for Spain with Essex on the morrow, as thou knowest. But it doth remain for me to tell thee why I go. It is for that I think the lad, thy brother, hath been a prisoner of war these many years, and I go to bring him to thee.”

And she sat and looked at him as though her heart had leaped from her breast into his body ; but she spake no words save only, “God keep thee, God go with thee.”

And suddenly he saith unto her, as though the words would forth,

“I loved thee from the moment that I saw thee. Let me but tell thee that.”

She whispered, saying, “It was even so with me.” And he lifted his eyes

and looked at her. Then fled I, as though I had drawn away the veil from the sanctuary, for I thought that God would surely smite me for having beheld that look.

So Lord Denbeigh sailed with the Earl of Essex for the war in Spain, and my lady's soul left her body and went with him; for surely 't was but her body that remained at Amhurst. All day long would she sit silent, nor move, nor look, and her hands the one upon the other before her, as who should say, "I am done with all things, whether of work or of play." So passed the months, and ever and anon some report would reach the village of the wild earl's deeds in Spain, and of how he would fight ten men with one arm wounded and the blood in his eyes, and such like tales. But no word came direct, either through letters or friends. So passed the months, and it was nigh to August, and the fighting was over for the time, when one day, with a clattering as of a horsed army, there comes dashing into the court two cavaliers on horseback, and one of them was my Lord of Denbeigh. Ere I could look at the other he had leaped to the ground, and had me about the neck a-kissing me as roundly as ever a wench in the market-place. And lo! when I looked, it was Lord Robert in very truth. He was grown out of all knowledge, and as brown as a nut, but as big and as bonny a lad as ever clapped hand to sword.

When I could turn my eyes from him upon the earl, I saw that he was waxed as pale as death, and wore his arm in a kerchief, and that there was a great red streak adown his temple, clean through his right eyebrow. And his splendid flanks and chest were hollow, like those of a good steed that lacketh fodder. But when he stood and leaned against his horse's neck and smiled at us, methought he was by far the goodliest man that ever I had looked upon.

His teeth were as white as the foam on his horse's bit, and there was a deep nick at the corner of his mouth, like that at the mouth of a girl.

Then must I call Marian, and send her to break the news to my lady. So in a moment she comes rushing down along the stairway, like a branch that is blown suddenly from the top o' a tall tree, and so into Lord Robert's arms. And he catches her to his heart, and so stands holding her. And they make no motion nor any sound whatever. Then turns the earl away, and leaves them together. But I marked that his eyes were brimming, and that there was a quiver in his lip.

Ere night all is known to us: how Lord Robert had been a prisoner in Spain all these years, yet was he treated with courtesy at the behest o' some wench. But he did not love her, God be praised! And 't is in my mind to this day how he might have wed her, and how the earl did relate to him his bitter experiences with a Spanish wife. Ay, that is my firm opinion. All this and more did we hear, laughing and weeping by turns. But it was not until Lord Robert saw my lady alone that she heard of how the earl had saved him at the risk of his own life, all but bearing him in his arms through the enemy, hewing his way right and left. And moreover, Lord Robert did tell how that the blood from that cut on the earl's temple did in truth run down into his eyes and blind him, but how that he dashed it back and slew the man who wounded him, and so they escaped.

The next morning, as I did sally forth with my cross-bow to have a shot at a screech-owl which for some nights past had disturbed Marian's slumbers, she in her turn having disturbed mine, I did see Lord Denbeigh come out upon the terrace and throw himself down along the grass, beneath a tulip-tree, with a book. But he read not, lying

very quiet, with his head raised up upon one hand and his elbow sunk in the soft turf. And as the sunlight struck through the leaves upon his glittering hair, and his face like marble, I could not but pause to gaze on him, so noble looked he. But his eyes were far away, and his thoughts with them.

It was for this that he did not hear my lady coming, until she stood beside him, and her white gown brushed his cheek. But seeing her, he leaped to his feet, and the blood ran along his face, and then seemed all to settle in the long wound, leaving him more pale than before. And she said to him, —

“Nay, do not rise, for thou art weak yet;” but he would not be seated, so they stood there, side by side in the fair morning light. And presently she puts out her hand (no one ere reached out their hand as did my lady), and she just lays it on his sleeve, and saith she, “I am come to thank you, — to thank you with all my heart and soul” — and there a sob chokes her, and she can say no more.

Again the blood swept up across his brow. And he said, “For God’s love, say no more.”

But she answered, saying, “Nay, I have so much to say.” And she came nearer to him for a little space. And her head drooped downward like a flower full of rain. And she did knit and unknit her white fingers as they hung before her. And she saith, “There is no guerdon worthy such a knight, but an if thou” —

Then all on a sudden did she reach out both arms towards him, and her fair hands palms upwards, and the scarlet leaped to her very brow; but she lifted her little head proudly, albeit her eyes were dropped downward, and she said unto him, “I do love thee.”

And he trembled from head to foot, and parting his lips as though to speak, reached out his arms and clasped her.

And when I realized what I had done,

I did drop my cross-bow and took to my heels like one followed by goblins.

Now even as I hope to be saved, I but just come to recognize that this was my second eavesdropping. So be it. I have vowed, and must keep my vow.

It was all made clear to me that night, when Marian did relate to me how that the Spanish woman had slain herself by swallowing flame. At which (though mightily pleased, God forgive me, on account of my lady and the earl) I was more than ever thankful that Lord Robert had escaped alive and unwed out o’ th’ clutches o’ th’ Spanish wench. And here it occurreth to me that I have not yet told that Marian did know from the first of my lady’s going up to town dressed as her brother. This I record more on account of its being a marvelous instance of a woman’s keeping her tongue than to shame Marian, who hath often read how that wives should submit themselves unto their husbands as unto the Lord. Howbeit, all ended so happily that I had not the heart to scold her.

With the first frosts of October my lady and the earl were wed. Methought the queen herself could not have had a finer wedding, and certes no woman could have had a nobler spouse. He was yet pale from his wounds, but most soldierly of bearing and proud of carriage. He was clad all in white, like my lady. A more beauteous apparel I have never seen.

His doublet was of cloth of silver, with a close jerkin of white satin embroidered in silver and little pearls. His girdle and the scabbard of his sword were of cloth of silver with golden buckles. His poniard and sword were hilted and mounted in gold, together with many blazing orders and richer devices that I know not how to enumerate.

My lady’s gown was all of white satin, sewn down the front with little pearls like those on my lord’s jerkin. And her ruff was of soft lace, not stiff.

as was the fashion, but falling about her bosom most modestly and becomingly. Lord Robert, methinks, was eke as goodly, after his way, as either his sister or Lord Denbeigh; being close clad from head to foot in crimson sarcenet, slashed all with cloth of gold. My lady had given me some suiting clothes for the occasion; and as for Marian, methought in her new gown of sea-green taffetas, with her new ruff and head-gear, that she looked as fair a matron as any mother of fine lads in all England.

IV.

Seven months they had been wed, and it was May again. Methought such love had never been on earth since Eden. 'Twas gladness but to see them. And all, moreo'er, was so well with Lord Robert, who, folks did say, was in mighty great favor at court, and like to become a shining light in the land.

'Twas on a May morning. The trees were a-lilt with birds, and the sound of waters set all the winds a-singing. All at once comes my lord and sets his hand on my shoulder. Then know I that something dire hath happened. And he saith, "Friend, where is thy mistress?"

And I tell him that she is out among her roses.

Then saith he all at once, "The Queen hath sent for me, — I must to war."

And I could do naught but stare at him. And he said to me, "In an hour I must be gone. Say naught to thy mistress. I will go don a suiting dress, and do thou bring me my sword and give it into my hand."

And he went, returning shortly, and I gave him the sword. It was then that we heard the voice of my lady without, and she sang a song of the spring-tide. The words I have ne'er forgot, though I did but hear them once: —

"For O! For O!
The cowslips blow,
And the ground's all gold below me;
The speedwell's eye
Peers up so bli'
I swear it seems to know me!

"The lady-smocks
In silver frocks
Do flout the sonsy clover;
The humble bee
Consorts wi' me
And hails me for a rover.

"Then trip, then trip,
And if ye slip
Your lad will lend a hand O;
The lass in green
With black, black een
Is the fairest in the land O."

And as the earl listened methought he would have fallen, grasping my shoulder, old man as I was, and bending down his head upon it. And I did stay him with my arm as though he had been my very son, — for old age is father to all men.

So my lady comes in, with her gold hair blowing and her white kirtle full of red roses, and seeing her lord goes to meet him. But when she noted the soldierly fashioning of his dress and the sword girt at his thigh, she opened her lips as though to cry out, but no sound escaped them. And her kirtle slipped from her hold, and the red roses lay between them like a pool of blood.

Then she saith unto him, "Tell me. Quick, quick!"

And he lifts her to him, and saith, "Sweetheart, my Queen hath bidden me come fight for her and for my country."

And she saith naught, only clasps him.

But by and by she cries out, saying, "Go not! Go not! Else wilt thou kill me." And so speaking, falls like one dead at her lord's feet.

Then I, running like one distraught to fetch Marian, do tilt pell-mell into Lord Robert, who hath come down to Amhurst for a week or so of rest.

"Hey-dey!" quoth he. "What Jack-a-lent hath frightened thee?" And I told him all. Never a word said he,

but went straightway and got upon his horse, and clapped spurs to its sides, and so out of sight.

And all that night my lady lay nigh to death, so that there was ne'er a thought in the breast of any for another soul. Therefore Lord Robert was not missed.

Ere two days were past came a man with dispatches, and we found out how that Lord Robert had substituted himself for the earl (having acquainted the Queen with the circumstances, and he being, moreover, so great a favorite); and how the Queen had granted Lord Denbeigh leave to remain in England a while longer.

And so his lordship was with his lady when their child was born, but Lord Robert was killed in the wars.

They grieved sore for him, and for many weeks would not be comforted. And even it was said that the Queen mourned for him, and did banish all festivities from court for the space of several days.

But like as the stars do pale in the morning sky, so pales the orb of sorrow before the rays of the great sun, happiness.

And though he was ne'er forgotten, and though the tears would spring to my lady's eyes heard she but his name mentioned, yet she did smile again and was happy.

It chanced but this morning that Marian and I, leaning from the window that overlooks the east terrace, did see a most winsome sight.

'T was a fair morning and May again, and on such mornings as these my lady would go forth on the east terrace with the child. And there grow all such sweet flowers as my lady loves, — the red mule-pinks, and dame-violets, such as are sweet o' evenings, but marvelous fair to look upon both by sunlight and moonlight. And the south wall was all

thick with the yellow violets, so that my lady's head looked like the head o' a saint against a golden platter. And there did my lady sit, on a quaintly wrought bench, and with the little lord.

And this morning, when she was seated, and the babe curled against her bosom, and Marian and myself thinking o' the pictures o' the Virgin Mary and the blessed Jesus (saving that my lady's kirtle was all of white and gold, like the lilies knotted in her waistband), she looked up on a sudden, and lo! there was the master coming along over the grass towards her. When he saw who it was that sat there, he doffed his plumed hat like as though it had been the Virgin Mary for very truth; and he paused a minute, but then came on.

When my lady saw him who he was, there came a fair red o'er all the white o' her throat and face; ay, and withal over her very bosom. And she put up one white hand, with her wedding-ring on 't, and made as though she would shield the sun from the babe's eyes.

And all this time my lord came slowly over the grass, as though the sweet sight did pleasure him both far and near. And when he was approached, he stood, still with his hat in his hand, and looked down at the babe and its mother, and was silent.

Then the child, feeling mayhap that its father was near, did twist over towards him, reaching out its waxen arm, and smiled right knowingly.

Then my lord, plucking the great plume out o' his hat, lay it across my lady's bosom. And moreover, he knelt and put an hand on the babe, but his arm he lay about his wife.

Then did she draw both my lord and the child to her, and pressed them against her, but her face she lifted Godwards.

And something spoke within our hearts that we turned and left the window.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.

TOWARD the close of the eighteenth century there appeared in Germany, under the lead of Tieck, Novalis, and the Schlegels, a class of writers and of writings known as the Romantic School.

The appellation gave rise to wide discussion of what, precisely, is meant by that phrase, and what distinguishes "romantic" from "classic" to which it is opposed. Goethe characterized the difference as equivalent to healthy and morbid. Schiller proposed "naive and sentimental." The greater part regarded it as identical with the difference between ancient and modern, which was partly true, but explained nothing. None of the definitions given could be accepted as quite satisfactory.

What do we mean by "romantic"? The word, as we know, is derived from the old Romanic or Romance languages which formed, in mediæval times, the transition from the Latin to the dialects of modern Southern Europe. The invaders of Italy found a *patois* called *Romana rustica*, thus distinguished from the pure Latin of the cultivated Roman. Romance is a fusion of this *Romana rustica* with the native speech of barbarous tribes. It attained its most perfect development in Southern France, in the country of Provence, where it became the *langue d'oc*; that is, the language in which "yes" is *oc* (German *auch*), while, in the Romance of Northern France, "yes" is *oïl*, in modern French *oui*.

Poems and tales in the Romance language took the name *Romàn*, in English, "romance" or "romant."

Originally, then, "romantic" meant simply writings in the Romance language as distinguished from writings in the Latin tongue, the better sort of which were called classic, from *classici*, that is, first-class.

But the difference was not one of language merely. There was manifest in those Romance compositions, as compared with the classic, a difference of tone, of spirit, and even of subject matter, which has given to the term "romantic" a far wider significance than that of literary classification. We speak of romantic characters, romantic situations, romantic scenery. What do we mean by this expression? Something very subtle, undefinable, but felt by all. If we analyze the feeling we shall find, I think, that it has its origin in wonder and mystery. It is the sense of something hidden, of imperfect revelation. The woody dell, the leafy glen, the forest path which leads one knows not whither, are romantic; the public highway is not. Moonlight is romantic as contrasted with daylight. The winding, secret brook, "old as the hills that feed it from afar," is romantic as compared with the broad river rolling through level banks.

The essence of romance is mystery. But now a further question. What caused the Romance writings more than the classic to take on this charm of mystery? Something perhaps is due to the influence on the writers of sylvan surroundings, of wild nature, as contrasted with the civic life which seems to have been the lot of the Latin classic authors. But mainly it was the influence of the Christian religion, which deepened immensely the mystery of life, suggesting something beyond and behind the world of sense.

The word "classic" is more commonly employed in the sense of style. It denotes the manner of treatment irrespective of the topic. The peculiarity of the classic style is reserve, self-suppression of the writer. The romantic is self-reflecting. In the one the writer

stands aloof from his theme, in the other he pervades it. The classic treatment draws attention to the matter in hand, the romantic to the hand in the matter. The classic is passionless presentation, the romantic is impassioned demonstration. The classic narrator tells his story without comment; the romantic colors it with his reflections, and criticises while he narrates.

"Homer," says Landor, "is subject to none of the passions, but he sends them all forth on their errands with as much precision as Apollo his golden arrows. The hostile gods, the very Fates, must have wept with Priam before the tent of Achilles; Homer stands unmoved."

Schiller draws a parallel between Homer and Ariosto in their treatment of the same subject, an agreement between two enemies. In the *Iliad*, Glaucus and Diomed, a Trojan and a Greek, encountering each other in battle, and discovering that they are mutually related by the binding law of hospitality, agree to avoid each other in the fight, and in token thereof exchange with each other their suits of armor. Glaucus, without hesitation, gives his gold suit worth a hundred oxen for Diomed's steel suit worth nine. Schiller thinks that a modern poet would have expatiated on the moral beauty of such an act, but Homer simply states it without note or comment. Ariosto, on the other hand, having related how two knights who were rivals, a Christian and a Saracen, after mauling each other in a hand-to-hand combat, make peace and mount the same steed to pursue the fugitive Angelica, in whom both are interested, breaks forth in admiring praise of the magnanimity of ancient knight-hood:—

"Oh, noble minds by knights of old possessed!
Two faiths they knew, one love their hearts pro-
fessed.
While still their limbs the smarting anguish
feel
Of strokes inflicted by the hostile steel,

Through winding paths and lonely woods they
go,
Yet no suspicion their brave bosoms know."

There is no better illustration of the reserve, the passionless transparency and *naïveté*, of the classic style of narrative than that which is given us in the Acts of the Apostles; not the work of a recognized classic author, but beautifully classic in its pure objectivity, its absence of personal coloring. In that wonderful narrative of Paul's shipwreck the narrator closes his account of an anxious night with these words: "Then fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day." Fancy a modern writer dealing with such a theme! How he would enlarge on the racking suspense, the tortures of expectation, endured by the storm-tossed company through the weary hours of a night which threatened instant destruction! How he would dwell on the momentary dread of the shock which should shatter the frail bark and engulf the devoted crew, the angry billows hungering for their prey, eyes strained to catch the first glimmer of returning light, etc.! All which the writer of the Acts conveys in the single phrase, "And wished for the day."

Clear, unimpassioned, impartial presentation of the subject, whether fact or fiction, whether done in prose or verse, is the prominent feature of the classic style. The modern writer gives you not so much the things themselves as his impression of them. You are compelled to see them through his eyes: that is, through his feelings and reflections. The ancients present them in their own light, without coloring. They would seem to have possessed other powers of seeing than the modern, who, as Jean Paul says, stands with an intellectual spyglass behind his own eyes. Certainly they possessed the art of so placing their object as not to have their own shadow fall upon it.

The difference is especially noticeable in poetry, where each style unfolds itself more fully and both are perfected in their several kinds. Ancient poetry is characterized by sharp delineations of individual objects, modern poetry by the color it gives to things and the sentiments it associates with them.

The healthy nature of the ancients cared little for anything beyond the visible world in which they moved. The finer their organization, the clearer the impressions which they received from surrounding objects. The modern, estranged from nature, is thrown back upon himself; the finer his organization, the more feelingly he is affected by his environment. The ancient lived more in phenomena, the modern more in thought. Hence, as Schiller says, classic poetry affects us through the medium of facts, romantic through the medium of ideas.

In the thought of the ancients — I speak particularly of the Greeks — soul and body, spiritual and material, were not divided, but blended, fused, in one consciousness, one nature, one man. This identity of matter and mind which they realized in their life is expressed in all the creations of Grecian art.

For us moderns this harmony is lost. The beautiful equilibrium of matter and spirit is destroyed. We are divided within ourselves, our nature is rent in twain. We have discovered that we exist. We are become aware of spirit, and like children of a larger growth would pick the world to pieces to find where it hides. To the Greeks the world was a fact, to us it is a problem. Where they accepted, we analyze; where they rested, we challenge and dispute; where they lost themselves in contemplation, we seek ourselves in reflection; where they dreamed, we dream that we dream. They enjoyed the ideal in the actual; we seek it apart from the actual, in the vague inane.

It must not, however, be supposed that

ancient and classic on one side, and modern and romantic on the other, are inseparably one; so that nothing approaching to romantic shall be found in any Greek or Roman author, nor any classic page in the literature of modern Europe. What has been said is to be understood as indicating only the prevailing characteristics, respectively, of the earlier and the latter ages.

Moreover, the word "ancient" is not intended to include all writers of Greek and Latin. The literary line of demarkation is not identical with the chronological one which divides the old world from mediæval time. On the contrary, the pagan writers of the post-Augustan age of Latin literature have much in common with the modern. The story of Cupid and Psyche, in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, is as much a romance as any composition of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The *Letters* of the younger Pliny and the *Attic Nights* of Aulus Gellius have very little of the savor of antiquity. The exquisite poem of the last-named writer, which gives the psychology of a kiss, beginning with,

*"Dum semihulco suavio
Meum puellum suavior,"*

is intensely modern. Even Tacitus, as a historiographer, is reflective, and so far modern, as compared with Livy. Of Greek writers, also, Lucian and Plutarch, — especially the former, — if classic in style, are modern in spirit.

On the other hand, Dante and Milton are classic in their objective particularity of presentment. Dante, in his vision of Malebolge, where public speculators are punished by being plunged in a lake of boiling pitch, gives a Homeric description of the Venetian dockyard where boiling pitch was used for the repair of vessels.

Milton is not satisfied with comparing a warrior's shield to the full moon, as other poets have done, but Homer-like adds: —

“ Whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.”

Ancient and modern are not more sharply contrasted than are Gibbon and Carlyle as historiographers. Mark the calm, impersonal style in which Gibbon recounts the horrible slaughter of the family of the Emperor Maurice by the decree and in the presence of the usurper Phocas: “The ministers of death were dispatched to Chalcedon; they dragged the emperor from his sanctuary, and the five sons of Maurice were successively murdered before the eyes of their agonizing parent. At each stroke which he felt in his heart he found strength to rehearse a pious ejaculation. . . . The tragic scene was finally closed by the execution of the emperor himself, in the twentieth year of his reign and the sixty-third of his age.” Compare this with Carlyle’s account of the slaughter of Princess Lamballe: “She too is led to the hell-gate, a manifest Queen’s friend. She shivers back at the sight of the bloody sabres, but there is no return. Onwards! That fair hind-head is cleft with the axe, the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments. . . . She was beautiful, she was good; she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves: ‘O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, God-descended, and poor sister woman! Why was not I there, and some sword Balmung or Thor’s hammer in my hand?’”

Modern English poets from Cowper on, with few exceptions, are strictly romantic compared with their immediate predecessors. Most romantic of all, Scott in his themes and Byron in his mood.

Among prose writers romanticism has reached its climax in recent novelists as shown in their attempted descriptions

of scenery, particularly sky scenery. The elder novelists, from Richardson to Scott, attempted nothing of the sort. They describe persons and scenes, but not *scenery* in the commonly received sense of the word. Even Scott is sparing in descriptions of landscapes, and abstains altogether from *skyscapes*, if I may be allowed the phrase. I mean such pictures as Black undertakes in *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*; and the author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, in his maritime tales. In one of the most popular of living novelists I find, among others, this extravaganza: “In the whole crystalline hollow, gleaming and flowing with delight, yet waiting for more, the Psyche was the only life-bearing thing, the one cloudy germ spot afloat in the bosom of the great roc-egg of the sea and sky, whose sheltering nest was the universe with its walls of flame.” What classic writer would have perpetrated this amazing bombast?

The choicest examples of the classic style in modern English literature, I should say, are Swift, Defoe, Goldsmith, and more recently Landor, the last of the classicists.

If in these comments I have seemed to disparage the romantic style in comparison with the classic, I desire to correct that impression. The two are very different, but neither can be said, in the abstract and on universal grounds, to be better than the other, — better in and for every province of literature. For history one may prefer the cold reserve and colorless simplicity of the classic style, where the medium is lost in the object, as the light which makes all things visible is itself unseen. In poetry, on the other hand, the inwardness, the sentimental intensity, the subjective coloring, of the romantic style constitute a peculiar charm which is wanting in the classic. This charm in Childe Harold, for example, abundantly compensates the absence of pure objec-

tive painting which one might expect in a descriptive poem.

Romantic relates to classic somewhat as music relates to plastic art. How is it that painting and sculpture affect us? They arrest contemplation and occupy the mind with one defined whole. In that contemplation our whole being is for the time bound up. Consciousness excludes all else. Past and future are merged in the now, real and ideal are blended in one. Music, on the contrary, not only presents no definite object of contemplation, but just so far as it takes possession of us precludes contemplation; it allows no pause. Instead of arresting attention by something fixed, it carries attention away with it on its own irresistible current. It presents no finished ideal, but suggests ideals beyond the capacity of canvas or stone. Plastic art acts on the intellect, music on the feelings; the one affects us by what it presents, the other by what it suggests.

This, it seems to me, is essentially the difference between classic and romantic poetry. I need but name Homer and Milton as examples of the one, and Scott or Shelley as representative of the other. Instead of occupying the mind with well-defined images, romantic poetry crosses it with "thick-coming" fancies.

Rhyme, a characteristic property of modern poetry, favors this tendency, hindering clearness and fixedness of impression, perpetually breaking the images it presents, as the ripples which chase each other on the surface of a lake, though beautiful in themselves, prevent clear reflections of sky and shore. The classic poet is satisfied if his language exactly cover the idea; the romantic would give his words, in addition to their logical and etymological import, a suggestive interest; they must not only indicate the things intended, but must be the keynotes to certain associations which he himself connects

with them. The first couplet of the *Corsair*, —

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free," —

is not so much intended to paint the ocean as to convey the feeling which that element inspired in the poet. Of the same character are those lines in Scott's *Rokeby* : —

"Far in the chambers of the west
The gale had sighed itself to rest."

In his *Mazeppa*, Byron puts into the hero's mouth the following experience of sunrise : —

"Some streaks announced the coming sun;
How slow, alas, he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day.
How heavily it rolled away
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson and deposed the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth from his deep throne
With lonely lustre all his own!"

We have here no distinct image of sunrise, such as a classic poet would present, but we have, what is better, the sensations with which the phenomenon is watched by the unfortunate victim. It is not the vision, but the heart's response to it, which the lines convey.

The analogy with music is aptly illustrated by the larger function which sound performs in romantic verse. The best passages of *Paradise Lost* would lose little if rendered in prose; but what would become of Scott, Moore, and Byron, if stripped of prosody and rhyme? All poetry by its rhythmical form addresses itself to the ear, but romantic poetry depends so much on the coöperation of that organ — on sound if read aloud, or the representation of sound if read silently — for its true appreciation that a deaf-and-dumb reader would lose the better part of the enjoyment we derive from such pieces as *The Burial* of Sir John Moore and Campbell's lyrics. To deny that this musical charm of romantic poetry is an excellence is to contradict the æsthetic consciousness of

the greater part of the reading world, and to pass condemnation on some of the most cherished productions of literary art. By how much music is more potent than painting, by so much romantic poetry will exercise an influence surpassing that of the classic on the popular mind.

Goethe in his *Helena*, an episode which constitutes the third act of the Second Part of *Faust*, has attempted a reconciliation of the controversy then raging between the classicists and romanticists as to the comparative merits of either style, by showing that love of the beautiful and interest in life are common to both, and that what distinguishes them is merely formal and accidental. *Helena* represents classic beauty, *Faust* represents modern culture; *Lynceus*, the ancient pilot of the *Argonauts*, officiates as mediator between the two. Dialogue and chorus proceed, after classic fashion, in unrhymed verse until *Lynceus* appears on the stage. He announces the advent of the romantic by discoursing in rhyme. *Helena* declares herself pleased with that new style of verse, where sound matches sound and the verses "kiss each other." She asks how she may learn to discourse in such pleasant wise. *Faust* answers, it is very easy; it is the natural language of the heart. He begins, —

"And when your breast with longing overflows,
You look around and ask,"

(Pause. *Helena* breaks in)

"Who shares my throes?"

So they play *crambo* until *Helena* has caught the trick.

Goethe seems to have meant by this that the beauty of ancient poetic art, so extolled by the classicists, can take on a modern form without loss of what is most essential in it; and on the other hand, that the deeper feeling which characterizes the romantic — the language of the heart — may ally itself with classic elegance, and add a new charm to antique beauty.

Much of the symbolism of this strange poem (for the *Helena* is a poem, complete in itself) is obscure, and some of it misleading. In strict consistency, *Euphorion*, the offspring of *Helena* and *Faust*, ought to represent the fusion of the classic and romantic in one. And such appears to have been Goethe's meaning. But *Euphorion* confessedly stands for Byron; and Byron is simply and wholly romantic, with no tincture of classicism in his nature or works.

Not Byron, but Goethe himself, above all modern poets, combines the two under one imperial name. What is most characteristic in each kind may be found in unsurpassed perfection in the ample treasury of his works. Nay, in a single work; for is not the First Part of *Faust* the very essence of romance, and is not the larger portion of the Second Part a reproduction of the classic Muse?

The *Iphigenie auf Tauris* was called an echo of Greek song; but a still purer classicism meets us in the *Elegies*, in the *Pandora*, and in the *Alexis and Dora*. What a gulf divides these compositions from the *Sorrows of Werther*! There Goethe anticipates by a quarter of a century the rise of the Romantic School in Germany, which was nearly contemporaneous with the same fashion in England: inaugurated in the latter country by Scott, in the former by Novalis and Tieck. The birth-years, respectively, of these three poets, Scott, Novalis, and Tieck, are 71, 72, 73 of the eighteenth century. The *Sorrows of Werther* first appeared, I think, in 1772.

When I say that Scott inaugurated romanticism in England, and Novalis and Tieck in Germany, I do not mean that the new turn which poetry took in those countries was due to them alone. The movement had a deeper origin than personal caprice, or the efforts of a clique. The revolution in literature was the outcome of a revolution in the spirit of the age, of which these writers

were the unconscious exponents. Literature and life are never far asunder. Every age enacts itself twice: first in its acts and events, then in its writings. The struggles and aspirations which agitated Europe at the close of the eighteenth century elicited an echo in the breasts of her poets. The French Revolution, following our own, electrified the nations, causing them to thrill and heave as never before since the Protestant Reformation. It startled England out of her placid acquiescence in the pompous pedantry of Johnson and the boasted supremacy of Addison and Pope. In Germany it roused a protest against the shallow *Aufklärung* of the Universal German Library. Its effect in England was conspicuous in a richer diction, recovering somewhat of the opulence of the Elizabethan age. In Germany it made itself manifest in a more believing spirit and a deeper tone of thought.

Other influences conspired to this end. The publication of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, by Bishop Percy, in 1765, presented, in the strains of the old romantic time, a refreshing contrast with the polished tameness of contemporary verse. A similar service was rendered in Germany (Lessing having broken the spell of French classicism) by Herder's publication of the *Cid*, his *Völkerstimmen*, his *Andenken an einige ältere deutsche Dichter*; by Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim's publication of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*; by Wieland's *Oberon*; and by the reëditing of the *Nibelungenlied*.

Another power on the side of romanticism, not commonly recognized, was Ossian. The poems bearing this name were given to the public a short time previous to Percy's *Reliques*, in 1763, and made a great sensation, partly on account of their novelty, and partly because of their reputed source. The ardor with which they were welcomed in England was soon damped, it is true, by doubts concerning their authenticity.

The English people are constitutionally afraid of being "gulled," and when Samuel Johnson, the literary dictator of the day, pronounced them spurious, they were indignantly cast aside; as if the authorship, and not the character of the poetry, determined its value. The question of genuineness does not concern us in this connection; all I have to say about it is that if McPherson wrote Ossian he had a good deal more poetic feeling than most of the poets of his time, certainly a good deal more than Dr. Johnson had. In spite of all objectors, Wordsworth included, who condemns the poems on technical grounds, they have the effect of poetry on most readers. If they do not satisfy the critical sense, they breathe a poetic aura, and awaken poetic feeling in the breast. Nothing else can explain the enthusiasm with which at first they were everywhere received. On the Continent, especially, where no question of authorship interfered, they charmed unprejudiced minds. But what particularly concerns us here is the romantic tone of these compositions. Whether uttered by an ancient Celtic bard, or composed by a modern antiquary, they were thoroughly romantic, and confirmed the romantic tendency of the time. Napoleon, in whose rocky nature a wild flower of romance had found some cleft to blossom in, carried them with him in his expeditions, as Alexander did their literary antipodes, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

A marked feature of modern romanticism is love of the past, that passionate regret for by-gone fashions which prompts the attempt to patch the new garment of to-day with the old cloth of former wear. The feeling which, early in this century, found inspiration in mediæval lore, and loved to present the old chivalries in novel and song, is the same which inspires the practical anachronisms of recent time, which in England seeks to reproduce the old ecclesiastical sanctities, which astonishes

American cities with a mimicry of Gothic architecture ; the same which forty years ago restored the long-disused beard, which now ransacks second-hand furniture stores and remote farmhouses for claw-footed tables and brass-handled bureaus, which drags from the lumber-room the obsolete spinning-wheel, which rejoices in many-cornered dwelling-houses with diminutive window panes, — the more unshapely the better, because the more picturesque. A mania, innocent enough in these manifestations, but in its essence identical with that which inspired the knight of La Mancha, the typical example for all generations of romanticism gone wild.

It would be unjust, however, to maintain that the reaching back after old things is the sum of romanticism, as if what we so name were mere conservatism or reactionism. This worship of the past is only an accidental manifestation of a principle whose most comprehensive term is *aspiration* ; a noble discontent and disdain of the present, which,

in the absence of creative genius, of power to originate new forms, seeks relief in the past from the weary commonplace of the day.

The essence of romanticism is aspiration. Whether it look backward or forward, there is in it a spirit of adventure : as much of it in the crusaders who sought a sepulchre in the east as in the Spanish navigators who sought an Eldorado in the west ; as much in the arctic explorers who would force a way through eternal frost as in the Knights of the Holy Grail ; as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth, in Garibaldi and Gordon as in Godfrey and Tancred.

The romantic schools of German and English literature were transient phases already outgrown ; but the principle of romanticism in literature is immortal, — it is the spirit asserting itself through the form. Classicism gives us perfection of form, romanticism fullness of spirit. Both are essential, seldom found united, but both must combine to constitute a masterpiece of literary art.

Frederic Henry Hedge.

A SALUTATION.

HIGH-HEARTED Surrey ! I do love your ways,
 Venturous, frank, romantic, vehement,
 All with inviolate honor sealed and blent
 To the axe-edge that cleft your soldier-bays
 Your ardent youth, your friendships, whims, and frays ;
 Your strict, sweet verse, with its imperious bent,
 Heard as in dreams from some old harper's tent,
 And stirring in the listener's brain for days.
 Good father-poet ! If to-night there be
 At Framlingham none but the north wind's sighs,
 No guard save moonlight's crossed and trailing spears,
 Smile yet upon the pilgrim named like me
 Close at your gates, whose fond and weary eyes
 Sought not one other down three hundred years !

Louise Imogen Guiney.

AMERICANA.

COLUMBUS on his return voyage took abundant precautions that the credit of his exploit should be preserved. He encased an account of it in wax, and, placing this in a barrel, threw it overboard. He put another copy, similarly protected, on his vessel's poop, to be washed off in case his ship went down. Just before making the Azores he duplicated, in substance, these other accounts, which have never since been heard of, and addressed the new draft to the treasurer of Aragon. This letter seems to have been printed very soon after Columbus reached land, either at Lisbon or somewhere in Spain, for a single copy turned up not a great many years ago in Italy. Still another letter was addressed by him at the same time to Sanchez, the crown treasurer, the Spanish text of which has come down to us in several forms; and from this, it is thought, the Latin translation was made by one Aliander de Cosco, which, being taken to Italy by two Genoese ambassadors very soon after the return of Columbus to Spain, appeared in Rome, France, Germany, and Flanders in eight different editions within the next twelve months or more. Thus promptly after the discovery of the New World, either in Latin or in Spanish, and in five of the principal countries of western Europe, these nine separate issues constituted the beginnings of a class of literature which book-lovers have learned to call *Americana*, and which in less than four centuries has grown to such an extent that the mere enumeration of its titles, judging from the progress which is making in Sabin's Dictionary of Books relating to America, is likely to require thirty octavo volumes to contain them. It is to trace the development of this accumulation, and to indicate some of the

influences which have assisted in it and some of the results which have accrued, that the present essay is attempted.

More than a century and a quarter had passed from that moonlit October night when Columbus, on mere pretense and with a lack of magnanimity not common, let us be thankful, in lordly characters, deprived a poor sailor of his reward for first seeing land, to that other night, when, in a storm which had carried away their mast, a sturdy crew, magnanimous if not lordly, struggling at their oars, barely escaped breakers, and found at last comparative quiet under the lee of an island in the harbor of New Plymouth. Everything that is in contrast in the spirit of widely severed faiths and purposes characterizes the actors in these two scenes, as well as everything that puts asunder the calm tropical sea from the foreboding desolation of a northern coast. The interval which this contrast spans had seen the Spanish Catholic possess island and main of the western hemisphere and establish presses, whose productions in printed laws, chronicles, and doctrines were the first accessions from the New World itself to the products of the then numerous presses in Seville, Antwerp, London, Paris, Nuremberg, and Rome, to name no other places, which were adding more and more, as the years of the sixteenth century went on, to the world's knowledge of what had been done and found beyond the Atlantic. The explorations and conquests of Spaniards from the verge of the northern temperate zone to the land's end at the south; the adventures of the Portuguese, who found scarce any limit north and south to their daring; of the uncertain French, who dropped on the coast here and there, Romanist as well as Huguenot; of the sturdy English, finding fish-

ing grounds, appearing suddenly and departing, raking Spanish towns, and on the whole more fortunate during this interval in turning pirate than in founding colonies; and strangely above all, of the Italian sailors of fortune, — Columbus, Cabot, Vesputius, Verrazano, for example, — leading other peoples, and giving to the crowns of Spain, France, and England prescriptive rights to the shores of a world where Italy herself failed to acquire the merest foothold, — these were the events which the presses of the Old and New World were now commemorating. Perhaps this record was in some history like Herrera's; more often in the little black-letter quarto, that told of special exploits, as of Cortes, Magellan, or Drake; necessarily in the newer editions of the old cosmological writers like Ptolemy and Pomponius Mela, or in the contemporary geographers like Münster and Apian, in such cartographers as Mercator and Ortelius, or in descriptions like those of Acosta and Monardes. Such was the diversified extent of the novel kind of literature which the new era of navigation had engendered, and which gave to Ferdinand Columbus the material to help form the wonderful library which he left to the cathedral of Seville, and whose losses by depredations have been so recently made the subject of Harris's investigations. These were the books which in the sixteenth century were gathered into monasteries, were talked about in the colleges and universities, caused comment at courts, were passed about in the seaboard towns, and were sent as revelations to Augsburg and Cracow; but no one, up to the time of the landing of the English at Plymouth, had thought, so far as we now know, of making lists to measure the extent of the new form of literature which that age of discovery had created.

In 1622, Draudius gave a section of his *Bibliotheca Classica* to what he calls "*De scriptoribus rerum Ameri-*

canarum," and the bibliography of *Americana* began then. Georg Draud, as he called himself when he was not writing Latin, was a German, who has the credit of being the earliest to give bibliography an intelligible plan. The next effort came from a people who had not been conspicuous in the New World's history. Johann De Laet had lived in the Dutch colony on the Hudson, and when he published his *Nieuwe Wereldt*, in 1627, he could find no more than thirty-seven authorities to enumerate.

Something very like the spirit of the dog in the manger characterized the Spaniards during their career of American discovery. Governmental edicts prevented the publication of their charts, lest rival nations should benefit from their pioneering. Except for chance manuscript maps of the Spaniards, which have come down to us, we should know very little of the cartographical triumphs which they were attaining. We get it conjecturally, indeed, in a printed form; for there were Flemish map-makers, who knew the way to smuggle across the Pyrenees data from the Spanish hydrographical office, as we discover from the great map associated with the name of Sebastian Cabot, the single copy of which, now preserved in Paris, would indicate that the Spanish government had power to suppress even what got for a while beyond their reach. So it is not surprising that the Germans and the Dutch got ahead in the bibliographical way, and that the first Spanish record of this kind should have emanated from the New World itself, for Léon y Pinelo was a native Peruvian. His *Epitome de la Biblioteca Oriental i Occidental* was published at Madrid in 1629, and, after the fashion of the day, we are confronted with a copper-plate title, showing the East in a figure armed with a scimitar and supported by an elephant, while for the West, or America, the effigy stands on an alligator and

has the inevitable cap of feathers, the bow and arrow. In the list of divisions of the western world which is spread above her head, "De la Florida" is the only and comprehensive indication of North America, which even down to this date the Spaniards included by that name within their prescriptive rights. The book is not a large one, but the compiler made the most of his opportunities as the royal chronicler of the Indies.

It was forty years and more before as much was done for that part of the continent where the Spanish claim was hardly valid enough for an attempt to enforce their authority, and where the Dutch and the English were not quite agreed as to their respective rights. New York had already fallen into English hands, though the Dutch hopes of recapture were not abandoned, when Van den Bergh, the Dutchman, who is better known by his Latin alternative, Montanus, published his *Nieuwe Weereld*, in 1670, and gave Dapper the German and Ogilby the Englishman the opportunity to supply their countrymen with all that Montanus knew, and what they could add to it, in renderings into their vernaculars. These books interest us now, because they made bibliographical record of the extent of an American library needful at that time to construct a sort of historical and geographical cyclopædia of the New World, — which shows as its basis a list of one hundred and sixty-seven titles.

It was not, however, till 1713 that the *Bibliothecæ Americanæ Primordia* of White-Kennett, Bishop of Peterborough as he became, was printed, edited it is said by the well-known bibliographer, Robert Watt, and showing a collection which had been gathered for the use of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. It was the first distinctive bibliography to do justice to the literature of the English discoveries and settlements, and though

the entries are sixteen hundred in number, a considerable abatement must be made from its extent, inasmuch as the sections of such works as Hakluyt and Ramusio were treated separately. It is a list that the student of New England history, particularly, scans with much care, and he is not over-pleased to find in it some entries that tell him of losses of books which it is perhaps hopeless to make good. Strange to say, the library which it represents was so completely lost sight of in the vicissitudes of the society which owned it that even special students of American history, residing in London, were surprised, when an inquisitive antiquary, a very few years ago, brought it, in its sadly dismantled condition, to the attention of scholars.

At the time this catalogue of White-Kennett was printed, but a single library had been formed in New England, of any consequence, and with any pretension to preserve the history of the English enterprise and policy in this western world, and that was the collection associated with the name of the elder Mather, yet to be considerably increased under the care of Cotton Mather, and finally to be burned, in part at least, during the destruction of Charlestown in 1775, and in other part to be scattered, for the antiquarian gleaner to re-assemble what was possible in the library of the American Antiquarian Society and elsewhere. Thomas Prince was in Europe when Kennett's list came out. Ten years earlier, when Prince had entered Harvard College, he had set himself the task of gathering what he called a New England library. He picked up not a few books during his prolonged stay in England, and when he returned to Boston, in 1717, he had become a skillful collector. Dying in 1758, he left a library, which was very considerably depleted by some one while the British, in 1775-76, occupied the Old South Church in Boston, where it was

deposited. Of what remains, New England antiquaries know the value, which is shown by the catalogue of it, printed by the Boston Public Library, as it now stands on the shelves of that institution. Of what the passions of the hour deprived us in 1765, when a frantic mob destroyed the library of Thomas Hutchinson while it gutted his house, we may never know.

The eighteenth century, while it may be said to have created the English bibliographical study of *Americana*, may be considered equally the fountain of the French and Italian. For the former, Lenglet du Fresnoy began with about sixty titles in 1716; and though Charlevoix did not create in 1744 a large list introductory to his history of New France, he commented upon his titles usefully for the modern student. One of the few instances in which we know the prices, during the eighteenth century, of books now deemed rare is a record of a sale of the library of the College of Clermont in 1764, when twenty volumes of the series known as the *Jesuit Relations*, being the annual reports of the priests in New France to the general of the order in Europe, brought eighteen francs, which may be compared with the sum of £100 which Quaritch, of London, this very month asks for a set of twenty, while Harrassowitz, of Leipsic, sold a set of twenty-six volumes for five thousand francs within a year or two.

The most conspicuous Italian example of American bibliography in the century now under consideration was the list which Clavigero added to his history of Mexico in 1780, enlarging and rendering most serviceable to scholars the enumeration which Boturini Benaduci had gathered, after eight years' labor, in 1746.

Meanwhile the Spanish scholars were reinforcing the work of their predecessors. The edition of Garcia's *Origen de los Indias*, in 1729, showed seven-

teen hundred authors. Ten years later Garcia improved still more upon Pinelo.

Robertson, in 1770, in his *History of America*, was the first Englishman to survey the whole extent of American history, and yet he was content with only two hundred and fifty titles, — a number which a professed bibliographer increased to sixteen hundred, as shown twelve years later in an anonymous *Bibliotheca Americana*, published in London.

The first forty years of the nineteenth century were to organize the study of *Americana* in a way that has guided the more extensive accumulations of the succeeding forty. The only Spanish contribution need not detain us long, but it is interesting as the earliest list, touching our subject, which was published in the *New World*, and this was the *Bibliotheca Hispano-Americana* of Beristiani de Souza, printed in Mexico in 1816–21. It is in three volumes, and covers the writers who were born or who flourished in Spanish America, and of course includes works not relating to the country. It has become the rarest of all American bibliographical works which have been put on sale, and is worth not far from five hundred dollars to-day.

There is not a German list during these forty years worth considering, though Grahame tells us that in writing his history of the United States during the colonial period he found, in 1825, the University library at Göttingen richer in books for his purpose than all the libraries in Britain combined. It was also the example of a German professor which became so powerful during the early years of this century to direct and foster the study of American history. This was Professor Ebeling, whose American library of thirty-two hundred volumes and an extraordinary collection of maps was bought by Colonel Israel Thorndike, in 1818, for \$6500, and given to the library of Harvard College.

Hardly a writer on American history since, engaged upon studies antedating the present century, but has found it indispensable to sound the depths of this Ebeling collection. No list of it was ever printed, except so far as it may be included in the general catalogue of that library published in 1830-34.

Among the French, the labors of Boucher de la Richarderie and Faribault were easily eclipsed by the collection formed by Ternaux-Compans. This embraced about twelve hundred entries, all of a date before 1700, — an extent which, as Mr. Brevoort thinks, had not before been reached by any gatherer of the older books. This was in 1836, and the catalogue which described the collection, scantily supplied though it was with the notes of its learned possessor, has not yet ceased to be of great use to the student. It has been said that Ternaux formed the collection for the purpose of selling it. At all events, he took precautions to preserve the record of his bibliographical zeal, for his books, with his monogram and crest impressed on their covers, are among the much-prized nuggets of many an American library.

During these same forty years there were three Americans, working in this field, upon whom collectors have been taught to look back with great regard, and two of them, David B. Warden and Thomas Aspinwall, were respectively consuls of the United States for many years at Paris and London. These gentlemen were collectors at a time when prices of rare books were very much lower than now, and when the foundations were laid of a number of collections of Americana which have since become famous. Warden was essentially a speculator in books. The first collection which he formed embraced twelve hundred volumes, and was described, in 1820, in his *Bibliotheca Americo-Sepentrionalis*, — the collection itself being, three years later, bought for \$5000, by Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, the father of

President Eliot, to be given to the library of Harvard College. At a later day, he sold a still larger collection, which he had used while working on the American portion of the *Art de Vérifier des Dates*, to the state library at Albany. Colonel Aspinwall, whose figure in Boston streets was a very familiar one at a later period of his life, and whose empty sleeve recalled the battles on the Canadian border in the war of 1812, was a collector of great activity and vigilant tact. The catalogue of his collection which he printed in 1833 was not an extensive one, embracing only seven hundred and seventy-one entries, but he had been fortunate in the opportunities of acquiring a large part of the choicest early books. The mischances of a fire in 1863 deprive us of still possessing more than a small number of the rarest titles. The library had been sold to Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, of New York, and some of the most valuable volumes had been separated from the rest when a conflagration overtook the bulk of the collection.

Our third American of this period deserves the name, probably, of having done most to create, foster, and direct the interest in Americana at the formative stage of the passion. This was Obadiah Rich, a Boston man, who, like his contemporaries already named, derived advantages from being put in the way of a collector's opportunities when he was sent, in 1815, as consul to Valencia, in Spain, and while later he lived at Madrid. The political unrest of Spain at that time favored this vigilant gleaner, and treasures came easily to him for small sums, which in time became almost priceless. Intelligent and kind as he was, Rich welcomed everybody to his house who sympathized with him in his bibliographical quests. Alexander H. Everett, at that time the American minister to Spain, became his intimate friend. Washington Irving found the bibliophile's generosity ever ready to

lay books before him that had before eluded his search. He was the bibliographical mentor of Ticknor, Prescott, and Bancroft. In 1827, when Rich left Spain, his collection was offered to Congress through Edward Everett; but the transaction was not completed, and its owner, in 1828, settled himself in London as a bookseller, with this admirable collection in stock. Here he soon grew to be a counselor as well as purveyor to a growing class of American book-lovers, who were making the history of the western world the subject of their attention. Conspicuous among them were Colonel Aspinwall, Peter Force, James Lenox, and John Carter Brown. Rich's catalogues, which were printed between 1832 and 1846, were the earliest issued by any of the London dealers in a manner to make them genuine bibliographical helps, and the character they rapidly attained has not been lost. They are usually reckoned as giving the starting-point in the growth of prices.

With the labors of Ternaux in France and of Rich in London, the fate of *Americana*, as a kind of literature alluring a distinct class of collectors and students, was at once established, and since about 1840 the passion has had constant growth. In tracing its further progress we need to recognize somewhat the motives which have induced this continued development. In the first group of abettors we might place what we may call the professional bibliographers, and it is noteworthy that the three more conspicuous members of this class have been adopted citizens of the United States. The beginning of the bibliography of American local history and American linguistics we find in the work of a German, Hermann E. Ludwig, who came to the United States in 1844. To Henry Harrisse, a Franco-American citizen, we owe the *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima*, whose two volumes, published respectively in 1866 and

1872, survey with more thoroughness than is done elsewhere the literature of American discovery and description previous to the middle of the sixteenth century. While Rich had given but twenty titles for this early period, and Ternaux fifty-eight, Harrisse gave over three hundred in his first volume, and added a considerable number of new ones amid the supplemental matter which makes up his second volume. No one had before so eagerly searched the old libraries of Europe for every trace to be discovered of book or chart elucidating the first half century of American history. He has given most of the information, which is available to us, of the stores, and of the depredations upon those stores, which constitute the library of Ferdinand Columbus at Seville. He has scoured the libraries of Italy, only to reach the conclusion that there is not among the public libraries of Europe any which in respect to the earliest books upon America can compare with three or four private libraries in America. In Italy he places the Marciana, at Venice, as probably the richest, and the Trivulgiana, at Milan, as perhaps the next. His book on Columbus, still incomplete, shows how thoroughly he has ransacked every crevice which might conceal a line, to throw light on the very beginnings of all our history. His books on the Cortereals, the Cabots, and on New France, taken in conjunction, illustrate the bibliography of the northern parts of North America more exhaustively than has been done elsewhere in any descriptive way for the period previous to 1700.

The third of these professional bibliographers was Joseph Sabin, who began in 1867 the 'great Dictionary of Books relating to America, which is likely to require the thirty volumes which have already been referred to, if the promise of the title is carried out to include all "down to the present time." Mr. Sabin was a London bookseller, who settled in New York, and his death, in 1881, has

left others to complete the work which he began.

In a second class of contributors to the bibliographical records of America we must place those collectors of books who have gathered them for their own use, as writers of history or as students of bibliography. A new spirit was applied to the study of the early American discoveries when Humboldt published his *Examen Critique* on the historical geography of the New World, in 1836-39. The collections which he formed for the writing of that monumental work are engulfed in the printed catalogue of Humboldt's library, which Henry Stevens made when he purchased the books in 1863, and which now is the only evidence of Humboldt's activity, since the books themselves were destroyed by fire two years later. Neither can we separate from the general catalogue of the library of Congress, which is now printing, the rich collection of *Americana* which Colonel Peter Force gathered, and which, after his death, became the property of the nation. Of the library of Jared Sparks we have a distinct catalogue, made after his death, and before the books were sold to Cornell University, about 1872. It is a good working library, but not a remarkable one; while the printed catalogue enumerates also the manuscripts which he had gathered, and which did not accompany the books to Ithaca, but which, under his will, were to find an ultimate deposit in the library of Harvard College. The library of James Lenox was only in part American; but in that part rich in the rarest specimens of those books which to the sight-seer are the merest curiosities, while to the scholar they may become at times necessary to the determinate elucidation of crucial points in the study of the earliest experiences of Europeans on this continent. Before his death, in 1880, Mr. Lenox placed this collection in its own building

and in the hands of trustees, for a limited public use. No catalogue of it has yet been printed, but its keepers are issuing a series of bibliographical monographs which in part pertain to its stores of rare *Americana*. The most famous of all collections of *Americana* is, without doubt, that known as the Carter Brown library. It is almost exclusively American, and the aim has been to make it as nearly complete as possible down to the year 1800. The late Mr. John Carter Brown belonged to a well-known family in Providence, whose name had been given to what was originally Rhode Island College. He had enjoyed the sympathy and counsel of Mr. John Russell Bartlett in the gathering of his library; and under that gentleman's care the four large octavo volumes which constitute its sumptuous catalogue have been prepared, showing not far from seven thousand titles. These volumes of its catalogue constitute what is probably the most extensive printed list of all *Americana* previous to 1800, more especially anterior to 1700, which now exists.

The two choicest private collections in Massachusetts are those of Dr. Charles Deane, of Cambridge, and the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Dexter, of New Bedford. Of the Deane library there is no catalogue, but it is rich in all that relates to the English discoveries and the English colonies. Of Dr. Dexter's, so far as concerns the Congregational movement, which so largely affects the early history of the English colonies, we get the scope of it in the indications of his ownership, which are plentifully scattered through the 7250 titles that constitute the bibliography appended to his *Congregationalism* as seen in its Literature. He shows how poorly off our largest public libraries are in this illustrative literature when he says that of the thousand titles which he gives between 1546 and 1644, he found but 208 in American libraries. Among the

private libraries of New York and its vicinity the richest are probably that of Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, who has recently printed a tentative catalogue of his collection, and that of Mr. James Carson Brevoort, of which we have no printed catalogue, and of which some considerable portion a few years since passed into the Astor Library. A collector in this department, who has only of late years been a vigorous competitor in the market of *Americana*, is Mr. Charles H. Kalbfleisch, who aims rather to make a collection of the rarest books than to illustrate the broad scope of American history.

The library which Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft has gathered in San Francisco, is the basis of the enormous work which is now appearing under his own name as a history of the native races and later peoples of the Pacific coast of North America. What the scope of this book is appears from the very extensive lists which are given in various volumes of his work, duplicating, however, each other to a considerable extent.

Some of the best of the libraries of *Americana* which have been formed in this country during the last thirty years or more have been within ten years brought to the hammer. Such was the collection of William Menzies, sold in 1875, from a catalogue made by Joseph Sabin. It was not exclusively American, but a large share of its *Americana* formed the basis of the collection of Mr. J. J. Cooke, of Providence, sold more recently. The collection formed at Hartford by George Brinley shows, as Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, the maker of its catalogue, claims, "a greater number of volumes remarkable for their rarity, value, and interest than was ever before brought together in an American sale-room." The sales of this collection began in 1878, and the fourth or last has not yet been held. They have introduced a new device,

which has already been followed in the sale of the Cooke collection. Certain libraries were selected by the testator as beneficiaries, with the privilege of buying at auction up to a certain aggregate of cost. The result was a stimulated competition, which practically saved the estate from loss to the heirs by reason of such public bequests, and produced an inflation of prices of which all later purchasers of *Americana* have experienced the ill effects.

The library of the late Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn, was formed in pursuance of a plan to write a history of maritime discovery in America, only one chapter of which, that on Verrazano, had been printed, when Mr. Murphy died in 1882. Mr. John Russell Bartlett edited the sale catalogue of the books, and the collection proved one of the richest which had ever been sold in this department. We must pass over many smaller distinctively American collections, like that of Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, sold in 1882, and say but a final word for the largest private library which had been gathered in this country in illustration of the history and traits of the North American Indians. Mr. Thomas W. Field published in 1873 an *Essay towards an Indian Bibliography*, and two years later the library upon which it was based was sold by a catalogue showing 3324 titles, almost wholly in this restricted field of *Americana*.

Perhaps no department of our general subject has received bibliographical treatment, so nearly exhaustive in this country and in Europe, as the ethnology and linguistics of our aborigines. Without referring to the earlier tentative lists, the subject may be considered as first surveyed systematically by Schoolcraft in 1849; and among his followers in this direction are Squier and Brinton, and the compiler of the lists in the third volume of Hubert H. Bancroft's *Native Races*. Dr. J. Hammond

Trumbull, in various essays, has made the Algonquin branch his own special ground. We can afford but the merest mention of the labors, among the Germans, of Buschmann and Platzmann; among the French, of Charency and Brasseur de Bourbourg; and among the Mexicans, of Romero and Icazbalceta, while for the extensive work of the latter on the bibliography of Mexican history scholars are now waiting with eagerness. But the final flower of this linguistic bibliography is the great book, as big as Webster's Dictionary, which has been constructed, as the work of years, by Mr. Pilling, of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, which is to record every literary trace of the languages of aboriginal America. Special scholars have already been furnished with the work in a trial form, and in its perfected shape it cannot be kept much longer from universal scholarship.

The few distinctively American private libraries which have been formed outside of the United States have pertained to Spanish America, like those of Fischer, Béeche, and MacKenna. In Europe, *Americana* have made only a part of several collections, which from the rarity and richness of classes of books in this field have attracted the attention of students of American history, and such are the collections of Sobolewski, sold at Leipsic in 1873; of Pinart, Brasseur de Bourbourg, and Dr. Court, sold in Paris in 1883 and 1884; and the great Sunderland sale in London in 1881-83. So far as printed catalogues enable us to judge, the private library of the late Henry Huth in London is the one in England most likely to supply the wants of an American scholar, the foundations of it having been laid by that gentleman during a residence in Mexico.

There is one other class of practical bibliographers whose labors every stu-

dent is bound to acknowledge; and these are the dealers in books who have made special exertions in the amassing of *Americana*. Most conspicuous among Americans has been Henry Stevens, a Vermonter and a graduate of Yale, who for many years has been a resident of London. He has been the American mentor of the British Museum, and by his vigilance that library has made its magnificent store of *Americana*. He has done more than most of his rivals to help their owners in the creation of the great American private libraries in this department; and his numerous printed catalogues have been made, in parts at least, interesting reading, through a quality of his annotations which combines amusement with instruction. We have no space now to enlarge upon the special efforts of such dealers as Samuel G. Drake, William Gowans, Charles B. Norton, and Joel Munsell, not to name others, among ourselves.

In England at the present time there is no one to dispute the supremacy of the chief in that Sett of Odd Volumes, as a sort of Bohemian bibliographical club in London is called, — Mr. Bernard Quaritch. No one rules the market for rare books on America, and indeed for books on all subjects, in a more lordly way than he, and his sceptre is as much felt on the Continent and in this country as in London itself. Everything somehow comes at last to No. 15 Piccadilly, and huge collections like the Sunderland, or those of the rarest like that formed by Mr. F. S. Ellis, gravitate there as easily as water to the swamps.

It is in France and Holland, however, that exclusive catalogues of *Americana* have been produced by booksellers, which are of the most value to students; and highest in place among such we must name that which Charles Leclerc has made for *Maisonneuve*, and those which under the name of *Frederick Muller* have been made at Amsterdam. Work only little inferior has been done

by Paul Trömel for Brockhaus, in Leipzig, where the traditions of good trade-bibliography are preserved by Weigel, and by one of Muller's pupils, Otto Harrassowitz.

It is doubtful if any place can surpass Boston as a centre of research in American history. In its own Public Library, which includes the Prince collection, in the libraries of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the Congregational Association, of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and of the State, supplemented by the stores of such as are within easy reach, like that of Harvard College at Cambridge, wonderfully rich in Americana as it is, and the private collection of Charles Deane; like that of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, the peerless Carter Brown collection at Providence, and the treasures of Dr. Dexter at New Bedford, — there is an affluence of Americana most likely not elsewhere to be found, though the library of Congress

with its Force collection, and the neighboring library of George Bancroft, in Washington, make the national capital, particularly if the archives of the government are to be studied, a necessary resort of the American historian. New York is not far behind, with its Lenox and Astor libraries, the collections of the New York Historical Society and the American Geographical Society, the private gatherings of Mr. Barlow, Mr. Brevoort, and Mr. Kalbfleisch, and, if a journey is undertaken, with the excellent library in the state house at Albany. The facilities of Philadelphia and Baltimore are decidedly second-class, except for local research; there is hardly anything worth considering, for a general survey, in any of the libraries beyond the Alleghanies; and only when we come to the thither slope of the Rocky Mountains do we find in the enormous collection of Hubert Howe Bancroft any library which can be compared with the great collections of the Atlantic seaboard.

Justin Winsor.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK THIRD.

XXII.

HYACINTH got up early — an operation attended with very little effort, as he had scarcely closed his eyes all night. What he saw from his window made him dress as rapidly as a young man could do who desired more than ever that his appearance should not give strange ideas about him: an old garden, with parterres in curious figures, and little intervals of lawn which appeared to our hero's cockney vision fantastically green. At one end of the garden was a parapet of mossy brick, which looked

down, on the other side, into a canal, or moat, or quaint old pond; and from the same standpoint there was also a view of a considerable part of the main body of the house (Hyacinth's room appeared to be in a wing commanding the extensive irregular back), which was richly gray wherever it was not green with ivy and other dense creepers, and everywhere infinitely like a picture, with a high-piled, ancient, russet roof, broken by huge chimneys, and queer peep-holes, and all manner of odd gables and windows on different lines, and antique patches and protrusions, and a partic-

ularly fascinating architectural excrescence in which a wonderful clock-face was lodged — a clock-face covered with gilding and blazonry, but showing many traces of the years and the weather. Hyacinth had never in his life been in the country — the real country, as he called it, the country which was not the mere raveled fringe of London — and there entered through his open casement the breath of a world enchantingly new and, after his recent feverish hours, inexpressibly refreshing to him; a sense of sweet, sunny air and mingled odors, all strangely pure and agreeable, and a kind of musical silence, the greater part of which seemed to consist of the voices of birds. There were tall, quiet trees near by, and afar off, and everywhere; and the group of objects which greeted Hyacinth's eyes evidently formed only a corner of larger spaces and a more complicated scene. There was a world to be revealed to him: it lay waiting, with the dew upon it, under his windows, and he must go down and take his first steps in it.

The night before, at ten o'clock, when he arrived, he had only got the impression of a mile-long stretch of park, after turning in at a gate; of the cracking of gravel under the wheels of the fly; and of the glow of several windows, suggesting in-door cheer, in a façade that lifted a variety of vague pinnacles into the starlight. It was a good deal of relief to him, then, to be informed that the Princess, in consideration of the lateness of the hour, begged to be excused till the morrow; the delay would give him time to recover his balance and look about him. This latter opportunity was offered him first as he sat at supper in a vast dining-room, with the butler, whose acquaintance he had made in South Street, behind his chair. He had not exactly wondered how he would be treated — there was too much vagueness in his conception of the way in which, at a country-house,

insidious distinctions might be made and shades of importance illustrated; but it was plain that the best had been ordered for him. He was, at all events, abundantly content with his reception, and more and more excited by it. The repast was delicate (though his other senses were so awake that hunger dropped out, and he ate, as it were, without eating), and the grave, mechanical servant filled his glass with a liquor that reminded him of some lines in Keats — in the Ode to a Nightingale. He wondered whether he should hear a nightingale at Medley (he knew nothing about the seasons of this vocalist), and also whether the butler would attempt to talk to him, had ideas about him, knew or suspected who he was and what; which, after all, there was no reason for his doing, unless it might be the poverty of the luggage that had been transported from Lomax Place. Mr. Withers, however (it was in this manner that Hyacinth heard him addressed by the cabman who conveyed the visitor from the station), gave no further symptom of sociability than to ask him at what time he would be called in the morning; to which our young man replied that he preferred not to be called at all — he would get up by himself. The butler rejoined, "Very good, sir," while Hyacinth thought it probable that he puzzled him a good deal, and even considered the question of giving him a glimpse of his identity, lest it should be revealed, later, in a manner less graceful. The object of this anticipatory step, in Hyacinth's mind, was that he should not be oppressed and embarrassed with attentions to which he was unused; but the idea came to nothing, for the simple reason that before he spoke he found that he already *was* inured to being waited upon. His impulse to deprecate attentions departed, and he became conscious that there were none he should care to miss, or was not quite prepared for. He knew he prob-

ably thanked Mr. Withers too much; but he could n't help this—it was an irrepressible tendency and an error he should doubtless always commit.

He lay in a bed constituted in a manner so perfect to insure rest that it was probably responsible in some degree for his restlessness, and in a large, high room, where long dressing-glasses emitted ghostly glances even after the light was extinguished. Suspended on the walls were many prints, mezzotints and old engravings, which Hyacinth supposed, possibly without reason, to be fine and rare. He got up several times in the night, lighted his candle, and walked about, looking at them. He looked at himself in one of the long glasses, and in a place where everything was on such a scale it seemed to him more than ever that Mademoiselle Vivier's son was a tiny particle. As he came down-stairs he encountered housemaids, with dust-ers and brooms, or perceived them, through open doors, on their knees before fireplaces; and it was his belief that they regarded him more boldly than if he had been a guest of the usual kind. Such a reflection as that, however, ceased to trouble him after he had passed out-of-doors and begun to roam through the park, into which he let himself loose at first, and then, in narrowing circles, through the nearer grounds. He rambled for an hour, in a state of simple ecstasy; brushing the dew from the deep fern and bracken and the rich borders of the garden, tasting the fragrant air, and stopping everywhere, in murmuring rapture, at the touch of some exquisite impression. His whole walk was peopled with recognitions; he had been dreaming, all his life, of just such a place and such objects, such a morning and such a chance. It was the last of April, and everything was fresh and vivid; the great trees, in the early air, were a blur of tender shoots. Round the admirable house he revolved repeatedly; catching every point and tone,

feasting on its expression, and wondering whether the Princess would observe his proceedings from the window, and whether, if she did, they would be offensive to her. The house was not hers, but only hired for three months, and it could flatter no princely pride that he should be struck with it. There was something in the way the gray walls rose from the green lawn that brought tears to his eyes: the spectacle of long duration unassociated with some sordid infirmity or poverty was new to him; he had lived with people among whom old age meant, for the most part, a grudging and degraded survival. In the majestic preservation of Medley there was a kind of serenity of success, an accumulation of dignity and honor.

A footman sought him out, in the garden, to tell him that breakfast was ready. He had never thought of breakfast, and as he walked back to the house, attended by the inscrutable flunkey, this offer appeared a free, extravagant gift, unexpected and romantic. He found he was to breakfast alone, and he asked no question; but when he had finished the butler came in and informed him that the Princess would see him after luncheon, but that in the meanwhile she wished him to understand that the library was entirely at his service. "After luncheon"—that threw the hour he had come for very far into the future, and it caused him some confusion of mind that the Princess should think it worth while to invite him to stay at her house from Saturday evening to Monday morning, if it had been her purpose that so much of his visit should elapse without their meeting. But he felt neither slighted nor impatient; the impressions that had already crowded upon him were in themselves a sufficient reward, and what could one do better, precisely, in such a house as that than wait for a princess? The butler showed him the way to the library, and left him planted in the mid-

dle of it, staring at the treasures that he instantly perceived it contained. It was an old brown room, of great extent — even the ceiling was brown, though there were figures in it dimly gilt — where row upon row of finely-lettered backs looked down on the discerning youth whose trade was the handling of books, challenging him in every direction. A fire of logs crackled in a great chimney, and there were alcoves with deep window-seats; and arm-chairs such as he had never seen, luxurious, leather-covered, with an adjustment for holding one's volume; and a vast writing-table, before one of the windows, furnished with a perfect magazine of paper and pens, inkstands and blotters, seals, stamps, candlesticks, reels of twine, paper-weights, and book-knives. Hyacinth had never imagined so many aids to correspondence, and before he turned away he had written a note to Millicent, in a hand even more beautiful than usual — his penmanship was very minute, but at the same time wonderfully free and fair — largely for the pleasure of seeing "Medley Hall" stamped in crimson, heraldic-looking characters at the top of his paper. In the course of an hour he had ravaged the collection, taken down almost every book, wishing he could keep it a week, and put it back quickly, as his eye caught the next, which appeared even more desirable. He discovered many rare bindings, and gathered several ideas from an inspection of them — ideas which he felt himself perfectly capable of reproducing. Altogether, his vision of true happiness, at that moment, was that, for a month or two, he should be locked into the library at Medley. He forgot the outer world, and the morning waned — the beautiful vernal Sunday — while he lingered there.

He was on the top of a ladder when he heard a voice remark, "I am afraid they are very dusty; in this house, you know, it is the dust of centuries;" and, looking down, he saw Madame Grando-

ni stationed in the middle of the room. He instantly prepared to descend, to make her his salutation, when she exclaimed, "Stay, stay, if you are not giddy; we can talk from here! I only came in to show you we *are* in the house, and to tell you to keep up your patience. The Princess will probably see you in a few hours."

"I really hope so," said Hyacinth, from his perch, rather dismayed at the "probably."

"*Natürlich*," the old lady rejoined: "but people have come, sometimes, and gone away without seeing her. It all depends upon her mood."

"Do you mean even when she has sent for them?"

"Oh, who can tell whether she has sent for them or not?"

"But she sent for me, you know," Hyacinth declared, staring down, and struck with the odd effect of Madame Grandoni's wig in that bird's-eye view.

"Oh yes, she sent for you, poor young man!" The old lady returned his gaze, with a smile, and they remained a moment exchanging a silent scrutiny. Then she added, "Captain Sholto has come, like that, more than once; and he has gone away no better off."

"Captain Sholto?" Hyacinth repeated.

"Very true, if we talk at this distance, I must shut the door." She took her way back to it (she had left it open), and pushed it to; then advanced into the room again, with her superannuated, shuffling step, walking as if her shoes were too big for her. Hyacinth meanwhile descended the ladder. "*Ecco*. She's a *capricciosa*," said the old lady.

"I don't understand how you speak of her," Hyacinth remarked, gravely. "You seem to be her friend, yet you say things that are not favorable to her."

"Dear young man, I say much worse to her about herself than I should ever

say to you. I am rude, oh yes — even to you, to whom, no doubt, I ought to be particularly kind. But I am not false. It is not our German nature. You will hear me some day. I *am* the friend of the Princess; it would be well enough if she never had a worse one! But I should like to be yours, too — what will you have? Perhaps it is of no use. At any rate, here you are.”

“Yes, here I am, decidedly!” Hyacinth laughed, uneasily.

“And how long shall you stay? Excuse me if I ask that; it is part of my rudeness.”

“I shall stay till to-morrow morning. I must be at my work by noon.”

“That will do very well. Don’t you remember, the other time, how I told you to remain faithful?”

“That was very good advice. But I think you exaggerate my danger.”

“So much the better,” said Madame Grandoni; “though now that I look at you well I doubt it a little. I see you are one of those types that ladies like. I can be sure of that, because I like you myself. At my age — a hundred and twenty — can I not say that? If the Princess were to do so, it would be different; remember that — that any flattery she may ever offer you will be on her lips much less discreet. But perhaps she will never have the chance; you may never come again. There are people who have come only once. *Vedremo bene*. I must tell you that I am not in the least against a young man taking a holiday, a little quiet recreation, once in a while,” Madame Grandoni continued, in her disconnected, discursive, confidential way. “In Rome they take it every five days; that is, no doubt, too often. In Germany, less often. In this country, I cannot understand whether it is an increase of effort: the English Sunday is so difficult! This one will, however, in any case, have been beautiful for you. Be happy, make yourself comfortable; but go home

to-morrow!” And with this injunction Madame Grandoni took her way again to the door, while Hyacinth went to open it for her. “I can say that, because it is not my house. I am only here like you. And sometimes I think I also shall go to-morrow!”

“I imagine you have not, like me, your living to get, every day. That is reason enough for me,” said Hyacinth.

She paused in the doorway, with her expressive, ugly, kindly little eyes on his face. “I believe I am nearly as poor as you. And I have not, like you, the appearance of nobility. Yet I am noble,” said the old lady, shaking her wig.

“And I am not!” Hyacinth rejoined, smiling.

“It is better not to be lifted up high, like our friend. It does not give happiness.”

“Not to one’s self, possibly; but to others!” From where they stood, Hyacinth looked out into the great paneled and decorated hall, lighted from above and roofed with a far-away dim fresco, and the reflection of this grandeur came into his appreciative eyes.

“Do you admire everything here very much — do you receive great pleasure?” asked Madame Grandoni.

“Oh, so much — so much!”

She considered him a moment longer. “*Poverino!*” she murmured, as she turned away.

A couple of hours later the Princess sent for Hyacinth, and he was conducted up-stairs, through corridors carpeted with crimson and hung with pictures, and ushered into a kind of bright drawing-room, which he afterwards learned that his hostess regarded as her boudoir. The sound of music had come to him outside the door, so that he was prepared to find her seated at the piano, if not to see her continue to play after he appeared. Her face was turned in the direction from which he entered, and she smiled at him while the servant, as

if he had just arrived, formally pronounced his name, without lifting her hands from the keys. The room, placed in an angle of the house and lighted from two sides, was large and sunny, upholstered in fresh, gay chintz, furnished with all sorts of sofas and low, familiar seats and convenient little tables, most of them holding great bowls of early flowers, littered over with books, newspapers, magazines, photographs of celebrities and other people, and full of the signs of luxurious and rather indolent habitation. Hyacinth stood there, not advancing very far, and the Princess, still playing and smiling, nodded toward a seat near the piano. "Put yourself there and listen to me." Hyacinth obeyed, and she played a long time, without glancing at him. This left him the more free to rest his eyes on her own face and person, while she looked about the room, vaguely, absently, but with an expression of quiet happiness, as if she were lost in her music, soothed and pacified by it. A window near her was half open, and the soft clearness of the day and all the odor of the spring diffused themselves, and made the place cheerful and pure. The Princess struck him as extraordinarily young and fair, and she seemed so slim and simple, and friendly too, in spite of having neither abandoned her occupation nor offered him her hand, that he sank back in his seat at last, with the sense that all his uneasiness, his nervous tension, was leaving him, and that he was safe in her kindness, in the free, original way with which she evidently would always treat him. This peculiar manner, half of ceremony, half of fellowship, seemed to him already to have the sweetness of familiarity. She played ever so movingly, with different pieces succeeding each other; he had never listened to music, nor to a talent, of that order. Two or three times she turned her eyes upon him, and then they shone with the wonderful expres-

sion that was the essence of her beauty; that profuse, mingled light which seemed to belong to some everlasting summer, and yet to suggest seasons that were past and gone, some experience that was only an exquisite memory. She asked him if he cared for music, and then added, laughing, that she ought to have made sure of this before; while he answered (he had already told her so in South Street; she appeared to have forgotten this) that he was awfully fond of it.

The sense of the beauty of women had been given to our young man in a high degree; it was a faculty that made him conscious, to adoration, of every element of loveliness, every delicacy of feature, every shade and tone, that contributed to charm. Even, therefore, if he had appreciated less the deep harmonies the Princess drew from the piano, there would have been no lack of interest in his situation, in such an opportunity to watch her admirable outline and movement, the noble form of her head and face, the gathered-up glories of her hair, the living, flower-like freshness which had no need to turn from the light. She was dressed in light colors, as simply as a young girl. Before she ceased playing she asked Hyacinth what he would like to do in the afternoon: would he have any objection to taking a drive with her? It was very possible he might enjoy the country. She seemed not to attend to his answer, which was covered by the sound of the piano; but if she had done so it would have left her very little doubt as to the reality of his inclination. She remained gazing at the cornice of the room, while her hands wandered to and fro; then, suddenly, she stopped, got up, and came toward her companion. "It is probable that is the most I shall ever bore you; you know the worst. Would you very kindly close the piano?" He complied with her request, and she went to another part of

the room and sank into an arm-chair. When he approached her again she said, "Is it really true that you have never seen a park, nor a garden, nor any of the beauties of nature, and that sort of thing?" She was alluding to something he had said in his letter, when he answered the note by which she proposed to him to run down to Medley; and after he assured her that it was perfectly true, she exclaimed, "I'm so glad — I'm so glad! I have never been able to show any one anything new, and I have always thought I should like it so — especially to a sensitive nature. Then you *will* come and drive with me?" She asked this as if it would be a great favor.

That was the beginning of the communion — so singular, considering their respective positions — which he had come to Medley to enjoy; and it passed into some very remarkable phases. The Princess had the most extraordinary way of taking things for granted, of ignoring difficulties, of assuming that her preferences might be translated into fact. After Hyacinth had remained with her ten minutes longer — a period mainly occupied with her exclamations of delight at his having seen so little of the sort of thing of which Medley consisted (Where should he have seen it, gracious heaven? he asked himself); after she had rested, thus briefly, from her exertions at the piano, she proposed that they should go out-of-doors together. She was an immense walker — she wanted her walk. She left him for a short time, giving him the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to entertain himself withal, and calling his attention, in particular, to a story of M. Octave Feuillet (she should be so curious to know what he thought of it); and reappeared with her hat and parasol, drawing on her long gloves, and presenting herself to our young man, at that moment, as a sudden incarnation of the heroine of M. Feuillet's novel, in

which he had instantly become immersed. On their way down-stairs it occurred to her that he had not yet seen the house, and that it would be amusing for her to show it to him; so she turned aside and took him through it, up and down and everywhere, even into the vast, old-fashioned kitchen, where there was a small, red-faced man in a white jacket and apron and a white cap (he removed the latter ornament to salute the little bookbinder), with whom his companion spoke Italian, which Hyacinth understood sufficiently to perceive that she addressed her cook in the second person singular, as if he had been a feudal retainer. He remembered that was the way the three Musketeers spoke to their lackeys. The Princess explained that the gentleman in the white cap was a delightful creature (she could n't endure English servants, though she was obliged to have two or three), who would make her plenty of risottos and polentas — she had quite the palate of a *contadina*. She showed Hyacinth everything: the queer transmogrified corner that had once been a chapel; the secret stairway which had served in the persecutions of the Catholics (the owners of Medley were, like the Princess herself, of the old persuasion); the musicians' gallery, over the hall; the tapestried room, which people came from a distance to see; and the haunted chamber (the two were sometimes confounded, but they were quite distinct), where a dreadful individual at certain times made his appearance — a dwarfish ghost, with an enormous head, a dispossessed brother, of long ago (the eldest), who had passed for an idiot, which he was n't, and had somehow been made away with. The Princess offered her visitor the privilege of sleeping in this apartment, declaring, however, that nothing would induce *her* even to enter it alone, she being a benighted creature, consumed with abject superstitions. "I don't know whether I am religious, and whether, if

I were, my religion would be superstitious. But my superstitions are certainly religious." She made her young friend pass through the drawing-room very cursorily, remarking that they should see it again: it was rather stupid — drawing-rooms in English country-houses were always stupid; indeed, if it would amuse him, they would sit there after dinner. Madame Grandoni and she usually sat up-stairs, but they would do anything that he should find more comfortable.

At last they went out of the house together, and as they did so she explained, as if she wished to justify herself against the imputation of extravagance, that, though the place doubtless struck him as absurdly large for a couple of quiet women, and the whole thing was not in the least what she would have preferred, yet it was all far cheaper than he probably imagined; she would never have looked at it if it had n't been cheap. It must appear to him so preposterous for a woman to associate herself with the great uprising of the poor, and yet live in palatial halls — a place with forty or fifty rooms. This was one of only two allusions she made that day to her democratic sympathies; but it fell very happily, for Hyacinth had been reflecting precisely upon the anomaly she mentioned. It had been present to him all day; it added much to the way life practiced on his sense of the tragic-comical to think of the Princess's having retired to that magnificent residence in order to concentrate her mind upon the London slums. He listened, therefore, with great attention while she related that she had taken the house for only three months, in any case, because she wanted to rest, after a winter of visiting and living in public (as the English spent their lives, with all their celebrated worship of the "home"), and yet did n't wish as yet to return to town — though she was obliged to confess that she had still the place in South

Street on her hands, thanks to her deciding, unexpectedly, to go on with it, rather than move out her things. But one had to keep one's things somewhere, and why was n't that as good a receptacle as another? Medley was not what she would have chosen if she had been left to herself: but she had not been left to herself — she never was; she had been bullied into taking it by the owners, whom she had met somewhere, and who had made up to her immensely, persuading her that she might really have it for nothing — for no more than she would give for the little honeysuckle cottage, the old parsonage embowered in clematis, which were really what she had been looking for. Besides, it was one of those old musty mansions, ever so far from town, which it was always difficult to let, or to get a price for; and then it was a wretched house for living in. Hyacinth, for whom his three hours in the train had been a series of happy throbs, had not been struck with its geographical remoteness, and he asked the Princess what she meant, in such a connection, by using the word "wretched." To this she replied that the place was tumbling to pieces, inconvenient in every respect, full of ghosts and bad smells. "That is the only reason I come to have it. I don't want you to think me more luxurious than I am, or that I throw away money. Never, never!" Hyacinth had no standard by which he could measure the importance his opinion would have for her, and he perceived that though she judged him as a creature still open to every initiation, whose *naïveté* would entertain her, it was also her fancy to treat him as an old friend, a person to whom she might have had the habit of referring her difficulties. Her performance of the part she had undertaken to play was certainly complete, and everything lay before him but the reason she had for playing it.

One of the gardens at Medley took the young man's heart beyond the oth-

ers : it had high brick walls, on the sunny sides of which was a great training of apricots and plums, and straight walks, bordered with old-fashioned, homely flowers, inclosing immense squares where other fruit-trees stood upright and mint and lavender floated in the air. In the southern quarter it overhung a small, disused canal, and here a high embankment had been raised, which was also long and broad and covered with fine turf; so that the top of it, looking down at the canal, made a magnificent grassy terrace, than which, on a summer's day, there could be no more delightful place for strolling up and down with a companion — all the more that, at either end, was a curious pavilion, in the manner of a tea-house, which completed the scene in an old-world sense, and offered rest and privacy, a refuge from sun or shower. One of these pavilions was an asylum for gardener's tools and superfluous flower-pots; the other was covered, inside, with a queer Chinese paper, representing ever so many times over a group of people, with faces like blind kittens, having tea while they sat on the floor. It also contained a big, clumsy inlaid cabinet, in which cups and saucers showed themselves through doors of greenish glass, together with a carved cocoanut and a pair of outlandish idols. On a shelf, over a sofa, not very comfortable, though it had cushions of faded tapestry, which looked like samplers, was a row of novels, out of date and out of print — novels that one could n't have found any more, and that were only there. On the chimney-piece was a bowl of dried rose-leaves, mixed with some aromatic spice, and the whole place suggested a certain dampness.

On the terrace Hyacinth paced to and fro with the Princess, until she suddenly remembered that he had not had his luncheon. He protested that this was the last thing he wished to think of, but she declared that she had not asked him

down to Medley to starve him, and that he must go back and be fed. They went back, but by a very roundabout way, through the park, so that they really had half an hour's more talk. She explained to him that she herself breakfasted at twelve o'clock, in the foreign fashion, and had tea in the afternoon; as he too was so foreign, he might like that better, and in this case, on the morrow, they would breakfast together. He could have coffee, and anything else he wanted, brought to his room when he woke up. When Hyacinth had sufficiently composed himself, in the presence of this latter image — he thought he saw a footman arranging a silver service at his bedside — he mentioned that really, as regarded the morrow, he should have to be back in London. There was a train at nine o'clock; he hoped she did n't mind his taking it. She looked at him a moment, gravely and kindly, as if she were considering an abstract idea, and then she said, "Oh, yes, I mind it very much. Not to-morrow — some other day." He made no rejoinder, and the Princess spoke of something else; that is, his rejoinder was private, and consisted of the reflection that he *would* leave Medley in the morning, whatever she might say. He simply could n't afford to stay; he could n't be out of work. And then Madame Grandoni thought it so important; for though the old lady was obscure, she was decidedly impressive. The Princess's protest, however, was to be reckoned with; he felt that it might take a form less cursory than the words she had just uttered, which would make it embarrassing. She was less solemn, less explicit, than Madame Grandoni had been, but there was something in her slight seriousness and the delicate way in which she signified a sort of command that seemed to tell him his liberty was going — the liberty he had managed to keep (till the other day, when he gave Hoffendahl a mortgage on it),

and the possession of which had in some degree consoled him for other forms of penury. This made him uneasy; what would become of him if he should add another servitude to the one he had undertaken, at the end of that long, anxious cab-drive in the rain, in that dim back bedroom of a house as to whose whereabouts he was even now not clear, while Muniment and Poupin and Schinkel, all visibly pale, listened and accepted the vow? Muniment and Poupin and Schinkel — how disconnected, all the same, he felt from them at the present hour; how little he was the young man who had made the pilgrimage in the cab; and how the two latter, at least, if they could have a glimpse of him now, would wonder what he was up to!

As to this, Hyacinth wondered sufficiently himself, while the Princess touched upon the people and places she had seen, the impressions and conclusions she had gathered, since their former meeting. It was to such matters as these that she directed the conversation; she appeared to wish to keep it off his own concerns, and he was surprised at her continued avoidance of the slums and the question of her intended sacrifices. She mentioned none of her friends by name, but she talked of their character, their houses, their manners, taking for granted, as before, that Hyacinth would always follow. So far as he followed he was edified, but he had to admit to himself that half the time he did n't know what she was talking about. At all events, if *he* had been with the dukes (she did n't call her associates dukes, but Hyacinth was sure they were of that order), he would have got more satisfaction from them. She appeared, on the whole, to judge the English world severely; to think poorly of its wit, and even worse of its morals. "You know people ought n't to be both corrupt and dull," she said; and Hyacinth turned this over, feeling that he

certainly had not yet caught the point of view of a person for whom the aristocracy was a collection of bores. He had sometimes taken great pleasure in hearing that it was fabulously profligate, but he was rather disappointed in the bad account the Princess gave of it. She remarked that she herself was very corrupt — she ought to have mentioned that before — but she had never been accused of being stupid. Perhaps he would discover it, but most of the people she had had to do with thought her only too lively. The second allusion that she made to their ulterior designs (Hyacinth's and hers) was when she said, "I determined to see it" — she was speaking still of English society — "to learn for myself what it really is, before we blow it up. I have been here now a year and a half, and, as I tell you, I feel that I have seen. It is the old *régime* again, the rottenness and extravagance, bristling with every iniquity and every abuse, over which the French Revolution passed like a whirlwind; or, perhaps, even more a reproduction of Roman society in its *décadence*, gouty, apoplectic, depraved, gorged, and clogged with wealth and spoils, selfishness and skepticism, and waiting for the onset of the barbarians. You and I are the barbarians, you know." The Princess was pretty general, after all, in her animadversions, and regaled him with no anecdotes (he rather missed them) that would have betrayed the hospitality she had enjoyed. She could n't treat him absolutely as if he had been an ambassador. By way of defending the aristocracy, he said to her that it could n't be true they were all a bad lot (he used that expression because she had let him know that she liked him to speak in the manner of the people), inasmuch as he had an acquaintance among them — a noble lady — who was one of the purest, kindest, most conscientious human beings it was possible to imagine. At this she stopped short and looked at him;

then she asked, "Whom do you mean — a noble lady?"

"I suppose there is no harm saying. Lady Aurora Langrish."

"I don't know her. Is she nice?"

"I like her ever so much."

"Is she pretty, clever?"

"She is n't pretty, but she is very uncommon," said Hyacinth.

"How did you make her acquaintance?" As he hesitated, she went on: "Did you bind some books for her?"

"No. I met her in a place called Audley Court."

"Where is that?"

"In South Lambeth."

"And who lives there?"

"A young woman I was calling on, who is bedridden."

"And the lady you speak of — what do you call her? Lydia Langrish? — goes to see her?"

"Yes, very often."

The Princess was silent a moment, looking at him. "Will you take me there?"

"With great pleasure. The young woman I speak of is the sister of the chemist's assistant you will perhaps remember that I mentioned to you."

"Yes, I remember. It must be one of the first places we go to. I am sorry," the Princess added, walking on. Hyacinth inquired what she might be sorry for, but she took no notice of his question, and presently remarked, "Perhaps she goes to see him."

"Goes to see whom?"

"The chemist's assistant — the brother." She said this very seriously.

"Perhaps she does," Hyacinth rejoined, laughing. "But she is a fine sort of woman."

The Princess repeated that she was sorry, and he again asked her for what — for Lady Aurora's being of that sort? To which she replied, "No; I mean for my not being the first — what is it you call them? — noble lady that you have encountered."

"I don't see what difference that makes. You need n't be afraid you don't make an impression on me."

"I was not thinking of that. I was thinking that you might be less fresh than I thought."

"Of course I don't know what you thought," said Hyacinth, smiling.

"No; how should you?"

XXIII.

He was in the library, after luncheon, when word was brought to him that the carriage was at the door, for their drive; and when he went into the hall he found Madame Grandoni, bonneted and cloaked, awaiting the descent of the Princess. "You see I go with you. I am always there," she remarked, jovially. "The Princess has me with her to take care of her, and this is how I do it. Besides, I never miss my drive."

"You are different from me; this will be the first I have ever had in my life." He could establish that distinction without bitterness, because he was too pleased with his prospect to believe the old lady's presence could spoil it. He had nothing to say to the Princess that she might not hear. He didn't dislike her for coming, even after she had said to him, in answer to his own announcement, speaking rather more sententiously than was her wont, "It doesn't surprise me that you have not spent your life in carriages. They have nothing to do with your trade."

"Fortunately not," he answered. "I should have made a ridiculous coachman."

The Princess appeared, and they mounted into a great square barouche, an old-fashioned, high-hung vehicle, with a green body, a faded hammer-cloth, and a rumble where the footman sat (the Princess mentioned that it had been let with the house), which rolled, ponderously and smoothly, along the winding avenue and through the gilded gates

(they were surmounted with an immense escutcheon) of the park. The progress of this oddly composed trio had a high respectability, and that is one of the reasons why Hyacinth felt the occasion to be tremendously memorable. There might still be greater joys in store for him — he was by this time quite at sea, and could recognize no shores — but he would never again in his life be so respectable. The drive was long and comprehensive, but very little was said while it lasted. “I shall show you the whole country: it is exquisitely beautiful; it speaks to the heart.” Of so much as this his hostess had informed him at the start; and she added, in French, with a light, allusive nod at the rich, harmonized landscape, “*Voilà ce que j’aime en Angleterre.*” For the rest, she sat there opposite to him in quiet fairness under her softly-swaying, lace-fringed parasol: moving her eyes to where she noticed that his eyes rested; allowing them, when the carriage passed anything particularly charming, to meet his own; smiling as if she enjoyed the whole affair very nearly as much as he; and now and then calling his attention to some prospect, some picturesque detail, by three words of which the cadence was sociable. Madame Grandoni dozed most of the time, with her chin resting on a rather mangy ermine tippet, in which she had enveloped herself, expanding into consciousness at moments, however, to greet the scenery with comfortable polyglot ejaculations. If Hyacinth was exalted, during these delightful hours, he at least measured his exaltation, and it kept him almost solemnly still, as if with the fear that a wrong movement of any sort would break the charm, cause the curtain to fall upon the play. This was especially the case when his senses oscillated back from the objects that sprang up by the way, every one of which was a rich image of something he had longed for, to the most beautiful woman in England, who sat there, close to him, as

completely for his benefit as if he had been a painter engaged to make her portrait. More than once he saw everything through a mist; his eyes were full of tears.

That evening they sat in the drawing-room after dinner, as the Princess had promised, or, as he was inclined to consider it, threatened him. The force of the threat was in his prevision that the ladies would make themselves fine, and that in contrast with the setting and company he should feel dingier than ever; having already on his back the only tolerably decent coat he possessed, and being unable to exchange it for a garment of the pattern that civilized people (so much he knew, if he could n’t emulate them) put on about eight o’clock. The ladies, when they came to dinner, looked festal indeed; but Hyacinth was able to make the reflection that he was more pleased to be dressed as he was dressed, meanly and unsuitably as it was, than he should have been to present such a figure as Madame Grandoni, in whose toggery there was something comical. He was coming more and more round to the sense that if the Princess did n’t mind his poorness, in every way, he had no call to mind it himself. His present circumstances were not of his seeking — they had been forced upon him; they were not the fruit of a disposition to push. How little the Princess minded — how much, indeed, she enjoyed the consciousness that in having him about her in that manner she was playing a trick upon society, the false and conventional society she had measured and despised — was manifest from the way she had introduced him to the people they found awaiting them in the hall on the return from their drive: four ladies, a mother and three daughters, who had come over to call, from Broome, a place some five miles off. Broome was also a great house, as he gathered, and Lady Marchant, the mother, was the wife of

a county magnate. She explained that they had come in on the persuasion of the butler, who had represented the return of the Princess as imminent, and who then had administered tea without waiting for this event. The evening had drawn in chill; there was a fire in the hall, and they all sat near it, round the tea-table, under the great roof which rose to the top of the house. Hyacinth conversed mainly with one of the daughters, a very fine girl, with a straight back and long arms, whose neck was encircled so tightly with a fur boa that, to look a little to one side, she was obliged to move her whole body. She had a handsome, inanimate face, over which the firelight played without making it more lively, a beautiful voice, and the occasional command of a few words. She asked Hyacinth if he had been hunting, and whether he went in much for croquet, and she ate three muffins.

Our young man perceived that Lady Marchant and her daughters had already been at Medley, and even guessed that their reception by the Princess, who probably thought them of a tiresome type, had not been enthusiastic; and his imagination projected itself, further still, into the motives which, in spite of this tepidity, must have led them, in consideration of the rarity of princesses in that country, to come a second time. The talk, in the firelight, while Hyacinth labored, rather recklessly (for the spirit of the occasion, on his hostess's part, was passing into his own blood), with his muffin-eating beauty — the conversation, accompanied with the light click of delicate tea-cups, was as well-bred as could be consistent with an odd, evident *parti-pris* of the Princess's to make poor Lady Marchant explain everything. With great urbanity of manner, she professed complete inability to understand the sense in which her visitor meant her thin remarks; and Hyacinth was scarcely able to follow her here, he wondered so what interest she could have in try-

ing to appear dense. It was only afterwards he learned that the Marchant family produced a very peculiar, and at moments almost maddening, effect upon her nerves. He asked himself what would happen to that member of it with whom he was engaged if it should be revealed to her that she was conversing (how little soever) with a beggarly London artisan; and though he was rather pleased at her not having discovered his station (for he did not attribute her shortness to this idea), he entertained a little the question of its being perhaps his duty not to keep it hidden from her, not to flourish in a cowardly disguise. What did she take him for — or, rather, what did not she take him for — when she asked him if he hunted? Perhaps that was because it was rather dark; if there had been more light in the great, vague hall she would have seen he was not one of themselves. Hyacinth felt that by this time he had associated a good deal with swells, but they had always known what he was, and had been able to elect how to treat him. This was the first occasion on which a young gentlewoman had not been warned, and, as a consequence, he appeared to pass muster. He determined not to unmask himself, on the simple ground that he should by the same stroke betray the Princess. It was quite open to her to lean over and say to Miss Marchant, "You know he's a wretched little book-binder, earning a few shillings a week in a horrid street in Soho. There are all kinds of low things — and I suspect even something very horrible — connected with his birth. It seems to me I ought to mention it." He almost wished she would mention it, for the sake of the strange, violent sensations of the thing, a curiosity quivering within him to know what Miss Marchant would do at such a pinch, and what chorus of ejaculations — or, what appalled, irremediable silence — would rise to the painted roof. The responsibility, however, was

not his ; he had entered a phase of his destiny where responsibilities were suspended. Madame Grandoni's tea had waked her up ; she came, at every crisis, to the rescue of the conversation, and talked to the visitors about Rome, where they had once spent a winter, describing with much drollery the manner in which the English families she had seen there for nearly half a century (and had met, of an evening, in the Roman world) inspected the ruins and monuments and squeezed into the great ceremonies of the church. Clearly, the four ladies did n't know what to make of her ; but, though they perhaps wondered if she were a paid companion, they were on firm ground in the fact that the queer, familiar, fat person had been acquainted with the Millingtons, the Bunburys, and the Tripps.

After dinner (during which the Princess allowed herself a considerable license of pleasantry on the subject of her recent visitors, declaring that Hyacinth must positively go with her to return their call, and must see their interior, their manner at home), Madame Grandoni sat down to the piano, at Christina's request, and played to her companions for an hour. The spaces were large in the big drawing-room, and our friends had placed themselves at a distance from each other. The old lady's music trickled forth discreetly into the pleasant dimness of the candlelight ; she knew dozens of Italian local airs, which sounded like the forgotten tunes of a people, and she followed them by a series of tender, plaintive German *Lieder*, awaking, without violence, the echoes of the high, pompous apartment. It was the music of an old woman, and seemed to quaver a little, as her singing might have done. The Princess, buried in a deep chair, listened, behind her fan. Hyacinth at least supposed she listened ; at any rate, she never moved. At last Madame Grandoni left the piano, and came toward the young man. She had

taken up, on the way, a French book, in a pink cover, which she nursed in the hollow of her arm, and she stood looking at Hyacinth.

"My poor little friend, I must bid you good-night. I shall not see you again for the present, as, to take your early train, you will have left the house before I put on my wig — and I never show myself to gentlemen without it. I have looked after the Princess pretty well, all day, to keep her from harm, and now I give her up to you, for a little. Take the same care, I beg you. I must put myself into my dressing-gown ; at my age, at this hour, it is the only thing. What will you have ? I hate to be tight," pursued Madame Grandoni, who appeared even in her ceremonial garment to have evaded this discomfort successfully enough. "Do not sit up late," she added ; "and do not keep him, Christina. Remember that for an active young man like Mr. Robinson, going every day to his work, there is nothing more exhausting than such an unoccupied life as ours. For what do we do, after all ? His eyes are very heavy. *Basta !*"

During this little address the Princess, who made no rejoinder to that part of it which concerned herself, remained hidden behind her fan ; but after Madame Grandoni had wandered away she lowered this emblazoned shield, and rested her eyes for a while on Hyacinth. At last she said, "Don't sit half a mile off. Come nearer to me. I want to say something to you that I can't shout across the room." Hyacinth instantly got up, but at the same moment she also rose ; so that, approaching each other, they met half-way, before the great marble chimney-piece. She stood a little, opening and closing her fan ; then she remarked, "You must be surprised at my not having yet spoken to you about our great interest."

"No, indeed, I am not surprised at anything."

"When you take that tone I feel as if we should never, after all, become friends," said the Princess.

"I hoped we were, already. Certainly, after the kindness you have shown me, there is no service of friendship that you might ask of me" —

"That you would n't gladly perform? I know what you are going to say, and have no doubt you speak truly. But what good would your service do me if, all the while, you think of me as a hollow-headed, hollow-hearted lunatic, behaving in the worst possible taste, and oppressing you with her attentions? Perhaps you can think of me as — what shall I call it? — as a kind of coquette."

Hyacinth demurred. "That would be very conceited."

"Surely, you have the right to be as conceited as you please, after the advances I have made you! Pray, who has a better one? But you persist in remaining humble, and that is very provoking."

"It is not I that am provoking; it is life, and society, and all the difficulties that surround us."

"I am precisely of that opinion — that they are exasperating; that when I appeal to you, frankly, candidly, disinterestedly — simply because I like you, for no other reason in the world — to help me to disregard and surmount these obstructions, to treat them with the contempt they deserve, you drop your eyes, you even blush a little, and make yourself small, and try to edge out of the situation by pleading general devotion and insignificance. Please remember this: you cease to be insignificant from the moment I have anything to do with you. My dear fellow," the Princess went on, in her free, audacious, fraternizing way, to which her beauty and purity gave nobleness, "there are people who would be very glad to enjoy, in your place, that form of obscurity."

"What do you wish me to do?" Hyacinth asked, as quietly as he could.

If he had had an idea that this question, to which, as coming from his lips, and even as being uttered with perceptible impatience, a certain unexpectedness might attach, would cause her a momentary embarrassment, he was completely out in his calculation. She answered on the instant: "I want you to give me time! That's all I ask of my friends, in general — all I ever asked of the best I have had. But none of them ever did it; none of them, that is, save the excellent creature who has just left us. She understood me long ago."

"That's all I, on my side, ask of you," said Hyacinth, smiling. "Give me time, give me time," he murmured, looking up at her splendor.

"Dear Mr. Hyacinth, I have given you months! — months since our first meeting. And at present, have n't I given you the whole day? It has been intentional, my not speaking to you of our plans. Yes, our plans; I know what I am saying. Don't try to look stupid; you will never succeed. I wished to leave you free to amuse yourself."

"Oh, I have amused myself," said Hyacinth.

"You would have been very fastidious if you had n't! However, that is precisely, in the first place, what I wished you to come here for. To observe the impression made by such a place as this on such a nature as yours, introduced to it for the first time, has been, I assure you, quite worth my while. I have already given you a hint of how extraordinary I think it that you should be what you are without having seen — what shall I call them? — beautiful, delightful old things. I have been watching you; I am frank enough to tell you that. I want you to see more — more — more!" the Princess exclaimed, with a sudden flicker of passion. "And I want to talk with

you about this matter, as well as others. That will be for to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"I noticed Madame Grandoni took for granted, just now, you are going. But that has nothing to do with the business. She has so little imagination!"

Hyacinth shook his head, smiling. "I can't stay!" He had an idea his mind was made up.

She returned his smile, but there was something strangely touching — it was so sad, yet, as a rebuke, so gentle — in the tone in which she replied, "You ought n't to force me to beg you. It is n't nice."

He had reckoned without that tone; all his reasons suddenly seemed to fall from under him, to liquefy. He remained a moment, looking on the ground; then he said, "Princess, you have no idea — how should you have? — into the midst of what abject, pitiful preoccupations you thrust yourself. I have no money — I have no clothes."

"What do you want of money? This is n't an hotel."

"Every day I stay here I lose a day's wages; and I live on my wages from day to day."

"Let me, then, give you wages. You will work for me."

"What do you mean — work for you?"

"You will bind all my books. I have ever so many foreign ones, in paper."

"You speak as if I had brought my tools!"

"No, I don't imagine that. I will give you the wages now, and you can do the work, at your leisure and convenience, afterwards. Then, if you want anything, you can go over to Bonchester and buy it. There are very good shops; I have used them." Hyacinth thought of a great many things at this juncture; the Princess had that quickening effect upon him. Among others, he thought of these two: first, that it was indelicate

(though such an opinion was not very strongly held either in Lomax Place or in Soho) to accept money from a woman; and second, that it was still more indelicate to make such a woman as that go down on her knees to him. But it took more than a minute for one of these convictions to prevail over the other, and before that he had heard the Princess continue, in the tone of mild, disinterested argument: "If we believe in the coming democracy, if it seems to us right and just, and we hold that, in sweeping over the world, the great wave will wash away a myriad iniquities and cruelties, why not make some attempt, with our own poor means — for one must begin somewhere — to carry out the spirit of it in our lives and our manners? I want to do that. I try to do it — in my relations with you, for instance. But you hang back; you are not democratic!"

The Princess accusing him of a patriotic offishness was a very fine stroke; nevertheless, it left him lucidity enough (though he still hesitated an instant, wondering whether the words would not offend her) to say, with a smile, "I have been strongly warned against you."

The offense seemed not to touch her. "I can easily understand that. Of course my proceedings — though, after all, I have done little enough as yet — must appear most unnatural. *Che vuole?* as Madame Grandoni says."

A certain knot of light blue ribbon, which formed part of the trimming of her dress, hung down, at her side, in the folds of it. On these glossy loops Hyacinth's eyes happened for a moment to have rested, and he now took one of them up and carried it to his lips. "I will do all the work for you that you will give me. If you give it on purpose, by way of munificence, that is your own affair. I myself will estimate the price. What decides me is that I shall do it so well; at least it shall be better than any one else can do — so

that if you employ me there will have been that reason. I have brought you a book — so you can see. I did it for you last year, and went to South Street to give it to you, but you had already gone.”

“Give it to me to-morrow.” These words appeared to express so exclusively the calmness of relief at finding that he could be reasonable, as well as that of a friendly desire to see the proof of his talent, that he was surprised when she said, in the next breath, irrelevantly, “Who was it warned you against me?”

He feared she might suppose he meant Madame Grandoni, so he made the plainest answer, having no desire to betray the old lady, and reflecting that, as the likelihood was small that his friend in South Lambeth would ever consent to meet the Princess (in spite of her plan of going there), no one would be hurt by it. “A friend of mine in London — Paul Muniment.”

“Paul Muniment?”

“I think I mentioned him to you the first time we met.”

“The person who said something good? I forget what it was.”

“It was sure to be something good if he said it; he is very wise.”

“That makes his warning very flattering to me! What does he know about me?”

“Oh, nothing, of course, except the little that I could tell him. He only spoke on general grounds.”

“I like his name — Paul Muniment,” the Princess said. “If he resembles it, I think I should like him.”

“You would like him much better than me.”

“How do you know how much — or how little — I like you? I am determined to keep hold of you, simply for what you can show me.” She paused a moment, with her beautiful, intelligent eyes smiling into his own, and then she continued, “On general grounds, *bien*

entendu. Your friend was quite right to warn you. Now those general grounds are just what I have undertaken to make as small as possible. It is to reduce them to nothing that I talk to you, that I conduct myself with regard to you as I have done. What in the world is it I am trying to do but, by every device that my ingenuity suggests, fill up the inconvenient gulf that yawns between my position and yours? You know what I think of ‘positions;’ I told you in London. For Heaven’s sake, let me feel that I have — a little — succeeded!” Hyacinth satisfied her sufficiently to enable her, five minutes later, apparently to entertain no further doubt on the question of his staying over. On the contrary, she burst into a sudden ebullition of laughter, exchanging her bright, lucid insistence for one of her singular sallies. “You must absolutely go with me to call on the Marchants; it will be too delightful to see you there!”

As he walked up and down the empty drawing-room it occurred to him to ask himself whether that was mainly what she was keeping him for — so that he might help her to play one of her tricks on the good people at Broome. He paced there, in the still candlelight, for a longer time than he measured; until the butler came and stood in the doorway, looking at him silently and fixedly, as if to let him know that he interfered with the custom of the house. He had told the Princess that what determined him was the thought of the manner in which he might exercise his craft in her service; but this was only half the influence that pressed him into forgetfulness of what he had most said to himself when, in Lomax Place, in an hour of unprecedented introspection, he wrote the letter by which he accepted the invitation to Medley. He would go there (so he said), because a man must be gallant, especially if he is a little book-binder; but after he should be there he would insist at every step upon knowing

what he was in for. The change that had taken place in him now, from one moment to another, was that he had simply ceased to care what he was in for. All warnings, reflections, considerations of verisimilitude, of the delicate, the natural, and the possible, of the value of his independence, had become as nothing to him. The cup of an exquisite experience — a week in that enchanted palace, a week of such immunity from Lomax Place and old Crookenden as he had never dreamed of — was at his lips; it was purple with the wine of novelty, of civilization, and he could n't push it aside without drinking. He might go home ashamed, but he would have forevermore, in his mouth, the taste of nectar. He went up-stairs, under the eye of the butler, and on his way to his room, at the turning of a corridor, found himself face to face with Madame Grandoni. She had apparently just issued from her own apartment, the door of which stood open, near her; she might have been hovering there in expectation of his footstep. She had donned her dressing-gown, which appeared to give her every facility for respiration, but she had not yet parted with her wig. She still had her pink French book under her arm; and her fat little hands tightly locked together in front of her formed, as it were, the clasp of her generous girdle.

"Do tell me it is positive, Mr. Robinson!" she said, stopping short.

"What is positive, Madame Grandoni?"

"That you take the train in the morning."

"I can't tell you that, because it would n't be true. On the contrary, it has been settled that I shall stay over. I am very sorry if it distresses you — but *che vuole?*" Hyacinth added, smiling.

Madame Grandoni was a humorous woman, but she gave him no smile in return; she only looked at him a mo-

ment, and then, shrugging her shoulders silently but expressively, shuffled back to her room.

XXIV.

"I can give you your friend's name — in a single guess. He is Diedrich Hoffendahl!" They had been strolling more and more slowly, the next morning, and as she made this announcement the Princess stopped altogether, standing there under a great beech, with her eyes upon Hyacinth's and her hands full of primroses. He had breakfasted, at noon, with his hostess and Madame Grandoni, but the old lady had fortunately not joined them when the Princess afterwards proposed that he should accompany her on her walk in the park. She told him that her venerable friend had let her know, while the day was still very young, that she thought it in the worst possible taste of the Princess not to have allowed Mr. Robinson to depart; to which Christina had replied that concerning tastes there was no disputing, and that they had disagreed on such matters before without any one being the worse. Hyacinth expressed the hope that they would n't dispute about *him* — of all thankless subjects in the world; and the Princess assured him that she never disputed about anything. She held that there were other ways than that of arranging one's relations with people; and Hyacinth guessed that she meant that when a difference became sharp she broke off altogether. On her side, then, there was as little possibility as on his that they should ever quarrel; their acquaintance would be a solid friendship, or it would be nothing at all. The Princess gave it from hour to hour more of this quality, and it may be imagined how safe Hyacinth felt by the time he began to tell her that something had happened to him, in London, three months before, one night (or rather in the small hours

of the morning), that had altered his life altogether — had, indeed, as he might say, changed the terms on which he held it. He was aware that he did n't know exactly what he meant by this last phrase; but it expressed sufficiently well the new feeling that had come over him since that interminable, tantalizing cab-drive in the rain.

The Princess had led to this, almost as soon as they left the house; making up for her avoidance of such topics the day before by saying, suddenly, "Now tell me what is going on among your friends. I don't mean your worldly acquaintances, but your colleagues, your brothers. *Où en êtes-vous*, at the present time? Is there anything new, is anything going to be done? I am afraid you are always simply dawdling and muddling." Hyacinth felt as if, of late, he had by no means either dawdled or muddled; but before he had committed himself so far as to refute the imputation, the Princess exclaimed, in another tone, "How annoying it is that I can't ask you anything without giving you the right to say to yourself, 'After all, what do I know? May she not be in the pay of the police?'"

"Oh, that does n't occur to me," said Hyacinth, with a smile.

"It might, at all events; by which I mean it may, at any moment. Indeed, I think it ought."

"If you were in the pay of the police you would n't trouble your head about me."

"I should make you think that, certainly! That would be my first care. However, if you have no tiresome suspicions, so much the better," said the Princess; and she pressed him again for some news from behind the scenes.

In spite of his absence of doubt on the subject of her honesty — he felt that he should never again entertain any such trashy idea as that she might be an agent on the wrong side — he did not open himself immediately; but at the

end of half an hour he let her know that the most important event of his life had taken place, scarcely more than the other day, in the most unexpected manner. And to explain in what it had consisted, he said, "I pledged myself, by everything that is sacred."

"To what did you pledge yourself?"

"I took a vow — a tremendous, terrible vow — in the presence of four witnesses," Hyacinth went on.

"And what was it about, your vow?"

"I gave my life away," said Hyacinth, smiling.

She looked at him askance, as if to see how he would make such an announcement as that; but she wore no smile — her face was politely grave. They moved together a moment, exchanging a glance, in silence, and then she said, "Ah, well, then, I'm all the more glad you stayed!"

"That was one of the reasons."

"I wish you had waited — till after you had been here," the Princess remarked.

"Why till after I had been here?"

"Perhaps then you would n't have given away your life. You might have seen reasons for keeping it." And now, at last, she treated the matter gayly, as Hyacinth had done. He replied that he had not the least doubt that, on the whole, her influence was relaxing; but without heeding this remark she went on: "Be so good as to tell me what you are talking about."

"I'm not afraid of you, but I'll give you no names," said Hyacinth; and he related what had happened in the back room in Bloomsbury, in the course of that evening of which I have given some account. The Princess listened, intently, while they strolled under the budding trees with a more interrupted step. Never had the old oaks and beeches, renewing themselves in the sunshine as they did to-day, or naked in some gray November, witnessed such an extraordinary series of confidences, since the first

pair that sought isolation wandered over the grassy slopes and ferny dells beneath them. Among other things Hyacinth mentioned to his companion that he did n't go to the place in Bloomsbury any more; he now perceived, what he ought to have perceived long before, that this particular temple of their faith, and everything that pretended to get hatched there, was an idiotic sham. He had been a greenhorn, from the first, to take it seriously. He had done so mainly because a friend of his, in whom he had confidence, appeared to set him the example; but now it turned out that this friend (it was Paul Muniment again, by the way) had always thought the men who went there a pack of duffers, and was only trying them because he tried everything. There was nobody you could begin to call a first-rate man there, putting aside another friend of his, a Frenchman named Poupin (and Poupin was magnificent, but he was n't first-rate). Hyacinth had a standard now that he had seen a man who was the very incarnation of his programme. You felt that *he* was a swell the very moment you came into his presence.

"Into whose presence, Mr. Robinson?" the Princess inquired.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you, much as I believe in you! I am speaking of the very remarkable individual with whom I entered into that engagement."

"To give away your life?"

"To do something which in a certain contingency he will require of me. He will require my poor little carcass."

"Those plans have a way of failing — unfortunately," the Princess murmured, adding the last word more quickly.

"Is that a consolation, or a lament?" Hyacinth asked. "This one shall not fail, so far as it depends on me. They wanted an obliging young man — the place was vacant — I stepped in."

"I have no doubt you are right. We must pay for what we do." The Prin-

cess made that remark calmly and coldly; then she said, "I think I know the person in whose power you have placed yourself."

"Possibly, but I doubt it."

"You can't believe I have already gone so far? Why not? I have given you a certain amount of proof that I don't hang back."

"Well, if you know my friend, you have gone very far indeed."

The Princess appeared to be on the point of pronouncing a name; but she checked herself, and asked suddenly, smiling, "Don't they also want, by chance, an obliging young woman?"

"I happen to know he does n't think much of women, my first-rate man. He does n't trust them."

"Is that why you call him first-rate? You have very nearly betrayed him to me."

"Do you imagine there is only one of that opinion?" Hyacinth inquired.

"Only one who, having it, still remains a superior man. That's a very difficult opinion to reconcile with others that it is important to have."

"Schopenhauer did it, successfully," said Hyacinth.

"How delightful that you should know Schopenhauer!" the Princess exclaimed. "The gentleman I have in my eye is also German." Hyacinth let this pass, not challenging her, because he wished not to be challenged in return, and the Princess went on: "Of course, such an engagement as you speak of must make a tremendous difference, in everything."

"It has made this difference: that I have now a far other sense from any I had before of the reality, the solidity, of what is being prepared. I was hanging about outside, on the steps of the temple, among the loafers and the gossips, but now I have been in the innermost sanctuary — I have seen the holy of holies."

"And it's very dazzling?"

"Ah, Princess!" sighed the young man.

"Then it *is* real, it *is* solid?" she pursued. "That's exactly what I have been trying to find out, for so long."

"It is more strange than I can say. Nothing of it appears above the surface; but there is an immense under-world, peopled with a thousand forms of revolutionary passion and devotion. The manner in which it's organized is what astonished me; I knew that, or thought I knew it, in a general way, but the reality was a revelation. And on top of it all, society lives! People go and come, and buy and sell, and drink and dance, and make money and make love, and seem to know nothing and suspect nothing and think of nothing; and iniquities flourish, and the misery of half the world is prated about as a 'necessary evil,' and generations rot away and starve, in the midst of it, and day follows day, and everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds. All that is one half of it; the other half is that everything is doomed! In silence, in darkness, but under the feet of each one of us, the revolution lives and works. It is a wonderful, immeasurable trap, on the lid of which society performs its antics. When once the machinery is complete, there will be a great rehearsal. That rehearsal is what they want me for. The invisible, impalpable wires are everywhere, passing through everything, attaching themselves to objects in which one would never think of looking for them. What could be more strange and incredible, for instance, than that they should exist just here?"

"You make me believe it," said the Princess, thoughtfully.

"It matters little whether one believes it or not!"

"You have had a vision," the Princess continued.

"*Parbleu*, I have had a vision! So would you, if you had been there."

"I wish I had!" she declared, in a

tone charged with such ambiguous implications that Hyacinth, catching them a moment after she had spoken, rejoined, with a quick, incongruous laugh —

"No, you would have spoiled everything. He made me see, he made me feel, he made me do, everything he wanted."

"And why should he have wanted you, in particular?"

"Simply because I struck him as the right person. That's his affair: I can't tell you. When he meets the right person he chalks him. I sat on the bed. (There were only two chairs in the dirty little room, and by way of a curtain his overcoat was hung up before the window.) He did n't sit, himself; he leaned against the wall, straight in front of me, with his hands behind him. He told me certain things, and his manner was extraordinarily quiet. So was mine, I think I may say; and indeed it was only poor Poupin that made a row. It was for my sake, somehow: he did n't think we were all conscious enough; he wanted to call attention to my sublimity. There was no sublimity about it. I simply could n't help myself. He and the other German had the two chairs, and Muniment sat on a queer old battered, hair-covered trunk, a most foreign-looking article." Hyacinth had taken no notice of the little ejaculation with which his companion greeted, in this last sentence, the word "other."

"And what did Mr. Muniment say?" she presently inquired.

"Oh, he said it was all right. Of course he thought that, from the moment he determined to bring me. He knew what the other fellow was looking for."

"I see." Then the Princess remarked, "We have a curious way of being fond of you."

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

"Your friends. Mr. Muniment and I, for instance."

"I like it as well as any other. But

you don't feel alike. I have an idea you are sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"That I have put my head in a noose."

"Ah, you're severe—I thought I concealed it so well!" the Princess exclaimed. He admitted that he had been severe, and begged her pardon, for he was by no means sure that there was not a hint of tears in her voice. She looked away from him for a minute, and it was after this that, stopping short, she remarked, as I have related, "He is Diedrich Hoffendahl."

Hyacinth stared for a moment, with parted lips. "Well, you *are* in it, more than I supposed!"

"You know he does n't trust women," his companion smiled.

"Why in the world should you have cared for any light I can throw, if you have ever been in relation with him?"

She hesitated a little. "Oh, you are very different. I like you better," she added.

"Ah, if it's for that!" murmured Hyacinth.

The Princess colored, as he had seen her color before, and in this accident, on her part, there was an unexpectedness, something touching. "Don't try to fix my inconsistencies on me," she said, with an humility which matched her blush. "Of course there are plenty of them, but it will always be kinder of you to let them pass. Besides, in this case they are not so serious as they seem. As a product of the 'people,' and of that strange, fermenting under-world (what you say of it is so true!), you interest me more, and have more to say to me, even than Hoffendahl—wonderful creature as he assuredly is."

"Would you object to telling me how and where you came to know him?"

"Through a couple of friends of mine in Vienna, two of the affiliated, both passionate revolutionists and clever

men. They are Neapolitans, originally *poveretti*, like yourself, who emigrated, years ago, to seek their fortune. One of them is a teacher of singing, the wisest, most accomplished person in his line I have ever known. The other, if you please, is a confectioner! He makes the most delicious *pâtisserie fine*. It would take long to tell you how I made *their* acquaintance, and how they put me into relation with the Maestro, as they called him, of whom they spoke with bated breath. It is not from yesterday—though you don't seem able to believe it—that I have had a care for all this business. I wrote to Hoffendahl, and had several letters from him; the singing-master and the pastry-cook went bail for my sincerity. The next year I had an interview with him at Wiesbaden; but I can't tell you the circumstances of our meeting, in that place, without implicating another person, to whom, at present at least, I have no right to give you a clue. Of course Hoffendahl made an immense impression on me; he seemed to me the Master indeed, the very genius of a new social order, and I fully understand the manner in which you were affected by him. When he was in London, three months ago, I knew it, and I knew where to write to him. I did so, and asked him if he would n't see me somewhere. I said I would meet him in any hole he should designate. He answered by a charming letter, which I will show you—there is nothing in the least compromising in it—but he declined my offer, pleading his short stay and a press of engagements. He will write to me, but he won't trust me. However, he shall some day!"

Hyacinth was thrown quite off his balance by this representation of the ground the Princess had already traversed, and the explanation was still but half restorative when, on his asking her why she had n't exhibited her titles before, she replied, "Well, I thought

my being quiet was the better way to draw you out." There was but little difficulty in drawing him out now, and before their walk was over he had told her more definitely what Hoffendahl demanded. This was simply that he should hold himself ready, for the next five years, to do, at a given moment, an act which would in all probability cost him his life. The act was as yet indefinite, but one might get an idea of it from the penalty involved, which would certainly be capital. The only thing settled was that it was to be done instantly and absolutely, without a question, a hesitation, or a scruple, in the manner that should be prescribed, at the moment, from headquarters. Very likely it would be to kill some one — some humbug in a high place; but whether the individual should deserve it or should not deserve it was not Hyacinth's affair. If he recognized generally Hoffendahl's wisdom — and the other night it had seemed to shine like a northern aurora — it was not in order that he might challenge it in the particular case. He had taken a vow of blind obedience, as the Jesuit fathers did to the head of their order. It was because they had carried out their vows (having, in the first place, great administrators) that their organization had been mighty, and that sort of mightiness was what people who felt as Hyacinth and the Princess felt should go in for. It was not certain that he should be taken, any more than it was certain that he should bring down his man; but it was much to be looked for, and it was what he counted on and indeed preferred. He should probably take little trouble to escape, and he should never enjoy the idea of hiding (after the fact) or running away. If it were a question of putting a bullet into some one, he himself should naturally deserve what would come to him. If one did that sort of thing, there was an indelicacy in not being ready to pay for it; and he, at least, was perfectly will-

ing. He should n't judge; he should simply execute. He did n't pretend to say what good his little job might do, or what *portée* it might have; he had n't the data for appreciating it, and simply took upon himself to believe that at headquarters they knew what they were about. The thing was to be a feature in a very large plan, of which he could n't measure the scope — something that was to be done simultaneously in a dozen different countries. The effect was to be very much in this immense coincidence. It was to be hoped it would n't be spoiled. At any rate, *he* would n't hang fire, whatever the other fellows might do. He did n't say it because Hoffendahl had done him the honor of giving him the business to do, but he believed the Master knew how to pick out his men. To be sure, Hoffendahl had known nothing about him in advance; he had only been suggested to the man by those who were looking out from one day to the other. The fact remained, however, that when Hyacinth stood before him he recognized him as the sort of little chap that he had in his eye (one who could pass through a small orifice). Humanity, in his scheme, was classified and subdivided with a truly German thoroughness, and altogether, of course, from the point of view of the revolution, as it might forward or obstruct it. Hyacinth's little job was a very small part of what Hoffendahl had come to England for; he had in his hand innumerable other threads. Hyacinth knew nothing of these, and did n't much want to know, except that it was marvellous, the way Hoffendahl kept them apart. He had exactly the same mastery of them that a great musician — that the Princess herself — had of the keyboard of the piano; he treated all things, persons, institutions, ideas, as so many notes in his great symphonic revolt. The day would come when Hyacinth, far down in the treble, would feel himself touched by the little finger of the

composer, would become audible (with a small, sharp crack) for a second.

It was impossible that our young man should not feel, at the end of ten minutes, that he had charmed the Princess into the deepest, most genuine attention; she was listening to him as she had never listened before. He enjoyed having that effect upon her, and his sense of the tenuity of the thread by which his future hung, renewed by his hearing himself talk about it, made him reflect that at present anything in the line of enjoyment was so much gained. The reader may judge whether he had passed through a phase of excitement after finding himself on his new footing of utility in the world; but that had finally spent itself, through a hundred forms of restlessness, of vain conjecture — through an exaltation which alternated with despair, and which, equally with the despair, he concealed more successfully than he supposed. He would have detested the idea that his companion might have heard his voice tremble while he told his story; but though today he had really grown used to his danger, and resigned, as it were, to his consecration, and though it could not fail to be agreeable to him to perceive that he was thrilling, he could still not guess how very remarkable, in such a connection, the Princess thought his composure, his lucidity and good-humor. It is true, she tried to hide her wonder, for she owed it to her self-respect to let it still appear that even she was prepared for a personal sacrifice as complete. She had the air — or she endeavored to have it — of accepting for him everything that he accepted for himself; nevertheless, there was something rather forced in the smile (lovely as it was) with which she covered him, while she said, after a little, "It's very serious — it's very serious indeed, isn't it?" He replied that the serious part was to come — there was no particular grimness for him (comparatively) in

strolling in that sweet park and gossiping with her about the matter; and it occurred to her presently to suggest to him that perhaps Hoffendahl would never give him any sign at all, and he would wait all the while, *sur les dents*, in a false suspense. He admitted that this would be a sell, but declared that either way he would be sold, though differently; and that, at any rate, he would have conformed to the great religious rule — to live each hour as if it were to be one's last.

"In holiness, you mean — in great *recueillement*?" the Princess asked.

"Oh dear, no; simply in extreme thankfulness for every minute that's added."

"Ah, well, there will probably be a great many," she rejoined.

"The more the better — if they are like this."

"That won't be the case with many of them, in Lomax Place."

"I assure you that since that night Lomax Place has improved." Hyacinth stood there, smiling, with his hands in his pockets and his hat pushed back a little.

The Princess appeared to consider this fact with an extreme intellectual curiosity. "If, after all, then, you are not called, you will have been positively happy."

"I shall have had some fine moments. Perhaps Hoffendahl's plot is simply for that; Muniment may have put him up to it!"

"Who knows? However, with me you must go on as if nothing were changed."

"Changed from what?"

"From the time of our first meeting at the theatre."

"I'll go on in any way you like," said Hyacinth; "only the real difference will be there."

"The real difference?"

"That I shall have ceased to care for what you care about."

"I don't understand," said the Princess.

"Is n't it enough, now, to give my life to the beastly cause," the young man broke out, "without giving my sympathy?"

"The beastly cause?" the Princess murmured, opening her deep eyes.

"Of course it is really just as holy as ever; only the people I find myself pitying now are the rich, the happy."

"I see. You are very curious. Perhaps you pity my husband," the Princess added in a moment.

"Do you call him one of the happy?" Hyacinth inquired, as they walked on again.

In answer to this she only repeated, "You are very curious."

I have related the whole of this conversation, because it supplies a highly important chapter of Hyacinth's history, but it will not be possible to trace all the stages through which the friendship of the Princess Casamassima with the young man she had constituted her bookbinder was confirmed. By the end of a week the standard of fitness she had set up in the place of exploded proprieties appeared the model of justice and convenience; and during this period many other things happened. One of them was that Hyacinth drove over to Broome with his hostess, and called on Lady Marchant and her daughters; an episode from which the Princess appeared to derive an exquisite gratification. When they came away he asked her why she had n't told the ladies who he was. Otherwise, where was the point? And she replied, "Simply because they would n't have believed me. That's your fault!" This was the same note she had struck when, the third day of his stay (the weather had changed for the worse, and a rainy afternoon kept them in-doors), she remarked to him, irrelevantly and abruptly, "It is most extraordinary, your knowing about Schopenhauer!" He answered

that she really seemed quite unable to accustom herself to his little talents; and this led to a long talk, longer than the one I have already narrated, in which he took her still further into his confidence. Never had the pleasure of conversation (the greatest he knew) been so largely opened to him. The Princess admitted, frankly, that he would, to her sense, take a great deal of accounting for; she observed that he was, no doubt, pretty well used to himself, but he must give other people time. "I have watched you, constantly, since you have been here, in every detail of your behavior, and I am more and more *intriguée*. You have n't a vulgar intonation, you have n't a common gesture, you never make a mistake, you do and say everything exactly in the right way. You come out of the hole you have described to me, and yet you might have stayed in country-houses all your life. You are much better than if you had! *Jugez donc*, from the way I talk to you! I have to make no allowances. I have seen Italians with that sort of natural tact and taste, but I did n't know one ever found it in any Anglo-Saxon in whom it had n't been cultivated at a vast expense; unless, indeed, in certain little American women."

"Do you mean I'm a gentleman?" asked Hyacinth, in a peculiar tone, looking out into the wet garden.

She hesitated, and then she said, "It's I who make the mistake!" Five minutes later she broke into an exclamation which touched him almost more than anything she had ever done, giving him the highest opinion of her delicacy and sympathy, and putting him before himself as vividly as if the words were a little portrait: "Fancy the strange, the bitter fate: to be constituted as you are constituted, to feel the capacity that you must feel, and yet to look at the good things of life only through the glass of the pastry-cook's window!"

"Every class has its pleasures," Hyacinth

cynth rejoined, with perverse sententiousness, in spite of his emotion; but the remark didn't darken their mutual intelligence, and before they separated that evening he told her the things that

had never yet passed his lips — the things to which he had awaked when he made Pinnie explain to him the visit to the prison. He told her, in a word, what he was.

Henry James.

THE UNITED STATES AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

"THE times that tried men's souls are over," said Thomas Paine in the last number of the *Crisis*, which he published after hearing that the negotiations for a treaty of peace had been concluded. The preliminary articles had been signed at Paris on the 20th of January, 1783. The news arrived in America on the 23d of March, in a letter to the president of Congress from Lafayette, who had returned to France soon after the victory at Yorktown. A few days later Sir Guy Carleton received his orders from the ministry to proclaim a cessation of hostilities by land and sea. A similar proclamation made by Congress was formally communicated to the army by Washington on the 19th of April, the eighth anniversary of the first bloodshed on Lexington green. Since Wayne had driven the British from Georgia, early in the preceding year, there had been no military operations between the regular armies. Guerrilla warfare between Whig and Tory had been kept up in parts of South Carolina and on the frontier of New York, where Thayendanegea was still alert and defiant; while beyond the mountains the tomahawk and scalping-knife had been busy, and Washington's old friend and comrade, Colonel Crawford, had been scorched to death by the fire-brands of the red demons; but the armies had sat still, awaiting the peace which every one felt sure must speedily come. After Cornwallis's surrender, Washington marched

his army back to the Hudson, and established his headquarters at Newburgh. Rochambeau followed somewhat later, and in September joined the Americans on the Hudson; but in December the French army marched to Boston, and there embarked for France. After the formal cessation of hostilities on the 19th of April, 1783, Washington granted furloughs to most of his soldiers; and these weather-beaten veterans trudged homeward in all directions, in little groups of four or five, depending largely for their subsistence on the hospitality of the farm-houses along the road. Arrived at home, their muskets were hung over the chimney-piece as trophies for grandchildren to be proud of, the stories of their exploits and their sufferings became household legends, and they turned the furrows and drove the cattle to pasture just as in the "old colony times." Their furloughs were equivalent to a full discharge, for on the 3d of September the definitive treaty was signed, and the country was at peace. On the 3d of November the army was formally disbanded, and on the 25th of that month Sir Guy Carleton's army embarked from New York. Small British garrisons still remained in the frontier posts of Ogdensburg, Oswego, Niagara, Erie, Sandusky, Detroit, and Mackinaw, but by the terms of the treaty these were to be promptly surrendered to the United States. On the 4th of December a barge waited at the South Ferry in New York to carry

General Washington across the river to Paulus Hook. He was going to Annapolis, where Congress was in session, in order to resign his command. At Fraunces's Tavern, near the ferry, he took leave of the officers who so long had shared his labors. One after another they embraced their beloved commander, while there were few dry eyes in the company. They followed him to the ferry, and watched the departing boat with hearts too full for words, and then in solemn silence returned up the street. At Philadelphia he handed to the comptroller of the treasury a neatly written manuscript, containing an accurate statement of his expenses in the public service since the day when he took command of the army. The sums which Washington had thus spent out of his private fortune amounted to \$64,315. For his personal services he declined to take any pay. At noon of the 23d, in the presence of Congress and of a throng of ladies and gentlemen at Annapolis, the great general gave up his command, and requested as an "indulgence" to be allowed to retire into private life. General Mifflin, who during the winter of Valley Forge had conspired with Gates to undermine the confidence of the people in Washington, was now president of Congress, and it was for him to make the reply. "You retire," said Mifflin, "from the theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate remotest ages." The next morning Washington hurried away to spend Christmas at his pleasant home at Mount Vernon, which, save for a few hours in the autumn of 1781, he had not set eyes on for more than eight years. His estate had suffered from his long absence, and his highest ambition was now to devote himself to its simple interests. To his friends he offered unpretentious hospitality. "My manner of living is

plain," he said, "and I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed." To Lafayette he wrote that he was now about to solace himself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the anxious soldier and the weary statesman know but little. "I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk and tread the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

In these hopes Washington was to be disappointed. "All the world is touched by his republican virtues," wrote Luzerne to Vergennes, "but it will be useless for him to try to hide himself and live the life of a private man: he will always be the first citizen of the United States." It indeed required no prophet to foretell that the American people could not long dispense with the services of this greatest of citizens. Washington had already put himself most explicitly on record as the leader of the men who were urging the people of the United States toward the formation of a more perfect union. The great lesson of the war had not been lost on him. Bitter experience of the evils attendant upon the weak government of the Continental Congress had impressed upon his mind the urgent necessity of an immediate and thorough reform. On the 8th of June, in view of the approaching disbandment of the army, he had addressed to the governors and presidents of the several States a circular letter, which he wished to have regarded as his legacy to the American people. In this letter he insisted upon four things as

essential to the very existence of the United States as an independent power. First, there must be an indissoluble union of all the States under a single federal government, which must possess the power of enforcing its decrees; for without such authority it would be a government only in name. Secondly, the debts incurred by Congress for the purpose of carrying on the war and securing independence must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Thirdly, the militia system must be organized throughout the thirteen States on uniform principles. Fourthly, the people must be willing to sacrifice, if need be, some of their local interests to the common weal; they must discard their local prejudices, and regard one another as fellow-citizens of a common country, with interests in the deepest and truest sense identical.

The unparalleled grandeur of Washington's character, his heroic services, and his utter disinterestedness had given him such a hold upon the people as scarcely any other statesman known to history, save perhaps William the Silent, has ever possessed. The noble and sensible words of his circular letter were treasured up in the minds of all the best people in the country, and when the time for reforming the weak and disorderly government had come it was again to Washington that men looked as their leader and guide. But that time had not yet come. Only through the discipline of perplexity and tribulation could the people be brought to realize the indispensable necessity of that indissoluble union of which Washington had spoken. Thomas Paine was sadly mistaken when, in the moment of exultation over the peace, he declared that the trying time was ended. The most trying time of all was just beginning. It is not too much to say that the period of five years following the peace of 1783 was the most critical moment in all the history of the American people. The dangers from which we

were saved in 1788 were even greater than the dangers from which we were saved in 1865. In the War of Secession the love of union had come to be so strong that thousands of men gave up their lives for it as cheerfully and triumphantly as the martyrs of older times, who sang their hymns of praise even while their flesh was withering in the relentless flames. In 1783 the love of union, as a sentiment for which men would fight, had scarcely come into existence among the people of these States. The souls of the men of that day had not been thrilled by the immortal eloquence of Webster, nor had they gained the historic experience which gave to Webster's words their meaning and their charm. They had not gained control of all the fairest part of the continent, with domains stretching more than three thousand miles from ocean to ocean, and so situated in geographical configuration and commercial relations as to make the very idea of disunion absurd, save for men in whose minds fanaticism for the moment usurped the place of sound judgment. The men of 1783 dwelt in a long, straggling series of republics, fringing the Atlantic coast, bordered on the north and south and west by two European powers whose hostility they had some reason to dread. But nine years had elapsed since, in the first Continental Congress, they had begun to act consistently and independently in common, under the severe pressure of a common fear and an immediate necessity of action. Even under such circumstances the war had languished and come nigh to failure simply through the difficulty of insuring concerted action. Had there been such a government that the whole power of the thirteen States could have been swiftly and vigorously wielded as a unit, the British, fighting at such disadvantage as they did, might have been driven to their ships in less than a year. The length of the war and its worst hardships had been chiefly

due to want of organization. Congress had steadily declined in power and in respectability: it was much weaker at the end of the war than at the beginning; and there was reason to fear that as soon as the common pressure was removed the need for concerted action would quite cease to be felt, and the scarcely formed Union would break into pieces. There was the greater reason for such a fear in that, while no strong sentiment had as yet grown up in favor of union, there was an intensely powerful sentiment in favor of local self-government. This feeling was scarcely less strong as between States like Connecticut and Rhode Island, or Maryland and Virginia, than it was between Athens and Megara, Argos and Sparta, in the great days of Grecian history. A most wholesome feeling it was, and one which needed not so much to be curbed as to be guided in the right direction. It was a feeling which was shared by some of the foremost Revolutionary leaders, such as Samuel Adams and Richard Henry Lee. But unless the most profound and delicate statesmanship should be forthcoming, to take this sentiment under its guidance, there was much reason to fear that the release from the common adhesion to Great Britain would end in setting up thirteen little republics, ripe for endless squabbling, like the republics of ancient Greece and mediæval Italy, and ready to become the prey of England and Spain, even as Greece became the prey of Macedonia. As such a lamentable result was dreaded by Washington, so by statesmen in Europe it was generally expected, and by our enemies it was eagerly hoped for. Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, was a far-sighted man in many things; but he said, "As to the future grandeur of America, and its being a rising empire under one head, whether republican or monarchical, it is one of the idlest and most visionary notions that ever was conceived even by writers of romance. The mu-

tual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans, their difference of governments, habitudes, and manners, indicate that they will have no centre of union and no common interest. They never can be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever; a disunited people till the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths or principalities, according to natural boundaries, by great bays of the sea, and by vast rivers, lakes, and ridges of mountains." Such were the views of a liberal-minded philosopher who bore us no ill-will. George III. said officially that he hoped the Americans would not suffer from the evils which in history had always followed the throwing off of monarchical government: which meant, of course, that he hoped they *would* suffer from such evils. He believed we should get into such a snarl that the several States, one after another, would repent and beg on their knees to be taken back into the British empire. Frederick of Prussia, though friendly to the Americans, argued that the mere extent of country from Maine to Georgia would suffice either to break up the Union, or to make a monarchy necessary. No republic, he said, had ever long existed on so great a scale. The Roman republic had been transformed into a despotism mainly by the excessive enlargement of its area. It was only little states, like Venice, Switzerland, and Holland, that could maintain a republican government. Such arguments were common enough a century ago, but they overlooked three essential differences between the Roman republic and the United States. The Roman republic in Cæsar's time comprised peoples differing widely in blood, in speech, and in degree of civilization; it was perpetually threatened on all its frontiers by powerful enemies; and representative assemblies were unknown to

it. The only free government of which the Roman knew anything was that of the primary assembly or town meeting. On the other hand, the people of the United States were all English in speech, and mainly English in blood. The differences in degree of civilization between such States as Massachusetts and North Carolina were considerable, but in comparison with such differences as those between Attika and Lusitania they might well be called slight. The attacks of savages on the frontier were cruel and annoying, but never since the time of King Philip had they seemed to threaten the existence of the white man. A very small military establishment was quite enough to deal with the Indians. And to crown all, the American people were thoroughly familiar with the principle of representation, having practiced it on a grand scale for five centuries in England, and for more than a century in America. The governments of the thirteen States were all similar, and the political ideas of one were perfectly intelligible to all the others. It was essentially fallacious, therefore, to liken the case of the United States to that of ancient Rome. But there was another feature of the case which was quite hidden from the men of 1783. Just before the assembling of the first Continental Congress James Watt had completed his steam-engine; in the summer of 1787, while the Federal Convention was sitting at Philadelphia, John Fitch launched his first steamboat on the Delaware River; and Stephenson's invention of the locomotive was to follow in less than half a century. Even with all other conditions favorable, it is doubtful if the American Union could have been preserved to the present time without the railroad. But for the military aid of railroads our government would hardly have succeeded in putting down the rebellion of the Southern States. In the debates on the Oregon Bill in the United States Senate in 1843, the idea

that we could ever have an interest in so remote a country as Oregon was loudly ridiculed by some of the members. It would take ten months, said a gentleman named McDuffie, for representatives to get from that Territory to the District of Columbia and back again. Yet since the building of railroads to the Pacific coast, we can go from Boston to the capital of Oregon in much less time than it took John Hancock to make the journey from Boston to Philadelphia. Railroads and telegraphs have made our vast country, both for political and for social purposes, more snug and compact than little Switzerland was in the Middle Ages or New England a century ago.

At the time of our Revolution the difficulties of traveling formed an important social obstacle to the union of the States. In our time the persons who pass in a single day between New York and Boston by six or seven distinct lines of railroad and steamboat are numbered by thousands. In 1783 two stage-coaches were enough for all the travelers, and nearly all the freight besides, that went between these two cities. The journey began at three o'clock in the morning. Horses were changed every twenty miles, and if the roads were in good condition some forty miles would be made by ten o'clock in the evening. In bad weather, when the passengers had to get down and lift the clumsy wheels out of deep ruts, the progress was much slower. The loss of life from accidents, in proportion to the number of travelers, was much greater than it has ever been on the railway. Broad rivers like the Connecticut and Housatonic had no bridges. To drive across them in winter, when they were solidly frozen over, was easy; and in pleasant summer weather to cross in a row-boat was not a dangerous undertaking. But squalls at some seasons and floating ice at others were things to be feared. More than one instance is recorded

where boats were crushed and passengers drowned, or saved only by scrambling upon ice-floes. After a week or ten days of discomfort and danger the jolted and jaded traveler reached New York. Such was a journey in the most highly civilized part of the United States. The case was still worse in the South, and it was not so very much better in England and France. In one respect the traveler in the United States fared better than the traveler in Europe: the danger from highwaymen was but slight.

Such being the difficulty of traveling, people never made long journeys save for very important reasons. Except in the case of the soldiers, most people lived and died without ever having seen any State but their own. And as the mails were irregular and uncertain, and the rates of postage very high, people heard from one another but seldom. Commercial dealings between the different States were inconsiderable. The occupation of the people was chiefly agriculture. Cities were few and small, and each little district for the most part supported itself. Under such circumstances the different parts of the country knew very little about each other, and local prejudices were intense. It was not simply free Massachusetts and slaveholding South Carolina, or English Connecticut and Dutch New York, that misunderstood and ridiculed each the other; but even between such neighboring States as Connecticut and Massachusetts, both of them thoroughly English and Puritan, and in all their social conditions almost exactly alike, it used often to be said that there was no love lost. These unspeakably stupid and contemptible local antipathies are inherited by civilized men from that far-off time when the clan system prevailed over the face of the earth, and the hand of every clan was raised against its neighbors. They are pale and evanescent survivals from the universal primitive warfare, and the sooner they die out from human society

the better for every one. They should be stigmatized and frowned down upon every fit occasion, just as we frown upon swearing as a symbol of anger and contention. But the only thing which can finally destroy them is the widespread and unrestrained intercourse of different groups of people in peaceful, social, and commercial relations. The rapidity with which this process is now going on is the most encouraging of all the symptoms of our modern civilization. But a century ago the progress made in this direction had been relatively small, and it was a very critical moment for the American people.

That some kind of union existed between the States was doubted by no one. Ever since the assembling of the first Continental Congress in 1774 the thirteen commonwealths had acted in concert, and sometimes most generously, as when Maryland and South Carolina had joined in the Declaration of Independence without any crying grievances of their own, from a feeling that the cause of one should be the cause of all. It has sometimes been said that the Union was in its origin a league of sovereign States, each of which surrendered a specific portion of its sovereignty to the federal government for the sake of the common welfare. Grave political arguments have been based upon this alleged fact, but such an account of the matter is not historically true. There never was a time when Massachusetts or Virginia was an absolutely sovereign State like Holland or France. Sovereign over their own internal affairs they are to-day as they were at the time of the Revolution, but there was never a time when they presented themselves before other nations as sovereign, or were recognized as such. Under the government of England before the Revolution the thirteen commonwealths were independent of one another, and were held together, juxtaposed rather than united, only through their allegiance to

the British crown. Had that allegiance been maintained there is no telling how long they might have gone on thus dis-united; and this, it seems, should be one of our chief reasons for rejoicing that the political connection with England was dissolved when it was. A permanent redress of grievances, and even virtual independence such as Canada now enjoys, we might perhaps have gained had we listened to Lord North's proposals after the surrender of Burgoyne; but the formation of the Federal Union would certainly have been long postponed, and when we realize the grandeur of the work which we are now doing in the world through the simple fact of such a union, we cannot fail to see that such an issue would have been extremely unfortunate. However this may be, it is clear that until the connection with England was severed the thirteen commonwealths were not united, nor were they sovereign. It is also clear that in the very act of severing their connection with England these commonwealths entered into some sort of union which was incompatible with their absolute sovereignty taken severally. It was not the people of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and so on through the list, that declared their independence of Great Britain, but it was the representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, and speaking as a single body in the name of the whole. Three weeks before this declaration was adopted Congress appointed a committee to draw up the "articles of confederation and perpetual union," by which the sovereignty of the several States was expressly limited and curtailed in many important particulars. This committee had finished its work by the 12th of July, but the articles were not adopted by Congress until the autumn of 1777, and they were not finally put into operation until the spring of 1781. During this inchoate period of union the action of the United States was that of a con-

federation in which some portion of the several sovereignties was understood to be surrendered to the whole. It was the business of the articles to define the precise nature and extent of this surrendered sovereignty which no State by itself ever exercised. In the mean time this sovereignty, undefined in nature and extent, was exercised, as well as circumstances permitted, by the Continental Congress. A most remarkable body was this Continental Congress. For the vicissitudes through which it passed, there is perhaps no other revolutionary body, save the Long Parliament, which can be compared with it. For its origin we must look back to the committees of correspondence devised by Jonathan Mayhew, Samuel Adams, and Dabney Carr. First assembled in 1774 to meet an emergency which was generally believed to be only temporary, it continued to sit for nearly seven years before its powers were ever clearly defined; and during those seven years it exercised some of the highest functions of sovereignty which are possible to any governing body. It declared the independence of the United States; it contracted an offensive and defensive alliance with France; it raised and organized a Continental army; it borrowed large sums of money, and pledged what the lenders understood to be the national credit for their repayment; it issued an inconvertible paper currency, granted letters of marque, and built a navy. All this it did in the exercise of what in later times would have been called "implied war powers," and its authority rested upon the general acquiescence in the purposes for which it acted and in the measures which it adopted. Under such circumstances, as we have seen, its functions were very inefficiently performed. But the articles of confederation, which in 1781 defined its powers, served at the same time to limit them; so that for the remaining eight years of its existence the Continental Congress

grew weaker and weaker, until it was swept away to make room for a more efficient government.

John Dickinson is supposed to have been the principal author of the articles of confederation; but as the work of the committee was done in secret and has never been reported, the point cannot be determined. In November, 1777, Congress sent the articles to the several state legislatures, with a circular letter recommending them as containing the only plan of union at all likely to be adopted. In the course of the next fifteen months the articles were ratified by all the States except Maryland, which refused to sign until the States laying claim to the northeastern lands, and especially Virginia, should surrender their claims to the confederation. We shall by and by see, when we come to explain this point in detail, that from this action of Maryland there flowed beneficent consequences that were little dreamed of. It was first in the great chain of events which led directly to the formation of the Federal Union. Having carried her point, Maryland ratified the articles on the first day of March, 1781; and thus in the last and most brilliant period of the war, while Greene was leading Cornwallis on his fatal chase across North Carolina, the confederation proposed at the time of the Declaration of Independence was finally consummated.

According to the language of the articles, the States entered into a firm league of friendship with each other; and in order to secure and perpetuate such friendship, the freemen of each State were entitled to all the privileges and immunities of freemen in all the other States. Mutual extradition of criminals was established, and in each State full faith and credit was to be given to the records, acts, and judicial proceedings of every other State. This universal intercitizezship was what gave reality to the nascent and feeble Union.

In all the common business relations of life, the man of New Hampshire could deal with the man of Georgia on an equal footing before the law. But this was almost the only effectively cohesive provision in the whole instrument. Throughout the remainder of the articles its language was largely devoted to reconciling the theory that the States were severally sovereign with the visible fact that they were already merged to some extent in a larger political body. The sovereignty of this larger body was vested in the Congress of delegates appointed yearly by the States. No State was to be represented by less than two or more than seven members; no one could be a delegate for more than three years out of every six; and no delegate could hold any salaried office under the United States. As in colonial times the States had, to preserve their self-government, insisted upon paying their governors and judges, instead of allowing them to be paid out of the royal treasury, so now the delegates in Congress were paid by their own States. In determining questions in Congress, each State had one vote, without regard to population; but a bare majority was not enough to carry any important measure. Not only for such extraordinary matters as wars and treaties, but even for the regular and ordinary business of raising money to carry on the government, not a single step could be taken without the consent of at least nine of the thirteen States; and this provision well-nigh sufficed of itself to block the wheels of federal legislation. The Congress assembled each year on the first Monday of November, and could not adjourn for a longer period than six months. During its recess the continuity of government was preserved by an executive committee, consisting of one delegate from each State, and known as the "committee of the States." Saving such matters of warfare or treaty as the public interest might require to be kept

secret, all the proceedings of Congress were entered in a journal, to be published monthly; and the yeas and nays must be entered should any delegate request it. The executive departments of war, finance, and so forth were entrusted at first to committees, until experience soon showed the necessity of single heads. There was a president of Congress, who, as representing the dignity of the United States, was, in a certain sense, the foremost person in the country, but he had no more power than any other delegate. Of the fourteen presidents between 1774 and 1789, perhaps only Randolph, Hancock, and Laurens are popularly remembered in that capacity; Jay, St. Clair, Mifflin, and Lee are remembered for other things; Hanson, Griffin, and Boudinot are scarcely remembered at all, save by the student of American history.

Between the Congress thus constituted and the several state governments the attributes of sovereignty were shared in such a way as to produce a minimum of result with a maximum of effort. The States were prohibited from keeping up any naval or military force, except militia, or from entering into any treaty or alliance, either with a foreign power or between themselves, without the consent of Congress. No State could engage in war except by way of defense against a sudden Indian attack. Congress had the sole right of determining on peace and war, of sending and receiving ambassadors, of making treaties, of adjudicating all disputes between the States, of managing Indian affairs, and of regulating the value of coin and fixing the standard of weights and measures. Congress took control of the post-office on condition that no more revenue should be raised from postage than should suffice to discharge the expenses of the service. Congress controlled the army, but was provided with no means of raising soldiers save through requisitions upon the States, and it could only

appoint officers above the rank of colonel: the organization of regiments was left entirely in the hands of the States. The traditional and wholesome dread of a standing army was great, but there was no such deep-seated jealousy of a navy, and Congress was accordingly allowed not only to appoint all naval officers, but also to establish courts of admiralty.

Several essential attributes of sovereignty were thus withheld from the States; and by assuming all debts contracted by Congress prior to the adoption of the articles, and solemnly pledging the public faith for their payment, it was implicitly declared that the sovereignty here accorded to Congress was substantially the same as that which it had asserted and exercised ever since the severing of the connection with England. The articles simply defined the relations of the States to the Confederation as they had already shaped themselves. Indeed, the articles, though not finally ratified till 1781, had been known to Congress and to the people ever since 1776 as their expected Constitution, and political action had been shaped in general accordance with the theory on which they had been drawn up. They show that political action was at no time based on the view of the States as absolutely sovereign, but they also show that the share of sovereignty accorded to Congress was very inadequate even to the purposes of an effective confederation. The position in which they left Congress was hardly more than that of the deliberative head of a league. For the most fundamental of all the attributes of sovereignty — the power of taxation — was not given to Congress. It could neither raise taxes through an excise nor through custom-house duties; it could only make requisitions upon the thirteen members of the confederacy in proportion to the assessed value of their real estate, and it was not provided with any means of

enforcing these requisitions. On this point the articles contained nothing beyond the vague promise of the States to obey. The power of levying taxes was thus retained entirely by the States. They not only imposed direct taxes, as they do to-day, but they laid duties on exports and imports, each according to its own narrow view of its local interests. The only restriction upon this was that such state-imposed duties must not interfere with the stipulations of any foreign treaties such as Congress might make in pursuance of treaties already proposed to the courts of France and Spain. Besides all this, the States shared with Congress the powers of coining money, of emitting bills of credit, and of making their promissory notes a legal tender for debts.

Such was the Constitution under which the United States had begun to drift toward anarchy even before the close of the Revolutionary War, but which could only be amended by the unanimous consent of all the thirteen States. The historian cannot but regard this difficulty of amendment as a fortunate circumstance; for in the troubles which presently arose it led the distressed people to seek some other method of relief, and thus prepared the way for the Convention of 1787, which destroyed the whole vicious scheme, and gave us a form of government under which we have nearly rounded a century unparalleled for peace and prosperity. Besides this extreme difficulty of amendment, the fatal defects of the Confederation were three in number. The first defect was the two-thirds vote necessary for any important legislation in Congress; under this rule any five of the States — as, for example, the four southernmost States with Maryland, or the four New England States with New Jersey — could defeat the most sorely needed measures. The second defect was the impossibility of presenting a united front to foreign countries in re-

spect to commerce. The third and greatest defect was the lack of any means, on the part of Congress, of enforcing obedience. Not only was there no federal executive or judiciary worthy of the name, but the central government operated only upon States, and not upon individuals. Congress could call for troops and for money in strict conformity with the articles; but should any State prove delinquent in furnishing its quota, there were no constitutional means of compelling it to obey the call. This defect was seen and deplored at the outset by such men as Washington and Madison, but the only remedy which at first occurred to them was one more likely to kill than to cure. Only six weeks after the ratification of the articles, Madison proposed an amendment "to give to the United States full authority to employ their force, as well by sea as by land, to compel any delinquent State to fulfill its federal engagements." Washington approved of this measure, hoping, as he said, that "a knowledge that this power was lodged in Congress might be the means to prevent its ever being exercised, and the more readily induce obedience. Indeed," added Washington, "if Congress were unquestionably possessed of the power, nothing should induce the display of it but obstinate disobedience and the urgency of the general welfare." Madison argued that in the very nature of the Confederation such a right of coercion was necessarily implied, though not expressed, in the articles, and much might have been said in behalf of this opinion. The Confederation explicitly declared itself to be perpetual, yet how could it perpetuate itself for a dozen years without the right to coerce its refractory members? Practically, however, the remedy was one which could never have been applied without breaking the Confederation into fragments. To use the army or navy in coercing a State meant nothing less than civil war. The local yeo-

manry would have turned out against the Continental army with as high a spirit as that with which they swarmed about the British enemy at Lexington or King's Mountain. A government which could not collect the taxes for its yearly budget without firing upon citizens or blockading two or three harbors would have been the absurdest political anomaly imaginable. No such idea could have entered the mind of a statesman save from the hope that if one State should prove refractory, all the others would immediately frown upon it and uphold Congress in overawing it. In such case the knowledge that Congress had the power would doubtless have been enough to make its exercise unnecessary. But in fact this hope was disappointed, for the delinquency of each State simply set an example of disobedience for all the others to follow; and the amendment, had it been carried, would merely have armed Congress with a threat which everybody would have laughed at. So manifestly hopeless was the case to Pelatiah Webster that as early as May, 1781, he published an able pamphlet, urging the necessity for a federal convention for overhauling the whole scheme of government from beginning to end.

The military weakness due to this imperfect governmental organization may be illustrated by comparing the number of regular troops which Congress was able to keep in the field during the Revolutionary War with the number maintained by the United States government during the War of Secession. A rough estimate, obtained from averages, will suffice to show the broad contrast. In 1863, the middle year of the War of Secession, the total population of the loyal States was about 23,491,600, of whom about one fifth, or 4,698,320, were adult males of military age. Supposing one adult male out of every five to have been under arms at one time, the number would have been 939,664.

Now the total number of troops enlisted in the Northern army during the four years of the war, reduced to a uniform standard, was 2,320,272, or an average of 580,068 under arms in any single year. In point of fact, this average was reached before the middle of the war, and the numbers went on increasing, until at the end there were more than a million men under arms, — at least one out of every five adult males in the Northern States. On the other hand, in 1779, the middle year of the Revolutionary War, the white population of the United States was about 2,175,000, of whom 435,000 were adult males of military age. Supposing one out of every five of these to have been under arms at once, the number would have been 87,000. Now in the spring of 1777, when the Continental Congress was at the highest point of authority which it ever reached, when France was willing to lend it money freely, when its paper currency was not yet discredited and it could make liberal offers of bounties, a demand was made upon the States for 80,000 men, or nearly one fifth of the adult male population, to serve for three years or during the war. Only 34,820 were obtained. The total number of men in the field in that most critical year, including the swarms of militia who came to the rescue at Ridgefield and Bennington and Oriskany, and the Pennsylvania militia who turned out while their State was invaded, was 68,720. In 1781, when the credit of Congress was greatly impaired, although military activity again rose to a maximum and it was necessary for the people to strain every nerve, the total number of men in the field, militia and all, was only 29,340, of whom only 13,292 were Continentals; and it was left for the genius of Washington and Greene, working with desperate energy and most pitiful resources, to save the country. A more impressive contrast to the readiness with which the demands of the government

were met in the War of Secession can hardly be imagined. Had the country put forth its strength in 1781 as it did in 1864, an army of 90,000 men might have overwhelmed Clinton at the North and Cornwallis at the South, without asking any favors of the French fleet. Had it put forth its full strength in 1777, four years of active warfare might have been spared. Mr. Lecky explains this difference by his favorite hypothesis that the American Revolution was the work of a few ultra-radical leaders, with whom the people were not generally in sympathy; and he thinks we could not expect to see great heroism or self-sacrifice manifested by a people who went to war over what he calls a "money dispute." But there is no rea-

son for supposing that the loyalists represented the general sentiment of the country in the Revolutionary War any more than the peace party represented the general sentiment of the Northern States in the War of Secession. There is no reason for supposing that the people were less at heart in 1781 in fighting for the priceless treasure of self-government than they were in 1864 when they fought for the maintenance of the pacific principles underlying our Federal Union. The differences in the organization of the government, and in its power of operating directly upon the people, are quite enough to explain the difference between the languid conduct of the earlier war and the energetic conduct of the later.

John Fiske.

ELISHA MULFORD.

It is a pity that some painter of insight and with skill of interpretation had not given us a portrait of Elisha Mulford, when he was in his full strength. It is an idle wish that art might find some means of perpetuating for us that most delicate organ of personality, the human voice. The painter, if he be given the precious power of seeing, can repair the waste of memory, and long after eyes have closed in death their power of appeal may dwell in some counterfeit presentment of art; but the lips have no language, and what musician has yet been able to recover for us the sound of a voice that is still? There is not a more lasting note of recognition between persons than the voice, which betrays the forgotten friend when the eye scans the face in vain for any trace of remembered lineaments. It is the last, finest expression of the person, the most impossible to evade or simulate, the absolutely unconveyable. It was the misery

of the poor old blind Isaac that he allowed himself to trust his sense of touch rather than his more unerring sense of hearing.

There are some natures that reveal themselves with peculiar clearness through the voice, and Mulford was one of these. I cannot take up his books or one of his friendly letters without hearing that singularly rhythmical, harmonious utterance. In the pulpit, where he was rarely heard of late years, it fell into a somewhat monotonous series of cadences, due, very likely, to the physical exertion of a speaker who suffered from defective hearing; but in conversation, his voice, low and even, swung in periods which were full of an incommunicable beauty. When he read aloud some favorite passage, one seemed to be listening to a sort of holy chant, and there are passages in *The Republic of God* which sound in the ear like felicitous renderings of some ancient Latin hymn

of the church. It chanced to me to read this book on shipboard, and I found myself reading page after page in apparently perfect agreement with the great metronome of the deep sea swell.

It is the rarity of Mulford's nature, finding an outlet in his voice and radiating from his person, which immediately addresses one who attempts to record impressions of a man of such singular fascination. The reason for this personal power lay deep. Back of voice and personal presence, one felt the existence of a remarkable harmony of life. Mulford never seemed to require any adjustment of himself. That profound consciousness of enduring relations which lies at the core of his writings was not a philosophic attainment with him, but an endowment of nature, and it exhibited itself in trivial circumstances. I suspect that deafness was something of a reinforcement to a temperament like his. He heard everything that he needed to hear, but was conveniently rid of a multitude of distracting or discordant sounds; and so he kept on his way, a curious spectator of life, wonderfully interested in all the details of politics, of business, and of literature, yet somehow making all these details subservient to certain great currents of thought upon which his mind was always sailing.

This largeness of nature disclosed itself in his habitual treatment of philosophical or political questions. A man of science would say that he had a scientific mind, which was capable of considering a subject, no matter what might be its personal bearings, in an abstracted, impersonal light; and I have heard such a man express his surprise that one with a theological training could so approach subjects which involved theological positions. It was this freedom from polemic considerations which made his discourse on all themes agreeable. He did not like a dispute; he had no disposition to drag his wits into any boxing-match

with other people's wits; and thus he was often silent and apparently in polite conformity with his neighbor, when his real thought was quite remote. Indeed, he carried this so far that he sometimes felt his way with his friends, and waited to be assured of their general agreement before he would give them his thought.

Under the simple condition of general sympathy, his gift of thought was most generous. He published but two books and a few magazine or newspaper articles, and he delivered but one or two courses of lectures in theology. Yet he gave not merely to his friends, but to any appreciative listener, with unstinting freedom, the product of his thought on a wide range of subjects. If any one has kept a record of Mulford's monologues, and has faithfully reported his speech, he ought to give it to the public. I call them monologues, for briefness' sake, but there was in Mulford's talk none of that vain love of intellectual display which is apt to affect monologue. It was a pleasure to him to talk, but he liked to take the cue from his friend. His deafness stood somewhat in the way of free conversation, but there must have been few of his friends who would not rather listen than do more than just keep him supplied with topics. Indeed, he had a little trick of which he seemed only partially aware. If very much absorbed in what he was saying, he would idly push his ear-trumpet almost out of reach; it was a signal to his neighbor not to interrupt him. Then, when he had had his say, he would secure the trumpet again, hold it up, and intimate his readiness to hear what was to be said to that. Shut out largely from general intercourse with people, he made much of his friends in the way of familiar visits. At the end of an evening, when one was laying aside books and papers, a ring at the bell would announce a caller. Enter Mulford, very doubtful about putting

aside his hat and coat: he had come in merely for a moment; he could not stay. Then one put more wood on the fire, and settled one's self to that three or four hours' talk which was sure to follow, with good-byes at last under the stars at midnight, that seemed nearer than before.

The miracle which he worked in his conversation with friends was the multiplication of their thoughts. One brought to him one's latest idea or scheme, — it was always easy to do that, — and Mulford took it, reflected a moment, and gave it back enlarged, enriched, set in wide relations, and illuminated by a sudden glory. That positiveness which rules in his writings was a delightful quality in his personal judgments. He spoke as one having authority, not as a special pleader; for the results which he announced were reached not by a careful weighing of evidence, but by a clear, direct perception which went at once to the bottom of the matter. There was a deliberation in his manner which added weight to what he said, and gave a convincing tone which seemed at the time to go further than an argument. A friend who was about to deliver a course of lectures allowed himself to speak with misgivings of his undertaking. Mulford thought a moment, turned aside his head in his sage way, and presently declared himself somewhat as follows: —

"Now, there is no one within sight or sound of Boston who knows as much upon this subject as you do. Therefore you should give your lectures without fear or favor. You have no apology to make. You must speak with authority."

He evidently thought his friend needed a little bracing, but his manner of reinforcing him was his own. For Mulford was lavish in his endowment of his friends. Many a person has acquired new confidence in himself because Mulford believed in him so thoroughly. His

imagination was busy over those whom he loved. He sometimes made them over, clothing them with all the attributes they ought to have, but in such cases he wrought upon qualities which he recognized; seizing upon some lurking excellence, he amplified it until it seemed the one characteristic of the man. It was this large charity of judgment which made his estimates of men always worth listening to.

Indeed, there was something humorously enjoyable in his way of regarding persons and places that had won his affection. He was most loyal to his own. He thought Pennsylvania unquestionably the foremost State in the Union, Susquehanna County the fairest of its divisions, and the district which took in Montrose and Friendsville the heart of the county. Then his friends in their several professions were incontestably in the front ranks, and their opinions on various subjects were well worth attention. He did not make swans of geese, by any means, but his swans were all of the best strain. There was a glamour, which never suggested the slightest insincerity, in all his regard for the men who attracted him. He was sturdily theirs, and it did one good to find so honest a lover of men.

It is also true that his friends showed themselves at their best to him. Possibly, again, his deafness helped them. It was such an effort to speak to him at any length that it was hardly worth while to give him anything but one's best thought. But this was not all. He was so eager to hear and was beforehand so sure one had something worth telling, that he quickened the wits of his friends. Besides, like begets like, and Mulford, with his generous way of looking at things, made one wish to think like him; not necessarily with the same conclusions, but with the same breadth and comprehensiveness. Those who were most with him fell into his little mannerisms; they caught them-

selves using his favorite expressions; they had an odd sensation of echoing his style of thought. His correspondents were apt to feel his presence when they wrote to him, and to give a turn to their sentences which made them sound like Mulford's own.

He had a half-humorous fondness for his own phrases. Those sounding forms which make *The Nation* a puzzle to some readers, a revelation to others, were very apt to recur in his conversation, and to afford stepping-stones when one was crossing some stream of his thought. I remember how greatly he was pleased as well as amused by a tribute once paid to him by a Union soldier, who had fought bravely through the war, and when it was all over, and he had settled down into civil life, read *The Nation*. "I did not know before why I fought!" exclaimed the enthusiastic reader. "I know now. It was because the Nation was a Moral Organism!"

No one could have believed more devoutly in the thought which underlies this book than Mulford himself. It was no pretty piece of rhetoric to him, no well-fitting theory of political life. Nothing would have disturbed him more than to hear his belief called a theory. He wrought at the conception of his work in profound silence. He was living on the broad acres of a Pennsylvania farm, remote from men, from steam, from the confusion of cities. He walked afield with his thoughts for companions, and came back to his fireside to write in labored, compact sentences the result of his pondering. For months he shunned all but the nearest companionship, wrote no letters, but read, and kindled as he read, in the newspapers of the day; for he interpreted the common news by the thought of national life over which he was brooding. In May, 1867, he wrote, with a sigh of relief from the long tension: "I have had this incessant and imperative work, of

which I have just turned the last page, and it has precluded all other work or thought, and scarcely allowed rest."

To turn the last page is with most men to be through with the work, except for some slight revision, but with Mulford it meant only that the book had its thought consecutively presented. He could now look at it as a piece of literature, and see what was to be done. A year later, in May, 1868, he wrote: "I can send the whole manuscript to you before the close of the month, excepting the close of the last chapter, which I would like to keep for a few days longer." He had spent the year in putting his book in order. Six weeks later he wrote: "I cannot justify, and only regret, the entire neglect in not answering your note earlier. If I could look upon myself apart from self, I might find some cause for it in the indifference which follows the close of so long a period as these three years of almost incessant work, but I do not like this study of these 'phenomenal phases' of action. The fact is that I have been adrift and at sea with two or three of my critics. One whose judgment I hold most highly has insisted that the style and manner of my book is not equal to its substance and thought. The estimate which they have given of the latter is so high that I will not repeat it, at least in this writing, and they claim for the book an influence and a place which is very far beyond any immediate result that I should have anticipated, if I had allowed myself to think upon it. At last, if I can do so, with no infraction of my arrangements with you,¹ I have determined to re-write the whole book, as faithfully and carefully as I can, and then I shall have the satisfaction, in any result, of having given to it my utmost endeavor. The revision will affect only the style, the illustration and presentation of the

¹ I had been acting as his intermediary with the publishing house which finally issued the book.

thought of the book, and it will not materially change the size or scope of it. I shall care rather to avoid anything like the fatigue and toil of conception which I knew was apparent in my manuscript. . . . I know the work I have imposed upon myself, and I have no doubt still how much my book may gain from it, but I have been afraid that this conclusion might impair my engagements with you. With this rewriting, I could scarcely finish my work before the close of October or the early part of November, but then, and at no later day, I could place my manuscript finally in your hands."

November came and went, and December, with promises of the book in a few weeks, in a few days, and then early in January, 1869, came a letter beginning, "I write so reluctantly in my conclusion that it may be allowed me to write abruptly. The conclusion is that I am reluctant to let my manuscript pass under your eye until I have toiled yet longer on it; that I think the work of the remaining months of the winter will be all it will require, and then I shall have at least the satisfaction of having been faithful to it. The thought has not changed, and since last spring the book has not added a cubit to its stature, and yet I know how necessary the toil which art has demanded. . . . Then my friend Mr. —, of whose critical judgment I have the highest regard, has offered and insisted that at the outset I should read it to him. That requires my going to Chicago, but I have determined to go."

It was not till the fall of 1869 that Mulford came on with his book, to be near the press when it was being set up. The manuscript was all ready, but he wished to ask two or three friends to go over the proofs with him. Those who shared in this work will remember the looks of the proof-sheets after they finally left the author's hands; scarcely a sentence was left unamended, and it was

almost a surprise to see the volume finally in April, looking as innocent of error as most printed books. Seven times, Mulford told me, had he written the book over, and he certainly wrote it once more when he corrected his proofs. It was an expression of his faith in the doctrine of his book that when it was off his hands he grudged the delay in putting it upon the market, since he was impressed with the conviction that it was needed for the fall elections! That was Mulford's way of expressing also his belief in the high range of common political thinking. I never heard of *The Nation* as a campaign document, but I have read many books and political papers and speeches since that day in which I could read *The Nation* writ over again, small and large.

I have given this little history of a remarkable book because it illustrates somewhat the intellectual habit of the author. He brooded long over his thought in fundamental matters, and was extremely critical of the final form. It was ten years before he appeared with his second book, *The Republic of God*, but the underlying thought of both books had been familiar to him in its main outline long before. They were two parts of an undivided conception of human society in its divine relations, and his mind dwelt for years in a region of thought so comprehensive that his real difficulty was in limiting and formulating his expression. He had done this twice, the second time with much more ease than the first; and I am confident that, had he lived, he would have produced books with increasing rapidity, and that he would have taken a wide range in the discussion of sociological, literary, scientific, and psychological questions. These books would all have borne the same stamp; they would have been applications to current themes of the philosophical faith which he held. Some one once said, "What a narrow man Mulford is! — but then he is nar-

row on great lines." I can understand how the speaker could have said this: he had heard Mulford talk a few times, and had noted the recurrence to his favorite generalizations. But it would be by an extraordinary stretch of meaning that one would ever think of using the word "narrow" in connection with Mulford. He was narrow as a cañon is narrow, when the depth apparently contracts the sides.

What I have said may in part explain the conviction which those had who were nearest to him, that the man always impressed them as greater than his books. His books suffered from the restraint of his thought, and because their very completeness and finality of statement conspired to shut up the thought in them within certain definite limits. But in the freedom of conversation these limits were not suggested. When he first began to lecture before his students in theology he was embarrassed by his notes. He had written out what he had to say, and he read the draft with painful care, but when he was through with it the hour was not gone. The young men still sat attentive, but his formal lecture was over. He was uneasy a moment, then he repeated a phrase; it opened the gates, the stream of talk began to flow, his embarrassment was at an end, and the students were delighted with the freshness, the life, the stimulating fullness, of his thought. It was so always. Let him get rid of the restrictions of a hard and fast systematic presentation, and he was himself again. The curious part of it was that his extemporaneous speech, his unpremeditated discourse, was singularly fine in form. It was not that he was now vague where before he had been precise; he was free where before he had been fettered. He once asked me about a certain person, and I said that I did not find conversation with him a great pleasure; that while he regarded conversation as a fine art, he was too much occu-

pied with the best form of his sentences when he was talking. "Yes," said Mulford, "it is not hay that we want in conversation, but growing grass." That was the charm of his speech. It sprang freely from his mind, and one seemed to see thought growing as the grass grows.

There was one characteristic of his conversation which he shared with other good talkers, but had in a high degree of development. He could recall conversations he had had with interesting persons, and could repeat them with great vivacity. He remembered minute details in personal history, and had that liking for gossip, where it dealt with characteristic expressions of men and women worth knowing, which is so humane and so free from pettiness. Yet he had an impatience of books of gossip. Such a book, for example, as the *Journals of J. C. Young* had no charm for him, but he would read with avidity a memoir which laid bare the thought of a strong man. He used to speak of Mark Pattison's *Isaac Casaubon* as a model of what a biography should be.

He was a wide reader, but I sometimes think he read most diligently at the two ends of literature, for he was a devourer of newspapers and a constant reader of Shakespeare. His friends, who knew his tastes, kept him supplied with a great variety of public prints, and he had an instinct for the editorial article which speaks something more than the casual opinion of some hasty writer. He thought the newspapers went deeper than the pulpit in their tone during the summer of Garfield's sickness, and he listened eagerly to the roar of the great city which he heard as he scanned the columns of the city papers. And Shakespeare! He never tired of studying human thought as it was presented in the men and women of Shakespeare's drama. His fine literary sense and his insight of character found here their fullest intellectual enjoyment.

He liked to read his Shakespeare in an edition which was a fac-simile of the first folio; his imagination thus brought him more directly into Shakespeare's presence. That world of life shut up within the covers of a book was a city which he visited often; he knew it by heart in the best sense, and no actor could present Shakespeare but Mulford brought to bear a criticism which was far beyond any mere judgment of fidelity to text, or even to accepted versions of character. It was a penetrating and illuminating judgment of the Shakespearean person who was under representation. The reader of *The Nation* will have been struck by the frequent felicitous citations from Shakespeare. Mulford's regard for Shakespeare as a political thinker was very great, and he was constantly bearing testimony to this effect. He regarded him also as a great humanizer, and used to express the wish that the missionaries might translate Shakespeare into the Chinese tongue; he thought the people of China needed nothing so much.

There are some men whose speculations are of such a nature that one feels a wistful desire to know what new disclosures of truth await them after their sudden transfer from this scene of mental activity. One can hardly have that feeling with regard to Mulford. The field of his thought was in this world. He held that large conception of eternity which was so vital a part of Maurice's teaching,—a conception which disregarded almost willfully any aid from the future; his thought of prophecy left the predictive element quite out of view. He did not reason concerning this world and the next, but rather of this world as seen in its universal relations, and the central truth of his theology gave a sublimity to human nature which cast its glow over everything which man cares for. It is hard, as the saying is, to make him dead. He does not belong among the dead. His luminous nature lives on, but it is the sorrowful fortune of his friends that they live in the penumbra of his memory, not in the glow of his presence.

H. E. Scudder.

EVE'S DAUGHTER.

I WAITED in the little sunny room:

The cool breeze waved the window-lace, at play,
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,
And out upon the bay
I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.

"Such an old friend,—she would not make me stay
While she bound up her hair." I turned, and lo,
Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay
All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow:
Gold hair, that streamed away
As round some nymph a sunlit fountain's flow.

"She would not make me wait"!—but well I know
She took a good half-hour to loose and lay
Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so!

Andrew Hedbrooke.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

TWO "OCCASIONAL" POEMS, WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

THE reader will find two poems at this opening which were written on two different recent occasions. In offering them to a wider circle than that to which they were addressed I cannot help remembering how much of this kind of literary labor I have performed. It is almost sixty years since I delivered at a college "exhibition" a poem of the prescribed length of five minutes, entitled "Forgotten Ages." That this poem is not familiarly known to my fellow countrymen, — nay, that hardly a couplet of it remains in my own memory, — is not to be wondered at or grieved over. The literature of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, has been to a large extent the prey of oblivion, as I probably told my audience in measured heroics; and if my poem has shared the fate of so many great works, if it has gone to those dark archives which hold the lost odes of Pindar and the missing books of Livy, it would be unseemly to mourn over its disappearance.

Since that time almost every year has had some tribute of this sort from my pen, and in some years such tributes have been numerous. Those which I am about to take from the New Portfolio are the last of the long series; like many which preceded them, they were written to be read by the writer. Each of them was recited at the dinner table, at the period when the banquet had passed the realistic, and was just warming into the idealistic and sentimental stage of a festal meeting.

Not much, perhaps, is to be anticipated from an after-dinner poem. Its office is very nearly the same as that of the bouquets and garlands which adorn a festival. These are expected to look

bright and smell sweet for a few hours, and then to drop to pieces and be swept away with the other litter of the banquet. A great deal of very cheap and trivial verse is produced for such occasions, and has done its duty well enough if it has made its ten or fifteen minutes pass pleasantly. Sometimes it will bear showing up in the newspaper of the next morning, but if it is to be read in cold blood it must have something workmanlike in its construction. A few easily taken puns, new or old, a few local allusions, a patriotic sentiment, a little judicious flattery of the company, will do well enough, if put together with a very moderate amount of skill, to keep in good humor an audience already in the tranquil stage of digestion and the amiably receptive condition which goes with it.

But there is no reason why one should not write the verses which are to be recited or sung after a feast, or for any other occasional object, just as well as if they were suggested by a daisy, or a mouse, or a bed of daffodils, or the reading of Chapman's Homer, or stumbling over a broken statue, as Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, have done. The accidental cause is not the main thing; it is the imaginative, or fanciful, or witty treatment of it which we care for.

I recollect that when I was fifteen years old a copy of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" fell into my hands, and that I read it with a good deal of interest, though I was not too well acquainted with many of the authors satirized by the poet. Some of my readers may remember the lines with which the satire opens: —

"Still must I hear? — shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my
muse?"

When Byron wrote these lines he was smarting under the sharp criticism of his "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review. I have a fellow-feeling for poor Fitzgerald, who got the first taste of the noble poet's gall. A friend would probably enough have put a different aspect on the matter. "'Hoarse'? Yes; not like Falstaff, it is true, with 'halloing and singing of anthems,' but by overstraining his fine voice, so as to be heard by the multitudes who thronged the vast hall of a public edifice, captivated by the charms of his verse and his impassioned recitation! If Mr. Fitzgerald's lines had not been better than much of the verse in this young lord's recent volume of poems, he would not have had great audiences to 'bawl' himself hoarse in addressing." So might Mr. Fitzgerald's advocate have spoken.

An "occasional" poem may be good or bad, trivial or significant, like any other. What are Spenser's Prothalamium and Epithalamium, what are Lycidas and In Memoriam, what are Burns's convivial poems, what are the Odes of Dryden and Pope for Saint Cecilia's day, but occasional poems? I suppose that Mr. Fitzgerald's productions were occasional, that they were written for recitation, and we know that the poet recited them himself; and in fighting his battle I am maintaining the dignity of all who have done the same kind of literary work, myself included.

Shall a poet read his own verse without leze-majesty against his high calling?

If old legends may be trusted, the practice has the sanction of the highest antiquity. If one had found himself in Smyrna some ten or twelve centuries before the date of the birth of Christ, he might have seen a street gathering and joined the crowd to learn what was going on. This is what meets his eyes: an old man, sightless, for he is led by a youth; poor, for he depends on the voluntary offerings of those who cluster round him in the street, and his gar-

ments are saved from ridicule only by his majestic presence, — this poor blind old man is led to a marble bench, where he seats himself, and waits until the youth tells him that the circle around him is well filled. Then the street storyteller begins: —

"Mēnin aeide, Thea, Pēlēiadeō Achilēos;" and the audience listens to the ringing hexameters as if it had never heard one of them before. It is the old, old story of the wrath of Achilles and all the woes that followed from it. Four hundred years have passed since Troy was wrapped in flames, and the palace of Priam and the temples of the gods fell in ruins, to lie there undisturbed for thirty centuries, but the story never tires, for the narrator is

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle;" it is HOMER, and the story is the ILIAD, which he recites as a ballad-minstrel gives forth his ditties, in the streets of a city which will by and by be proud to head the list of the seven that claim to have been the birthplace of the divine singer.

We must take a long stride to come down to the next illustration, which I prefer to give in the old-fashioned type of Jacob Tonson's edition of Dryden's Virgil. It is from the Life of Virgil prefixed to that work.

"And this Poem [the Georgics], being now in great forwardness, *Cæsar*, who in imitation of his Predecessor *Julius*, never intermitted his Studies in the Camp, and much less in other places, refreshing himself by a short stay in a pleasant Village of *Campania*, would needs be entertained with the rehearsal of some part of it. *Virgil* recited with a marvellous *Grace*, and sweet Accent of Voice, but his Lungs failing him, *Mecænas* himself supplied his place for what remained. Such a piece of condescension would now be very surprising, but it was no more than customary amongst Friends when Learning pass'd for Quality."

The next anecdote of Virgil is more familiar, but is told so agreeably in the old Life that it would be a pity to shorten it: —

“Not one Book [of the *Æneid*] has his finishing Strokes: the sixth seems one of the most perfect, the which, after long entreaty and sometimes threats of *Augustus*, he was at last prevailed upon to recite. This fell out about four Years before his own Death: that of *Marcellus*, whom *Cæsar* designed for his Successor, happen'd a little before this Recital: *Virgil* therefore, with his usual dexterity, inserted his Funeral Panegyrick in those admirable Lines beginning, —

‘O nate, ingentem luctum ne quere tuorum.’

His Mother, the excellent *Octavia*, the best Wife of the worst Husband that ever was, to divert her Grief, would be of the Auditory. The Poet artificially deferred the naming *Marcellus* 'till their passions were raised to the highest; but the mention of it put both Her and *Augustus* into such a Passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further. *Virgil* answered that he had already ended that Passage. Some relate that *Octavia* fainted away, but afterwards she presented the Poet with two Thousand one Hundred Pounds, odd Money; a round Sum for Twenty Seven Verses, but they were *Virgil's*.”

These precedents have set my conscience at ease. There is the best possible authority to justify any poet in writing for a special occasion. The most illustrious poets have read their own verses before a circle of listeners, and after them no poet need feel his art dishonored by putting it on a level with that of the orator, whose greatest efforts are called forth by special occasions, and who adds all that voice and action can do to produce an immediate effect on his audience.

Can a poet read his own verses as well as a trained speaker can deliver them?

No doubt he thinks that he can. There never was anything to surpass

the delight that poets take in their own verses. They caress all their pretty phrases as young fathers dandle their first-born babes. The poet who has filled his tank at the Castalian spring is never so happy as when it is on tap and running a full stream. Consequently, he is the most dangerous of intimates. I believe I have put in print somewhere my new version of *cave canem*, — beware of the dog, — but everybody does not remember everything one has written. That is a good precaution, — dogs are dangerous, whether hydrophobia can be cured by M. Pasteur or not. But *cave canentem* — beware of the poet, the man who sings his thoughts in verse — is a maxim quite as well justified by experience. Pope, who seems to have suffered as much from “virgin tragedies” and “orphan muses” as any victim of more modern date, knew but too well the terrors of the man who reads his own poems. He compares his friends and his enemies, and dreads the first as much as, or probably more than, the last: —

“A dire Dilemma! either way I'm sped, —

If Foes they write, if Friends they read me dead.”

Dangerous as he is when he has his manuscript in one hand and a finger of the other in your button-hole, nobody can read a poet's verses so well — or so badly — as himself. So well, when the poem reads itself just as it wrote itself, through him, with all the fire that ran in his blood, with all the passion that tingled in his nerves, — as if he were possessed, in a word, by that dæmon, that familiar spirit, which uses his bodily organs as its medium of expression. So ill, when he is so carried away that he falls into rhythmical sing-song, that he screams at one moment and becomes inaudible to all but himself in the next; reading to himself, in fact, and not to his audience, as poets are apt to do, thinking their listeners can follow them through all their ups and downs.

After all, if a poem has anything worth listening to in it, it is a pleasure to hear it from the author. Many persons sharply criticised Dickens's readings from his own stories. I confess, for one, that when, in his reading of the trial scene, *Bardell vs. Pickwick*, he, as Sergeant Buzfuz, gave out the order, "Call Samuel Weller!" and that character answered to his name, the feeling that this was really Samuel Weller who was before me, and Sergeant Buzfuz, and Mr. Pickwick, and each personage of the story in succession, — this feeling came over me with a thrill of delight, such as the best reading of the greatest actor could not have given me.

I hope I have made out a good case for the writers of "occasional" poems, and for the orators who address their audiences in verse. Whether I have or not, I can claim at least as much experience in this kind of literary work as any of my rhyming brethren with whom I am acquainted. I may feel authorized, therefore, to give some advice to my younger friends, who think it worth their while to add to the pleasures of a social meeting or the dignity of a graver gathering by their poetical contributions.

Since the reporter has taken the place of the skeleton at the banquet, — and he is a far more terrible guest, — the whole character of such occasions is altered. As he enters the banquet hall, its garlands fade, its lights burn dim, its glasses lose their glitter, its wines are no longer fragrant, its feasters sit with wrinkled brows and anxious expressions, waiting until their time shall come. Adieu to all the careless hilarity, to all the unfettered conversation, the unstinted self-revelation, the *abandon*, the voluptuous repose, of the blissful meetings of other days. The song is no longer "Begone, dull care;" there is no meaning now in "Away with melancholy." The reveller is presently to become the speaker. If he drops the wrong word, it will be caught up and mouthed over by thousands

of rejoicing enemies, as they read it in the paper of the next morning. If he touches a tender nerve of public sentiment a little carelessly, such a cry will go up as if a thousand Cyclops were having their eyes put out by the burning brand of Ulysses. Let no man think that because he is speaking in the freedom of convivial intercourse, before a limited circle of friends, he is talking under any roof but the sky, or within any walls but those of the boundless horizon.

The first rule, then, for the after-dinner speaker is *caution*. A single word uttered without premeditation, and caught by a reporter's pencil, may turn the scale for or against a political party and change the destinies of a continent, to say nothing of ruining the ambitious aspirations of the indiscreet speaker.

The second rule is, *Be intelligible*, instantly, simultaneously, to every one of the audience. A thoughtful essay is one thing, an eloquent speech or a pleasing poem is another. The speaker's sentences must not hang fire, so that a bright thought does not go off until the orator or the poet is in the middle of the next sentence or stanza. A damp passage, so to speak, — a damp verse, — in the midst of a fiery address or a flaming ode, spoils the whole illumination. An audience that has lost its hold of the speaker is like a cow that has lost her cud, — the comparison is inelegant, and I will go to the classical dictionary for a more dignified one. The speaker must hold his audience well in hand from beginning to end. If he once lose command of the listeners, the poet who recites his verses must be prepared for the fate of Phaeton. He has undertaken to drive the steeds of Apollo: the bits have slipped out of their mouths, and the passengers — that is to say, the listeners — are thrown out of the chariot.

Poetry is commonly harder to follow than prose. The noun and the verb are often so far apart that they hardly seem to have a speaking acquaintance

with each other. The inversions of poetry help to make it puzzling. The noun is frequently found pushing the verb instead of being pushed by it:—

“Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate”—

Thus Dryden begins his translation of the *Æneid*, and this is one of the least liberties that poetry takes with syntax.

Therefore a spoken poem should be in a simple measure. The ten-syllable or heroic line, like the one just cited, is for graver purposes perhaps the best. Written in couplets it tends to be epigrammatic; if the rhymes are alternate, as in Gray's *Elegy*, it gains in force and loses in brilliancy. The older form of the heroic, in which the lines run into each other, as the Elizabethan poets wrote it, as Keats, Leigh Hunt, William Morris, have modernized it, is less easily followed than the same verse as Waller, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, wrote it. A measure like the Spenserian is very ill adapted to public delivery. It strains the listener's attention to follow it through its long extended flight. The octosyllabic verse is glib and trivial. Alternated with the six-syllable measure, it serves very well for short poems, the two lines running easily together into one of fourteen syllables. The galloping anapest,
“The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold”

is full of life and motion, and lends itself to the gayer emotions as a natural form of expression.

I have given these few hints as the result of long experience both as speaker and listener. I have heard a good many occasional poems drag their slow length along, fatiguing everybody, because the writer had chosen a wrong measure. A dull, long-winded poem is the death of all good fellowship, and the best advice to give a friend who has one burning in his pocket is to sit still and eat his dinner, and let some other bard bestow his tediousness on the company.

After this long prelude, I am almost afraid to print the two poems I have promised my reader. The first of these owes any interest it may have to the fact that it is the last in a series of annual poems which extends through more than a whole generation. Many persons who may not care for the verses may find an interest in noting the changes from year to year, if they happen to look at the series as they are printed together in a volume which contains the poems of a lifetime. How can one help saying the same thing over and over again when he meets the same persons on the same anniversary?

THE OLD TUNE.

Thirty-Sixth Variation.

1829-1886.

THIS shred of song you bid me bring
Is snatched from fancy's embers;
Ah, when the lips forget to sing,
The faithful heart remembers!

Too swift the wings of envious Time
To wait for dallying phrases,
Or woven strands of labored rhyme
To thread their cunning mazes.

A word, a sigh, and lo, how plain
Its magic breath discloses
Our life's long vista through a lane
Of threescore summers' roses!

One language years alone can teach:
Its roots are young affections
That feel their way to simplest speech
Through silent recollections.

That tongue is ours. How few the words
We need to know a brother!
As simple are the notes of birds,
Yet well they know each other.

This freezing month of ice and snow
That brings our lives together
Lends to our year a living glow
That warms its wintry weather.

So let us meet as eve draws nigh,
And life matures and mellows,
Till nature whispers with a sigh,
“Good-night, good-night, old fellows!”

The occasion on which the second poem was read was one of great interest.

The subject of the poem is one of the most learned, deep-thinking, thoroughly trained scholars we have among us. He has reached the age of fourscore years with faculties so brilliant that to say they are unimpaired seems too much like an apology. All who heard his noble discourse on Luther, delivered in 1883 without a note before him, without the least fault of memory or diction, must have been astonished at an intellectual feat which would have been a triumph for any scholarly orator in the full force of his age. It was a great pleasure to join in such a tribute, and if my share of it is not all I could wish, it is not the source of inspiration, but the power to do justice to it, which is to blame.

TO FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE.

AT A DINNER GIVEN HIM ON HIS EIGHTIETH
BIRTHDAY.

December 12th, 1885.

*With a bronze statuette of John of Bologna's
Mercury, presented by a few friends.*

Fit emblem for the altar's side,
And him who serves its daily need,

The stay, the solace, and the guide
Of mortal men, whate'er his creed !

Flamen or Auspex, Priest or Bonze,
He feeds the upward-climbing fire,
Still teaching, like the deathless bronze,
Man's noblest lesson, — to aspire.

Hermes lies prone by fallen Jove,
Crushed are the wheels of Krishna's car,
And o'er Dodona's silent grove
Streams the white ray from Bethlehem's star.

Yet snatched from Time's relentless clutch,
A godlike shape, that human hands
Have fired with Art's electric touch,
The herald of Olympus stands.

Ask not what ore the furnace knew ;
Love mingled with the flowing mass,
And lends its own unchanging hue,
Like gold in Corinth's molten brass.

Take then our gift ; this airy form
Whose bronze our benedictions gild,
The hearts of all its givers warm
With love by freezing years unchilled.

With eye undimmed, with strength unworn,
Still toiling in your Master's field,
Before you wave the growths unshorn,
Their ripened harvest yet to yield.

True servant of the Heavenly Sire,
To you our tried affection clings,
Bids you still labor, still aspire,
But claps your feet and steals their wings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ON THE PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF ARCHITECTURE.

IN a recent number of the London Athenæum there appeared a review of a new translation of Arabian poetry. A passage in this review is worth quoting, because, in commenting on the conditions of civilization which affect that form of art called poetry, it uses language equally applicable to that other form of art called architecture, and is thus unconsciously significant of the close analogy existing between the various forms of art in which man has expressed his higher emotions. The passage, with a few verbal changes, mainly

in substituting the word "architecture" and its derivatives for the word "poetry" and its derivatives, is as follows :—

"The architecture of a people, who have preserved their natural character and simplicity, and have so far learnt nothing from other civilizations, must always possess a strong fascination. As soon as the period of study and learning arrives we obtain, indeed, forms of architecture and poetry beautiful in themselves, and full of the thoughts and inventions, the spirit and characteristics, of the best works of many nations, but

we lose the simplicity, the unaffected naturalness, the fresh outlook upon life and nature, which belong to primitive races. The freshness and sincerity which are exhibited in the architectural works of such races arise from the fact that they formed their styles for themselves, with no assistance from other nations, and developed form naturally and out of necessity, with no admixture of preconceptions derived from books and study. They did not suffer from the difficulties which beset the modern architect; they had no models in other styles *to teach them to affect impressions which they did not feel*; there was no searching after originality with them, since the native and instinctive ideas and forms of art had not been exhausted in their time; and though they spared no pains to attain the utmost degree of artistic finish in their work, they were not ever striving after the discovery of new *motifs*, or rare combinations and tricks of design, to render their work original and interesting."

This quotation may fairly introduce what I have to say on the present condition of architecture. It is impossible justly to study this theme without constant comparison of the attitude, functions, and methods of the architects, who produced what we now recognize as the historical styles, with those of the modern architects, who, far more learned and versatile, far better equipped, are contending with projects of building far more complex, in an atmosphere infinitely less favorable to purely artistic achievement.

We may follow the development of architectural form from the hypostyle temple of Karnac to the Parthenon, from the Parthenon to the Pantheon, from the Pantheon to St. Sophia, from St. Sophia to St. Mark's, from St. Mark's to the cathedral of Cologne, and thence to the basilica of St. Peter in Rome and of St. Paul in London, and can see in these a very frank and undistorted series

of reflections of the progress of the human mind through consecutive civilizations. They are monuments of a succession of well-defined styles, one following the other in logical sequence, and, in a large degree, according to the laws of structural evolution. But after St. Paul came the era of books, prints, and photographs. Since then we have gathered, assimilated, and classified the fruits of all previous civilizations; we have invented a science of æsthetics, which pretends to analyze the very germs of art, to reveal the secret of the spirit of architecture, to discover the mental processes which were unconsciously followed by our less instructed but more fortunate predecessors; we have, in short, become learned, and the architectural result is chaos,—or, at least, what seems chaos to us, who view the results of modern architecture in the distorted and violent perspective of proximity. Possibly,—nay, probably,—to our successors this inchoate, nebulous mass may resolve itself, not into a style in the historical sense, but into a sort of architectural constellation, in which may be seen, in a manner, some reflection of the spirit of the times in which we live.

The profession of architecture is now reproached because it has failed to establish "a style," because it has not agreed upon a system, because its followers do not move in parallel lines onward towards a consummation of art commensurate with our civilization, in the same way that contemporaneous science has moved towards the development of the electric telegraph, of electric lighting, of the telephone; because at our annual conventions the president of the British or American Institute of Architects is not able, like the president of the National or International Academy of Sciences, to report in his address a definite and orderly progress of achievement.

But architecture is a fine art upon a basis of science; if it were a pure science,

we could emulate the electrician, the geologist, the political economist, the naturalist, the civil engineer, and report, like them, an annual record of consistent advance in all that relates to questions of construction and practical building methods. Modern architecture, as a fine art, cannot make its annual boast of improvement, for reasons which are well worth investigating. But, on the other hand, Callicrates in his day could have reported to Pericles, if required, a definite progress in the development of the Doric order within any twelve-month of his career; Apollodorus, in like manner, might have reported to Trajan a corresponding progress in the architectural use of the arch; Anthemius, of Tralles, could easily have described to Justinian a clear advance in domical architecture in any successive half dozen years of the reign; the Abbé Suger could have traced distinct stages of growth in all the details of Gothic art from year to year, if St. Louis had needed any such statement; and Marie de Médicis would not in vain have ordered from Philibert de Lorme a report of annual progress in French Renaissance, nor would Charles II. have been without response if he had thought it worth while to summon Sir Christopher to give account of the conversion of the orders in English hands. Those were days when styles were visibly unfolding towards perfection; when the practice of architecture broadened from precedent to precedent without distraction or bias; when temple followed temple, church followed church, château followed château, in a reasonable development and natural growth of architectural forms, confined within practicable limits. The study of the architect was limited to a type which all understood, and there was an orderly, intelligible, and harmonious evolution of styles. The forms in vogue, by means of a series of practical experiments in a succession of structures of the same sort, adapted to

a comparatively simple condition of civilization, underwent a process of purification and natural enrichment. They gradually approached, and finally achieved, technical perfection and consistent harmony. At length, when the inherent capacities of the style were exhausted by use (the human mind declining to rest upon, or, indeed, to recognize, the attainment of perfection, but demanding ever new things, fresh surprises), it was by degrees overlaid and overwrought with invention, it declined with laborious splendor, and, in due time, gave place to a new set of forms, which were introduced in a political conquest, perhaps, like that of the Normans in England; in a religious revolution, like that of St. Bernard in France; in an intellectual revival, like that of the Renaissance in Italy; or by the influence of a brilliant court, like that of Elizabeth or Louis XIV., demanding an especial expression of splendor or triumph. And these new forms, in their turn, were developed to completion by the same processes of consecutive experiment in a narrow field of enterprise, and constituted in each case a style, an exponent of manners and customs, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, between two brief eras of doubt, called, in the history of art, eras of transition.

Now in the modern architectural chaos there appears to be a notable exception in the work of the French people. In Paris, archæology and the theory of architecture are taught in an official school of fine arts, which is the guardian of the national traditions. In this school the basis of study is the classic formula or dogma of the orders received in the fifteenth century from Italy, and since then adorned and vivified so as to form a great body of national precedent, reflecting the advance and character of French civilization through all its stages. Architecture is in this way officially organized and kept in a steady line of academic develop-

ment. Thus confined, French genius is not, as elsewhere, exhausted in experiments, or spread thin over fields of enterprise too extensive for a display of effective progress; nor is it distracted by capricious archæological revivals. This concentration of energy expresses itself in a degree of refinement in detail, a degree of clearness and directness of thought, a degree of self-restraint and repose, which are quite unapproached in the practice of any other nation. Under this dispensation technical qualities of design are naturally carried to the highest perfection. Refinement is often pressed to the verge of effeminacy. The highest results obtained under this system are, on the one hand, extreme dignity and repose, as in the Palace of Justice; and, on the other, a poetic and florid, but always a correct, brilliancy, as in the Hôtel de Ville, of Paris, and the New Opera. If the architectural conventionalism which it fosters is sometimes commonplace, it is always correct, never illiterate, and often scholarly. If it disciplines individuality of thought, so that the style, in the hands of inferior artists, becomes unduly uniform and uninteresting, it protects common work from the dangerous vagaries of invention, and keeps it pure. Originality is not sought after with the feverish eagerness which must be the prevailing characteristic of work done under a condition of liberty. The school, in fact, is a Propaganda of faith in an arbitrary type of art. While it narrows the range of expression, it encourages academic precision, fosters beautiful invention in detail, and leads to a study of ornament far more delicate and precious in its results than is elsewhere possible. As a school for practice and education, it maintains a conspicuous advantage. Viollet-le-Duc, with all his knowledge and all his convictions, eloquently urged in favor of a return to Greek and mediæval methods in design, was unable to create a successful revolt from the na-

tional styles as established under this official system. On the whole, modern French Renaissance, with its vast accumulation of motifs, resulting from five centuries of constant use in the hands of a naturally inventive and imaginative race, constitutes a language of art, at once homogeneous and copious. If its essential paganism makes it less fit for the expression of romantic, picturesque, or religious thought, and perhaps, by reason of its academical character, less adaptable for domestic purposes, this quality renders it more elastic than any other for monumental and civic uses. It can be gay or grave, profuse or severe, stately or poetic, without straining its resources of expression, and it still continues to reflect the spirit of the times with the same fidelity that has characterized it in all its historic phases from the style of Francis I. to that of Napoleon III.; yet, when used out of France, it becomes an unfruitful exotic, and degenerates into cold conventionalism. Its blossoms invariably die in crossing the English Channel, and when imported to this side of the Atlantic there is nothing left of it but branches and withered leaves.

English architecture, on the other hand, is still groping after a fit type of national expression. If in France, under the patronage of government, there is a living style consistent with national traditions, a style still to a certain extent receiving accretions from the spirit of the times, thus serving as an index of national character, in England, without official guidance, liberty of thought is unrestrained except by the unrecognized influence of custom. The result is that the elements of design, which are repressed by the tyranny of a refined scholasticism on the other side of the channel, find the fullest expression, while the study of detail and ornament, to which French genius has been compelled to confine itself, is essentially wanting. Thus, English architecture abounds in

picturesque, romantic, and religious thought. Indeed, through these sentiments alone, it has occasionally succeeded in entering into the difficult regions of noble architecture; but, with certain exceptions quite rare enough to prove the rule, as in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, in St. George's Hall at Liverpool, in some of the earlier work of Barry in the club houses of London, and in some of Thompson's Greek work in Edinburgh and Glasgow, English essays in classic types of architecture have hitherto proved cold and colorless, if not absolutely incorrect and vulgar. The orders have been used rather as an inflexible geometrical expression than as a language of art. In fact, the English have failed where the French have succeeded; they have succeeded where the French have failed. But the English failure is the more disastrous to the rank of English architecture because its vain attempts to vitalize and nationalize the classic formula have been frequent enough to constitute a characteristic feature. On the other hand, the severe academic training of the French architects has preserved them from conspicuous error in any branch of picturesque or romantic effects which they have attempted. The French, in short, cannot be ungrammatical; but there is no street in a modern English town which is not full of offenses against correctness. Notwithstanding this, the history of modern architecture in England, though its condition of artistic liberty has never given it its Augustan era, to correspond with that of Shakespeare or Addison in literature, attracts our interest and claims our sympathies to a greater degree than that of any other nation. It abounds in episodes of ingenuous and gallant effort. Twenty years ago it became necessary, in the interest of peace and quiet, to exclude by formal by-laws the discussion of the relative merits of classic and of Gothic art in the societies. The profession in England was divided into hostile

camp by an irrepressible conflict of architectural principles. The Gothicists, by the chance of war, gained the day, and held the field undisputed for some fifteen years. This warfare, however grotesque it may now appear to us, who, by conviction and not by indifference, have become catholic, bears witness to a sincerity and zeal on pure questions of principle in art which are unparalleled in history. Indeed, these are among the best fruits of liberty.

The main characteristic of modern English architecture consists in its series of revivals. In the absence of academic taste, guided by official schools, the architect is under the dominion of a prevailing fashion, which, while it lasts, is as powerful as if promulgated by an edict of government. He aims less to please with old forms than to astonish with new. Any strong mind or hand in the profession which is fortunate enough to make a happy revival of a style or phase of architecture, which had until then been laid aside and forgotten, establishes a starting point for a host of young imitators, who at length constitute a school, numerous and enthusiastically followed: and thus a fashion in design takes possession of contemporary art and has its run through a course of years, until some other guiding spirit awakens a new revival and makes a new fashion, which succeeds until its capacity for producing novelty has been exhausted. The movements which have had the most enduring effect are the Gothic revival, the Queen Anne revival, the free classic revival; and now, under the impulse of the new war office competition, we shall see, perhaps, another attempt to acclimate the French Renaissance in England, to do service for a succession of years wherever English thought and English speech prevail.

It is a peculiarity of these successive experiments that they are revivals of completed systems, of forms incapable of further progression. Viollet-le-Duc

justly observed that a prosperous career in art can start only from primitive types, of which the powers of development are unexhausted by use. The practical effect of the revival of a style, which has had its era of glory and its associations of history, is to give to the architect an opportunity to exhibit his ingenuity in adapting old forms to new uses, and to display a facility of quotation which is often mistaken for genius, but which is really little more than memory, cultivated and effective indeed, leading him "to affect impressions which he does not feel," but not touching the springs of life in art. Meanwhile, the public are interested in it simply as they are interested in any other new fashion: not because it has in it the healthy breath of life, but because it is in vogue, and has been made reputable by architectural usage. Few practitioners have courage or force enough not to follow this usage. They are bound by it hand and foot while it lasts, and its powers are tested and strained to the uttermost limits by being forced into service often ungenial to its natural capacity.

It is very noteworthy that the first and greatest of the English revivals, that of mediæval art, had its basis in an awakened conscience. Pugin and Ruskin preached the gospel of this revival; they asked for a return to the era of truth in art; they asked that architectural expression should be controlled by structure, and that decoration should follow the methods of nature. The Gothic revival is the only instance in history of a moral revolution in art. On the other hand, the revival of the style, called of Queen Anne, was a revolution effected under the influence of a literary sentiment. If the genius of Norman Shaw struck the first blow, the genius of Thackeray gave the movement inspiration and character. Both revivals were patriotic, and would have been impossible if not associated with phases of English history. But neither

conscience, nor historic sentiment, nor patriotism, can make art; they can give character and variety, they can supply motifs, they can minister to emotions and inspire poetry, but they cannot make a style. Hence these English fashions, which have had loud and sometimes effective imitations in the practice of American architects, have apparently had no permanent influence in improving the practice of architecture either in England or here. They have made *dilettanti* among the public and *virtuosi* among the architects, but they have not created artists. There is plenty of archæology, but no inspiration, in an architectural fashion which is hampered by the necessity of strict conformity. The Gothic revival gave opportunity for innumerable experiments; for many years it preoccupied the minds of the Anglo-Saxon people, and was ingeniously and sedulously adapted to every possible habit of modern life which could be ministered to by architectural forms. But this adaptation, though the writers have called its results "Victorian Gothic," did not advance Gothic art one step towards the creation of a modern English style, because it did not develop any capacity for expansion in this new service. Its potency for new expressions was speedily exhausted without satisfying the requirements of common sense or meeting the practical conditions to which it was applied. It was replaced — not, it is important to note, through any process of logical succession, by the accident of the Jacobean, or Queen Anne, or free classic revival, which at every point was an offense to the architectural morality engendered by the preachments of Pugin and Ruskin, and possibly a result of them, as the license of Charles II. naturally followed the rigid Puritanism of the Commonwealth. This revival also is proving unsuccessful, because the capacities of the type had been already exhausted before the revivalist made his first quo-

tation. Neither of these types permitted expansion or progress; and the rehabilitations of them have proved to be merely sterile incidents in the history of modern architecture. They have not, so far as we can see, furnished to the English civilization of the nineteenth century any fitting and adequate architectural expositions.

These revivals, as I have said, have found a large and by no means an unintelligent expression in the United States. But the national genius of our architects and their freedom from the tyranny of historic precedent have encouraged them to a far wider range of experiment in architectural forms. Out of these experiments hitherto there have as yet come no definite promises for art. But the higher education of the practitioner and the more exacting demand for studied and grammatical expression have in these latter days, especially in those parts of the country where the better civilization obtains, already practically supplanted the illiterate products of our earlier condition with better work. They have succeeded in establishing a higher technical standard of performance without loss of that quality of intelligent liberty in which lie our greatest hopes and our largest promise. The service of our architectural schools is already amply justified by their results. Their graduates have spread abroad in Western as well as Eastern States, and wherever they have had opportunity of practice they have sown good seed, and are steadily rendering obsolete the normal American types of raw and undisciplined invention, of audacious exaggeration and caprice. This is the first and most wholesome step towards rational reform. We have had good practice and experience in following the English fashions, but here their reign has never been undisputed. By the entire absence of local traditions; by the entire absence of monuments more ancient than those which we call "old colonial" (which we

are recognizing for a little while in our practice to the extent of its limited but respectable capacity); by the entire absence of any official prejudice, of any venerable conventionalities, of any national system of instruction in architecture, we are left in a condition of freedom which is fatal to art while we are ignorant, but capable of great developments when we are educated. In regard to the use of precedent we are essentially eclectic and cosmopolitan. But education is enabling us to accord a proper degree of respect to the formulas and traditions of the Old World, to avail ourselves of them without bias, and to use them with a freedom which is becoming characteristic of our work. We are in position to profit by conventionalities without being bound by them. If our heritage of liberty has made us impatient of academical discipline, it has made us peculiarly hospitable to unprejudiced impressions of beauty and fitness. Our national offense has been license and insolent disrespect of venerable things, arising from want of appreciation and ignorance. We have carried experiment and invention in matters of design further than any other people. We are, as a new nation, a nation of builders. No part of the history of civilization is so abounding in architectural expressions, good, bad, and indifferent, as that of the American people. In quantity, certainly, we have in a given time accomplished more in this field than any other people. Our distinctive practical necessities, our mechanical genius in the matter of building appliances, the nature of our building materials, the exigencies of climate, and the characteristics of social life have created certain corresponding distinctive qualities in our architecture; but they have not established as yet anything approaching that coherent body of architectural forms which constitutes a style.

The architect, in the course of his career, is called upon to erect buildings

for every conceivable purpose, most of them adapted to requirements which have never before arisen in history. Practical considerations of structure, economy, and convenience preoccupy his mind, and his purely and conventionally architectural acquirements are subject to frequent eclipse in practice. His great architectural models give him no hint, and stand too far apart from modern sympathies and use to serve him for inspiration and guidance. Railway buildings of all sorts; churches with parlors, kitchens, and society rooms; hotels on a scale never before dreamt of; public libraries, the service of which is fundamentally different from any of their predecessors; office and mercantile structures, such as no preëxisting conditions of professional and commercial life have ever required; school-houses and college buildings, whose necessary equipment removes them far from the venerable examples of Oxford and Cambridge; skating-rinks, theatres, exhibition buildings of vast extent, casinos, jails, prisons, municipal buildings, music halls, apartment houses, and all the other structures which must be accommodated to the complicated conditions of modern society, — these force the architect to branches of study to which his books, photographs, and sketches give him no direct aid. Out of these eminently practical considerations of planning must grow elevations, of which the essential character, if they are honestly composed, can have no precedent in architectural history.

Even though a prevailing fashion or revival may give a color of unity to contemporary buildings erected under such conditions, what wonder if there is the most perplexing variety of architectural expression? What wonder if the superficial critic, seeking for a characteristic type and finding none, cries out that art is dead, that there is no American style? What wonder if he decries the American architect as a crea-

ture without convictions? In fact, the canons of criticism which guided the opinions of our forefathers under narrower conditions, and which led them to pronounce judgment with the formulas "correct" or "not correct," are no longer applicable. The art which of all the fine arts is the only one dependent on practical considerations must be a free art, from the nature of the case. It cannot be confined within the bounds of any historic styles and remain true to its functions; it cannot meet the requirements of modern life in a strait-jacket of antiquarian knowledge and archæological forms. The functions of the critic have become far more difficult, and require a far more catholic, unprejudiced, and judicial mind, a far wider range of knowledge and sympathy, than could possibly grow up under the teachings or examples of Vitruvius or Palladio, Philibert de Lorme or Sir William Chambers, Sir Christopher Wren or the brothers Adam, Pugin or Ruskin, or any other prophet or expounder of ancient principles, with their rigid doctrines of exclusions and their exact formulas of practice in design. It is an era of experiment and invention, of boldness and courage. Conscientious fidelity to style in the merely archæological sense no longer leads to great and successful achievements, because the requirements of modern buildings are far beyond its capacity. The narrow city façade, crowded with necessary windows, elbowed by uncongenial neighbors, restricted by municipal regulations, with story piled upon story, and the whole hanging over a void filled with enormous sheets of glass, the *bête noir* of architectural composition, is a defiance to all rule and precedent in art. Iron construction can be adjusted neither according to the elegant precepts of Vitruvius nor the more elastic principles of mediæval art. At every step the architect is confronted with problems which cannot be solved by the suggestions of his

library and sketch-book. He is compelled to employ new devices, to invent, to reconcile incongruous conditions, to strain the conventionalities of architectural design beyond their capacity, to produce new things. The result, in the absence of a wise and thorough architectural training in the fundamental principles of art, is confusion of types, illiterate combinations, an evident breathlessness of effort and striving for effect, with the inevitable loss of repose, dignity, and style. The practitioner becomes reckless of rules, and, despairing of being able to please, he aims to astonish.

Under these conditions, a new style of architecture—a style in the sense of the great historical styles, as those of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, mediæval Saracenic, and early Renaissance periods—is impossible. But good architecture *is* possible. The progress of architectural knowledge has already begun to enable us to have our own revivals, and the experiments we are trying in this respect, being free from the prejudices of patriotic sentiment which I believe to be a serious hindrance to the advance of English art, are curious and not without promise. Among these minor revivals, that of the Romanesque forms of Auvergne, in which the vigorous round arches, the robust columns, the strong capitals, and the rich but semi-barbaric sculpture are tempered with reminiscences of the finer Roman art, is at the moment the most interesting and perhaps the most promising. Mr. H. H. Richardson deserves great credit for his persistency in pressing this style towards the limits of its possibilities. It has the advantage of being an early and uncorrupted type, and it will be interesting to see in what direction and to what end its apparently unexhausted capacities will lead us, by the course of constant and intelligent experiment to which it is now subjected. But these experiments are often open to the charge of an affectation of barbarism and heaviness incon-

sistent with our civilization. They have hardly broken loose from the bonds of precedent in the style, or shown signs of acquiring new elements with any tendency to that delicacy and refinement which are necessary to satisfy modern culture, or to that elasticity essential to modern requirements. This revival will cease to be a masquerade, and will be in the healthy path of natural development, as soon as it begins to show a capacity for adjustment to our material and moral conditions. Whether it will succeed in reaching this stage, or whether it will presently begin to fatigue by monotony and so fall into disuse, there is no question that the experiment is based upon sounder principles than that of any other now under study. To take a larger view of the present attitude of American architecture, there is no doubt in my own mind that all the conditions are favorable to developments of the greatest interest. With thorough education, the future of our architectural practice is secure, and though “the American style” may never be realized, *style* will undoubtedly be a feature in our work, and will give it high rank in the history of art. Indeed, our best achievements are already showing how a certain unconventional art of the highest sort may be an essential part of the science of good building, and are not surpassed, in respect to genuine promise, by any contemporary work whatever in any part of the world.

This essay began with a quotation explaining how the necessary equipment of the modern architect, his organized business appliances, his library, his prints, his photographs, his familiarity with the historic styles in all their phases of development, glory, and decline, his conscious æsthetics,—his study, in short, has predisposed him to insincerity and affectation, and prevented him from competing on equal terms with the creators of the great styles. There is another element of difficulty which it is impor-

tant to note. Our predecessors, before the era of learning, had the good fortune to be sustained by public sympathy. Criticism they felt to be an active, incessant, and intelligent force. There could be no such thing among them as pedantry. The language of art was a common language which all understood; it was therefore used with force, correctness, and discretion, and broke naturally into poetry and songs. The result was that the builder designed, not better than he knew, but under correction, and with the knowledge that his efforts would be appreciated at their full value; he was encouraged, surrounded, sustained, admonished, and taught by public opinion. If, in this atmosphere, he was a leader, it was solely by force of genius working in familiar paths. The people were all handiworkers. Fingers, brains, and heart wrought together at the forge, in the stone-cutter's yard, with the weaver's shuttle, at the jeweler's bench, with the carver's chisel, in the armorer's shop. The mind of every artisan was prompt to conceive, and his hand was quick to execute variations of form in his own craft, to give new interest and individuality to his work, however humble. It was natural

Dass er im innern Herten spüret
Was er erschafft mit seiner Hand.

This constant exercise of intelligent invention made him sensitive to every expression of art, and he was not indifferent when his brethren, the stone-carvers, or painters, or workers in wood or metal or glass, united their best individual handiwork in an architectural symphony. Under this pressure, with this powerful correlation of forces behind, the growth of definite architectural styles was inevitable.

It was no less inevitable, in the progress of civilization, that labor-saving machinery should take the place of handiwork; that artisans should become mechanics or tenders of machinery, in whose product their best qualities of

mind and heart could have no concern whatever. Thus the common artistic instinct, which, in the aggregate, constituted intelligent public sympathy in Athens, in Ravenna, in the Isle de France, does not exist in Manchester and New York. The architect is left to work out his problems alone, "with difficulty and labor hard," unsustained by appreciative recognition and criticism, buried in the study of ancient precedent and in the contemplation of theories of design. The fundamental motive of his work is changed, and the best results of his labors, more or less affected by the pale cast of thought, are set up in the public places in complete silence. Criticism, if any, has become indifferent and careless. The architect is neither praised for his good points, nor blamed for his bad. Few care whether they are good or bad. They are not understood. In this emergency the architects unite in societies, for the sake of professional fellowship and mutual encouragement. They form a caste apart; they are no longer the leaders and exponents of public sentiment and thought in questions of art; no longer agents in the development of a style. Not having the correction, the stimulus, and assistance of public knowledge and interest to keep them in a straight path of fruitful development, they make devious excursions in new fields, they "affect impressions which they do not feel," they masquerade in various capricious disguises, all with the hope of astonishing the ignorant and arousing the indifferent.

Under these circumstances, it is much to be feared that the advance of the profession in these modern days is, to a large extent, a progress of architecture into regions inaccessible to the public. The most intelligent laymen do not pretend to appreciate its motives or to comprehend its results. But without their aid architecture cannot advance.

The members of the profession have begun to say one to the other, Let us

cease this process of fruitless sophistication; let us study how we can excite intelligent interest. This point once gained, we shall at length have established a standard of performance which, if advanced by us in our practice with wise persistency and honest, straightforward endeavor, may at length give us a public whose good opinion will be worth earning. We have discovered that mere caprice, mere novelty, will not answer. This may amuse the vulgar for a while, but it makes the judicious grieve. When in our schools and in our practice we can succeed in cultivating a fine artistic feeling and in establishing really catholic ideals in design without falling into dilettanteism or into habits of mere imitation; when we can use our knowledge of good examples, modern and ancient, so that it will not

betray us into quotations for the sake of quotations, into correctness for the sake of correctness; when we can work without caprice and design *reasonably*, so that every detail shall be capable of logical explanation and defense, without detriment to a pervading spirit of unity; when we can be refined without weakness, bold without brutality, learned without pedantry; when, above all, we can content ourselves with simplicity and purity, and refrain from affectations; we shall have conquered the indifference of the people, and shall have accomplished more than has yet been done in modern England with all its archæology, or in modern France with all its academical discipline, but we shall have done no more than should result from an intelligent use of our precious and unparalleled condition of liberty in art.

Henry Van Brunt.

GRANT.

WHEN any great historical event is past, fame soon begins to concentrate itself on one or two leading figures, dropping inexorably all minor ones. How furious was the strife waged in England over West India emancipation, and then over the abolition of the corn-laws! Time, money, intellect, reputation, were freely bestowed for both these enterprises. But those great sacrifices are now forgotten; the very names of those who made them are lost; posterity associates only Wilberforce and Clarkson with the one agitation, Cobden and Bright with the other. In the same way, out of all the heroic gladiators of the long anti-slavery struggle, men will soon remember only Garrison and Phillips, or Garrison and John Brown. When we turn to the war which saved the Union and brought emancipation, we find that the roll of fame is similarly

narrowing. There is scarcely an American under thirty who is familiar with even the name of John P. Hale, whom Garrison called "the Abdiel of New Hampshire," or of Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, and historian of that slave power which he did so much toward overthrowing. The acute and decorous Seward, the stately Chase, the imperious Stanton, even the high-minded and commanding Sumner, with his reservoirs of knowledge,—all these are already fading from men's memories. Fifty years hence, perhaps, the mind of the nation will distinctly recognize only two figures as connected with all that great upheaval,—Lincoln and Grant.

Of these two, Grant will have one immeasurable advantage, in respect to fame,—that he wrote his own memoirs. A man who has done this can never

become a myth; his individuality is as sure of preservation as is that of Cæsar. Something must of course depend upon the character of such an autobiography: it may by some mischance reveal new weaknesses only, or reaffirm and emphasize those previously known; it may disenchant us, like the late memoirs of Carlyle and Hawthorne. Here again Grant is fortunate: his book is one of the greatest of his victories, and those who most criticised his two administrations may now be heard doubting whether they did, after all, any justice to the man. These memoirs — or the single volume from which alone an estimate can yet be formed — have that first and highest quality both of literature and manhood, simplicity. Without a trace of attitudinizing or a suspicion of special pleading, written in a style so plain and terse that it suggests the reluctant conversation of a naturally reticent man, they would have a charm if the author had never emerged from obscurity except to write them. Considered as the records of the foremost soldier of his time, they are unique and of inestimable value.

This value is reinforced, at every point, by a certain typical quality which the book possesses. As with Lincoln, so with Grant, the reader hails with delight this exhibition of the resources of the Average American. It is not in the least necessary for the success of republican government that it should keep great men, so to speak, on tap, all the time; it is rather our theory to be guided in public affairs by the general good sense of the community. What we need to know is whether leaders will be forthcoming for specific duties when needed; and in this the civil war confirmed the popular faith, and indeed developed it almost into fatalism. It is this representative character of the book which fascinates; the way in which destiny, looking about for material, took Grant and moulded him for a certain

work. Apparently, there was not in him, during his boyhood, the slightest impulse toward a military life. He consented to go to West Point merely that he might visit New York and Philadelphia; that done, he would have been glad of any steamboat or railroad accident that should make it for a time impossible to enter the academy. The things that he enjoyed were things that had scarcely the slightest reference to the career that lay unconsciously before him. Sydney Smith had a brother, known as Bobus, who bore through life this one distinction: that he had been thrashed as a boy by a schoolmate who subsequently became the Duke of Wellington. "He began with you," said Sydney Smith, "and ended with Napoleon." Grant began by breaking in a troublesome horse, and ended with the Southern Confederacy.

There is always a certain piquant pleasure in the visible disproportion of means to ends. All Grant's early preparation or non-preparation for military life inspires the same feeling of gratified surprise with which we read that the young Napoleon, at the military school of St. Cyr, was simply reported as "very healthy." At West Point, Grant was at the foot of his class in the tactics, and he was dropped from sergeant to private in the junior year. A French or German officer would have looked with contempt on a military cadet who never had been a sportsman and did not think he should ever have the courage to fight a duel. It would seem as if fate had the same perplexing problem in choosing its man for commander-in-chief that every war-governor found in his choice of colonels and captains. Who could tell, how was any one to predict, what sort of soldier any citizen would be? Grant himself, when he came to appoint three men in Illinois as staff officers, failed, by his own statement, in two of the selections. What traits, what tendencies, shown in civil life furnished

the best guarantee for military abilities? None, perhaps, that could be definitely named, except habitual leadership in physical exercises. Of all positions, the captaincy of a college crew or a base-ball club was surest to supply qualities available for military command. But even for athletic exercises, except so far as horses were concerned, Grant had no recorded taste.

Nor does his career in the Mexican war seem to have settled the point; and his animated sketch of that event, though one of the most graphic ever written, fails to give any signal proof of great attributes of leadership. This part of his book is especially interesting as showing the really small scale of the military events which then looked large. It is hard for us to believe that General Taylor invaded Mexico with three thousand men, a force no greater than was commanded at different times by dozens of mere colonels, during the war for the Union. It is equally hard to believe that these men carried flintlock muskets, and that their heaviest ordnance consisted of two eighteen-pound guns, while the Mexican artillery was easily evaded by simply stepping out of the way of the balls. It is difficult to convince ourselves that General Taylor never wore uniform, and habitually sat upon his horse with both feet hanging on the same side. Yet it was amid so little pomp and circumstance as this that Grant first practiced war. The experience developed in him sufficient moral insight to see, all along, that it was a contest in which his own country was wrong; and the knowledge he gained of the characters of his fellow officers was simply invaluable, when he came to fight against some of them. At Fort Donelson he knew that with any force, however small, he could march within gunshot of General Pillow's entrenchments; and when General Buckner said to him, after the surrender, that if he had been in command the Union

army would not have got up to the fort so easily, Grant replied that if Buckner had been in command he should not have tried in the way he did.

He was trained also by his Mexican campaign in that habit of simple and discriminating justice to an opponent which is so vital in war. The enormous advantages gained by the Americans over superior numbers during that contest have always been rather a puzzle to the reader. Grant makes it clear when he says that, though the Mexicans often "stood up as well as any troops ever did," they were a mere mob for want of trained supervision. He adds, with some humor, "The trouble seemed to be the lack of experience among the officers, which led them after a certain period to simply quit without being whipped, but because they had fought enough." He notes also that our losses in those battles were relatively far greater than theirs, and that for this reason and because of the large indemnity paid at last, the Mexicans still celebrate Chapultepec and Molino del Rey as their victories, very much as Americans, under circumstances somewhat similar, celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill. Finally, Grant has the justice to see that, as Mexico has now a standing army and trained officers, the war of 1846-8 would be an impossibility in this generation.

When Grant comes to deal with the war for the Union itself, his prevailing note of simplicity gives a singularly quiet tone to the narrative. In his hands the tales of Shiloh and Donelson are told with far less of sound and fury than the boys' football game in Tom Brown at Rugby. In reading the accounts of these victories, it seems as if anybody might have won them; and so the traveler, looking from Chamonix at the glittering slopes of Mont Blanc, feels as if there were nothing to do but to walk right up. Did any one in history ever accomplish so much as Grant with

so little conscious expenditure of force, or meet dangers and worries so imperturbably? "I told them that I was not disturbed." "Why there should have been a panic I do not see." This is the sort of remark that occurs at intervals throughout the memoirs, and usually at the crisis of affairs; and this denotes the conquering temperament. Perhaps the climax of this expression is found when Grant says incidentally, "While a battle is raging one can see his enemy mowed down by the thousand, or even the ten thousand, with great composure; but after the battle these scenes are distressing, and one is naturally disposed to do as much to alleviate the suffering of an enemy as [of] a friend." It is the word "composure" that is here characteristic; many men would share in the emotion, but very few would describe it by this placid phrase. Again, the same quality is shown when, in describing the siege of Vicksburg, after "the nearest approach to a council of war" he ever held, Grant pithily adds, "Against the general and almost unanimous judgment of the council I sent the following letter,"—this containing essentially the terms that were accepted. Indeed, it is needless to point out how imperturbable must have been the character of the man who would take with him on a campaign his oldest son, a boy of twelve, and say of him at the end, "My son. . . caused no anxiety either to me or to his mother, who was at home. He looked out for himself, and was in every battle of the campaign."

This phlegmatic habit made General Grant in some respects uninteresting, as compared, for instance, with the impulsive and exuberant Sherman; but it gave him some solid and admirable minor qualities. "Our army," said Uncle Toby, "swore terribly in Flanders," but the commander of the great Union army, by his own statement, was "not aware of ever having used a profane expletive" in his life. There is no more curious

and inexplicable characteristic than the use of language. Lincoln impresses one as representing, on the whole, a higher type of character than Grant; more sympathetic, more sensitive, more poetic. Yet Lincoln would tell an indelicate story with the zest of a bar-room lounge, while Grant, by the general testimony of his staff officers, disliked and discouraged everything of the kind. There is a mediæval tale of a monk who was asked by a peasant to teach him a psalm, and he chose that beginning with the verse, "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." Having learned thus much, the peasant went away, saying that he would try and practice it before going further; but he never returned, not having succeeded in living up to the first verse. Grant was apparently more successful.

Mere imperturbability would, however, be useless to a commander without that indefinable quality known as military instinct; and it was this which Grant possessed in a higher degree, probably, than any other man of his time. Like all instinct, it is difficult to distinguish from the exceedingly rapid putting of this and that together; as where Grant at Fort Donelson, finding that the knapsacks of the slain enemy were filled with rations, saw at once that they were trying to get away, and renewed the attack successfully. Again, when General Buell had some needless anxiety at Nashville and sent for large reinforcements, Grant told him, on arriving at the scene of action, that he was mistaken; the enemy was not advancing, but retreating. General Buell informed him that there was fighting in progress only ten or twelve miles away; upon which Grant said that this fighting was undoubtedly with the rear-guard of the Confederates, who were trying to carry off with them all the stores they could; and so it proved. Indeed, it was from an equally prompt recognition of what was really needed that he

pressed on Vicksburg at all. Sherman, usually classed as daring and adventurous, dissuaded him, and wished him to hold fast to his base of supplies. Grant, usually esteemed cautious, insisted on going on, saying that the whole country needed a decisive victory just then, even if won at a great risk.

The very extent of Grant's military command has in one respect impaired his reputation; because he marshaled more men than his opponents, he has been assumed to be less great as a soldier than they were. The *Saturday Review*, for instance, forgetting that interior lines may make a small force practically equivalent to a large one, treats Grant's success, to this day, as merely the irresistible preponderance of greater numbers. But it was precisely here that Grant was tested as Lee was not. To say that it is easier to succeed with a larger force than a smaller one is like saying that it is easier to get across the country with a four-in-hand than in a pony phaeton: it is all very true if the road is smooth and straight and the team well broken; but if the horses are balky and the road a wilderness, the inexperienced driver will be safer with a single steed. The one thing that crushes a general of secondary ability is to have more men than he knows how to handle; his divisions simply get into one another's way, and his four-in-hand is in a hopeless tangle. Many a man has failed with a great force who would have been superb with a Spartan band. Garibaldi himself did not fit well into the complex mechanism of a German army. "Captain," said a bewildered volunteer naval lieutenant, accustomed

to handling his own small crew upon the quarter-deck of his merchant vessel, — "captain, if you will just go below, and take two thirds of these men with you, I'll have this ship about in no time." It is possible that Lee might have commanded a million men as effectively as Grant did, but we shall never know, for that brilliant general had no opportunity to make the experiment. Meanwhile, it is a satisfaction to observe that the most willing European critic can impair the fame of one great American soldier only by setting up that of another. In the next national war — may it be distant — our Grants and our Lees will form a part of one army.

The claims of Grant to permanent fame will lie first in the fact that he commanded the largest civilized armies the world ever saw; secondly, that with these armies he saved the integrity of the American nation; thirdly, that he did all this by measures of his own initiating, rarely calling a council of war, and commonly differing from it when called; fourthly, that he did all this for duty, not glory, and in the spirit of a citizen, not the military spirit, persisting to the last that he was, as he told Bismarck, more of a farmer than a soldier; then again, that when tested by the severest personal griefs and losses in the decline of life, he showed the same strong qualities still; and finally, that in writing his own memoirs he was simple as regards himself, candid towards opponents, and has thus given us a book which will be, if it goes on as it has begun, better worth reading than any military autobiography since *Cæsar's Commentaries*.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

IN THE CLOUDS.

V.

THE officer laid his hand on the jagged lower ledge of the niche. His hat and its shadow, like some double-headed monster, slowly appeared above the verge as he climbed the crag. The sheep shrank back precipitately into the cavernous place, their hoofs crowding over the young mountaineer. He lay at full length in motionless suspense.

There was a moment's pause. A cloud crossed the moon. Its shadow fell in Hazel Valley. A gust of wind stole along the mountain slopes, sighing as it went, as if its errand were of sorrow. Then, silence. The brilliant lustre burst forth again, suffusing the heights above and the depths so far below. In the midst of the craggy steeps the huddled sheep looked mildly down, with bright, apprehensive eyes, at the officer.

"Nuthin' but sheep," he said, scanning the interior of the niche.

It seemed to Mink, hidden by his fleecy comrades, that the stone walls of his refuge resounded with the loud throbbing of his heart, which must betray him.

"D'ye reckon," said the sheriff below, "ez that woman could hev made a mistake 'bout hev'n' seen him on this road?"

"Mrs. Beale knows Mink Lorey ez well ez I do," declared the constable.

"Mought hev been foolin' us some," suggested the sheriff, suspiciously.

"She hain't got no call," the constable reasoned. As he partly stood on a sharp projection, and partly hung by one arm to the ledges of the niche, he took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and perilously gnawed at it.

"Waal, I reckon he ain't round hyarabouts," said the sheriff, with an intona-

tion of disappointment. "We hed better push on."

The double-headed monster, chewing as he went, the action reproduced in frightful pantomime on the floor of the cavern, slowly withdrew. There was heavy breathing; the sound of falling clods and fragments of rock, and of straining bushes and roots as the descending officer clutched them. A sudden final thud announced that he had sprung upon his feet on level ground.

A momentary interval, a clatter of hoofs, and the double file of horsemen and their mounted shadows, erect upon the vertical cliffs of the rock-bound road, passed slowly along the wild, narrow way. Long after they had disappeared the sound of the hoof-beats intruded upon the stillness, and died away, and again smote the air with dull iteration, reverberating from distant crags of the winding road.

When all was still, Mink's mind turned again to his perplexities with a sharpened sense of the necessity of decision. The project which Alethea had suggested began to shape itself in his mind in full detail, as he lay there and thought it over. The alternative of skulking about to avoid arrest was too doubtful and limited to be contemplated.

"The sheriff air a-ridin' now," he said. "an' the constable too — an' what made 'em fetch along fower other men ez a posse?" he broke off suddenly, recognizing the incongruity.

His lip curled with satisfaction. "They mus' hev been powerful 'feard o' me," he said, his heart swelling with self-importance, "ter think 't would take six men ter arrest me fur a leetle job like that."

He appreciated, however, that the

midnight caper at the mill had shaken all the securities of the mountain community, and it was to the immediate personal interest of every man within twenty miles that he should be dealt with as harshly as the law would allow. But if, he argued, without waiting for arrest, he should go down to-morrow, — not to old Griff (bold as he was, he hardly dared encounter the miller's rage), but to some man of influence, some mediator, old Squire White, perhaps, — and tell what he had done, and offer in reparation to give the miller all he possessed, his mare, his gun, his hogs, might he not thus avert the more serious phases of a prosecution, or perhaps escape altogether?

Turn as he might, he could see only the sacrifice of his little all as the price of his orgy.

"I'd hev ter pay it ter the lawyer ter defend me; or mebbe old Griff could git it out'n me ez damages ennyhow. I can't holp losing it. I'll gin it up, an' begin over, an' make it up with Lethe, — I don't keer a straw fur all the t'others, — an' git married an' be stiddy. I never war so wild nohow when me an' her war promised. 'Mebbe bein' jawed at, an' sech, air good fur folks, an' holped ter keep me quiet in them days, — leastwise ez quiet ez I war able ter be," he qualified, the recollection of sundry active vagaries constraining him.

Although doubts and fears still lurked in his mind, he found himself waiting for dawn, not with hope or impatience, but with the dull resolution of reluctant decision. He could hardly have said why, but he experienced a disappointment as he noted the weather signs. The mists thickened and pervaded the moonbeams in gigantic wavering spectral effects. Over toward the Great Smoky they slowly tended, those veiled mystic figures, with diaphanous trailing garments, and sometimes a lifted hand as if to swear by the heaven it almost touched. He watched the throngs grow

denser, lose the similitude of individuality, take on the aspect of lowering clouds. The moonbeams glittered faintly and failed. When the day broke at last, the light expressed itself only in the dull visibility of the enveloping vapors. Not the depths of Hazel Valley, not the slopes of Big Injun Mounting, could be seen as he clambered out of the niche and down upon the road. Even the log at its verge serving as a curb seemed a sort of defense against the usurping immateriality which had engulfed the rest of the world. He heard the moisture dripping from the summit of the craggy heights; sometimes, too, the quick, tumultuous patter of a shower in Hazel Valley, as if a cloud had lost its balance on the brink of the mountain and had fallen into the depths beneath.

He trudged along, seeing nothing but the blank inexpressiveness of the encompassing clouds, with only the vaguest divination of the locality and the distance.

"I would n't feel so weighted ef the weather would clear," he said.

Once he paused, suddenly recollecting that to-day the county court was in session, and that Squire White was doubtless at Shaftesville. When he thought of the unaccustomed scenes of the town, the people, their questions and comments, he wavered again. Then he remembered Alethea. "She 'lowed 't' would be jestice an' the bes' ez I could do ennyhows, an' somehow the critter 'pears ter be right in her jedgmints. So I reckon I'll jes' 'bide by Lethe's word."

Presently the mists began to lift. He could see along the green aisles of the forest how they wavered and shifted in the tops of the trees. Everywhere the flowers were blooming, — the trumpet blossom and the jewel-weed, the delicate lilac "Christmas flower," the "mountain snow," the red cardinal blossoms, and, splendid illumination of the woods, the Chilhowee lily. All along the way-

side, silvery cascades tumbled over the rocks and amongst fantasies of ferns, and the laurel and the ivy crowded the banks of the torrent. When he was fairly in the valley, fences bordered the road, with poke-berries darkly glittering in corners crowded with weeds. He was nearing Shaftesville now. A little house appeared here and there, a stretch of open land, stacks of fodder, an occasional passer.

High up in the air were suggestions of sunshine, yellow, diffusive, but not penetrating the vapors below. All at once the beams burst through. The mists dallied for a moment longer; then with a suggestion of spreading wings they rose in slow, shining, ethereal flights. Among them, as he skirted the crest of a hill, appeared the roofs of the little town, the tower of the court-house, the church steeple, all dissolving into invisibility like some vain vagary of the mist, as he descended into the intervenient dale.

The grass-grown streets were astir with jeans-clad countrymen already in with wagons drawn by oxen, or with a drove of bleating sheep running helter-skelter, and demonstrating their bucolic proclivities by a startling lack of adaptation to the thoroughfares of Shaftesville; a few loungers were sitting on the barrels and boxes in front of the doors of the stores; Mink met no one he knew as he went. One man on the rickety steps of the old court-house knew him, perhaps, for he looked hard at him as he passed; then turned and stared after him with an expression which Mink could hardly analyze. He scowled fiercely in return, and took his way into the room in which several of the justices sat, amicably chatting together, for the day's proceedings had not yet been inaugurated. With a sudden vague irritation and bewilderment Mink beheld upon each countenance, the moment they caught sight of him, the same amazed intentness which had characterized the look of

the man on the steps. He felt a sort of dull ache in his heart, a turbulence in his blood pulsing fast, a heavy, dazed consciousness which gave the scene the dim unreality of a dream: the sunshine, pale and flickering, outlining the panes of the windows on the dirty floor; the stove, that stood in its place winter and summer; the circle of bearded, jeans-clad justices, all their faces turned toward him, seeming not unlike, with the same expression upon each.

Mink began abruptly, but with an effort, addressing the chairman. "I kem over hyar, Squair," he said, "kase I wanter leave ter men what I done. I ain't goin' ter hide nuthin' nor run away from nuthin'. I ain't sayin' what I done war right, but I 'm willin' ter abide by my deed ez fur ez leavin' it ter men, an' furdur."

He was fluent now. There was an exhilaration in this close attention from these men whom he esteemed mighty in the law, in this pose of importance before them, in the generosity of the offer he was about to make. He spoke responsive to the respectful surprise with which his fancy had endowed them.

"I war drunk, Squair. I ain't denyin' it none. Naw, sir, I ain't."

He nodded his head, and pushed his broad hat further back on his long, auburn locks.

"I'll jes' tell ye how it war, Squair." He shifted his weight upon one stalwart leg, and bent over a little, and looked down meditatively at his boots as he arranged his ideas in his mind. "I war drunk, Squair," he reiterated, as he came once more to the perpendicular. "How I kem so, it don't consarn me to say. But me an' old man Griff, we hed hed words 'bout my teachin' Tad ter play 'five corn'; he 'lowed 't war a gamblin' game, — mighty old-fashioned game, ye know yerself, Squair, — an' ez I kem along back that night I 'lowed I'd start the mill an' see him run out skeered. An' I dunno what I done ter the wheel,

but it jes' seemed ter be plumb 'witched when I lifted the gate. It jes' performed an' cavorted round like it hed the jim-jams;—ye never seen nuthin' act like it done sence ye war born, Squair. An' I tried ter let the gate down, but war plumb shuck off'n the race. An' the mill begun ter shake, Squair, an' fust I knowed down it went inter the ruver. An' ez I seen a light in the old man's house I 'lowed he war a-comin' fur me." He laughed a little. "Old Griff be a powerful survigrous old man when his dander hev riz, so I jes' rid off ez fas' ez I could."

There was no responsive smile upon the stony, staring faces turned toward him. But he was quite at ease now. He hardly cared to notice that a man went hurriedly out of the room and came back. "I'm mighty sorry fur the old man, Squair," he resumed. "Surely I am. An' ter prove it, me an' the gal I'm a-goin' ter marry, we-uns 'greed tergether ez I'd gin him my mare, an' my hogs, an' a gun, an' fower sheep, an' 't would build him another mill better 'n the one he hed, ef he could git the mill-stones hefted. I'd go help myself."

Still not a word from the justices. Other men had begun to come in. They, too, stood silently listening. Mink was all debonair and cheery again, so fairly had he exploited his mission. As to the man who had gone out and returned, Mink stared hard at him, for he was not an acquaintance, yet he approached and held out his hand. Mink slowly extended his own. A sudden grip of iron encircled the unsuspecting member; the other hand was caught in a rude grasp. A harsh, grating sound, the handcuffs were locked upon his wrists, and the deputy sheriff lifted a countenance scarlet with repressed excitement. He passed his hands quickly all along the prisoner's side to make sure that he carried no concealed weapons, then ejaculated, "Now ye 're all right!"

The young mountaineer's head was in

a whirl. His heart beat tumultuously. His voice sounded to him far away. His volition seemed to rebel. Surely he did not utter the stammering, incoherent, foaming curses that he heard. They terrified him. He strove with futile strength to tear off these fetters, every muscle strained. For the first time in his life, he, the wild, free creature of the woods, felt the bonds of constraint, the irking touch of a man he could not strike. Old Squire White, who had moved out of the way with an agility wonderful in a man of his years, exhorted the deputy to his duty.

"Ye mus' gin him the reason fur his arrest, ez he hev axed fur it, Mr. Skeggs, sech bein' the law o' Tennessee. Ye'd better tell him, sence the sher'ff hev carried off the warrant, that he air arrested fur the drownin' o' Tad Simpkins."

Mink hardly heard. He did not heed. He only tore desperately at the handcuffs, every cord standing out, every vein swelled to bursting; stamping wildly about while the scuttling, excited crowd nimbly kept out of his way. He turned the glare of reddened eyes upon the deputy, who mechanically repeated the justice's words, still following the prisoner with soothing insistence. Suddenly Mink clasped his hands above his head and brought them down together, striking the man upon the back of the neck with the handcuffs and dangling chain. The deputy dropped to the ground as if he had been shot. Mink made a burst toward the door; he was seized by a dozen willing hands, thrown down, and pinioned. He fainted, perhaps, for it was only the free outer air that roused him to the knowledge that he was borne through the streets, followed by a gaping, hooting crowd, black and white. Then ensued another interval of unconsciousness. When he came to himself he stared blankly at his unfamiliar surroundings.

He was alone. He felt weak, sore. He turned his bewildered eyes toward

the light. The window was barred. He sprang up from the bed on which he lay, stumbling, for his ankles were ironed as well as his wrists. He shuffled along and tried the door. He beat upon it and shouted in baffled rage. Stealthy footsteps sounded outside from time to time, excited whispers, and once a low titter.

Somehow, ridicule conquered him as force could not. He slunk back to the bed, and there he lay quiet, that no stir might come to the mocker without. Sometimes he would lift his head and listen with a sort of terror for the step, for the suppressed breathing, for the low laugh. Often his eyes would rest, dilated, fascinated, on the door. Then he would fall back, reviewing futilely the scenes through which he had passed. What was that strange thing they had said? It was indistinct for a time; he could not constrain his reluctant credulity. But those terrible words, the drowning of Tad Simpkins, beset his memory, and came back to him again and again. And then he recalled that weird cry from out the crash of the falling timbers of the mill. Could the ill-treated little drudge have slept there? He had a vague idea that he had once heard that when the old man was angry he would swear that he would not give Tad house-room, and would cast him out into the night, or shut him into the mill and lock the door upon him. And remembering that cry of despair, so anguished an echo rose to Mink's lips that he turned and buried his head in the pillow because of the scoffer in the hall without.

The room darkened gradually; all the shadows were glooming about him. The moon rose after a time. The beams in radiant guise came slanting in, and despite the bars stood upon the floor, a lustrous presence, and leaned against the wall. It reminded him of the angel of the Lord,—tall, ethereal, fair, and crowned with an amaranthine wreath,—who burst the bars and appeared to

the disciple in prison. With that arrogation of all spiritual bounties, so pathetically human, he perceived no incongruity that such a similitude should appear to him. In some sort it comforted him. It moved from time to time, and slowly crossed, pace by pace, the floor of the cell.

VI.

That terrible isolation of identity, the burden of individuality which every man must bear alone, is never so poignantly appreciated as when some anguish falls on the solitary soul, while those who would wish to share it are unconscious and others uncaring.

News, the worldling, was never a pioneer, and hangs aloof from the long stretches of the wildernesses of the Great Smoky Mountains. It seemed afterward to Alethea that she had lacked some normal faculty, to have been so tranquilly uncognizant, so heedlessly placid, in the days that ensued. The glimpse of the world vouchsafed to Wild-Cat Hollow was silent, peaceful, steeped in the full, languorous sheen of the midsummer sun, never a cloud in the sky, never a wind astir. To look down upon the cove, with its wooded levels, its verdure, its silver glint of waters, and its sheltering mountains, it might have seemed only the scene of some serene eclogue,—especially one afternoon when the moon was in the amber sky before the sun was set. Contrasted with the full, rich earthly tints of the landscape, it had a spiritual, pearly luminosity of a transcendent effect, like the jewel of a biblical metaphor. The red unseen west flung roseate tints upon the strata clouds, with delicate intervening spaces of the pale blue heavens, above the sombre, solemn mountains. The voices projected upon this mute placidity had a strident emphasis. There was the occasional clamor of guineafowls about the barn, and some turkeys

were flying up to roost on the naked boughs of a dead tree, drawn in high relief and sharp detail against the sky; they fluttered down often, with heavy wings, and ungainly flappings, and discordant cries, in their vain efforts to settle the question of precedence that harassed them. The lowing of the home-ward-bound cows had fugue-like communings with their echoes. Alethea, going out to meet them, doubted within herself at times whether they had crossed the mountain stream that coursed through Wild-Cat Hollow. The black-berry brambles swayed full fruited above it; in the lucid, golden-brown, gravelly depths a swift shadow darted, turned, cleft the surface with a fin, and was gone. A great skeleton tree, broken half-way, hollow long ago, stood on the bank, rotted by the winter's floods that ceaselessly washed it when the stream was high, and bleached by the summer's suns to a bone-like whiteness. A great ball of foam, mysterious sport of the waters, caught in an eddy, was whirling giddily. One could fancy a figure of some fine ethereal essence might just have veiled itself within it. The woods, dense, tangled with vines, sombre with shadows, bore already the downcast look of night. Alethea eyed them languidly as she came down to the lower fence, her piggin on her head, one hand staying it, while the other gave surreptitious aid to the efforts of L'onidas and Lucindy to take down the bars, as they piqued themselves upon rendering her this stalwart service. Tige had come too, and now and then he pawed and pranced about the calves, that were also expectantly waiting at the opening of the inclosure. One of them who had known him of yore only lifted his ears and fixed a remonstrant stare upon him. But the other, young and of an infantile expression, ran nimbly from him, and bleated plaintively, and pressed in between Alethea and the children, in imminent danger of having his brains

knocked out in the wild handling of the bars.

"That's enough," she drawled presently, moderating their energies; "the calf 'll git out ef ye take down enny mo'. The cow kin step over sech ez be left."

The faint clanging of cow-bells stirred the air. The little house on the rise at one side was darkly brown against the irradiated mountains seen in the narrow vista of the gap. The martins fluttered from the pendulous gourds and circled about the chimneys, and were gone again. The sky cast its bright gold about the Hollow, on the tow heads of the bare-foot children, and multiplied the shimmers in the swirls of the stream.

Alethea looked once more toward it, hearing again the far-off lowing. A sudden movement attracted her eye. Against the great hollow tree, its whitened roots all high in the air, — for the banks had washed down since the sap had risen from the prongs that clutched at the earth, — a man was leaning, whittling a stick with a clasp knife, and now and then furtively eying her.

For a moment she did not move a muscle. The color surged into her face, and receded, leaving it paler than before. A belated humming-bird, a glistening green, beat the air with its multiplied suggestions of gauzy wings close to her golden head, and was gone like a flash. The children babbled on. Tige was afraid of a stick which L'onidas had brought to keep off the calf while the cow was milked, and he yelped before he was struck, without prejudice to yelping afterward.

The man presently drew himself erect, closed his knife with a snap, and walked up slowly toward the fence.

"Howdy," he said, as he came.

She leaned one elbow on the rails, and with the other hand she held the empty piggin. She only nodded in return.

He had an embarrassed, deprecatory

manner. He was tall and lank, and clumsy of gait. He had a bluff, good-natured expression, incongruous with the gleam of anxiety in his eye. His face was almost covered by a long, straggling brown beard.

"What made ye run off so t'other night, up yander ter Boke's Spring? I hed a word ter say ter ye."

"I war sorry I seen ye."

He fixed a keen look upon her.

"What fur?"

"I did n't want ter know who 't war a-moonshinin'," she said.

"Waal, ye air the only one," he declared.

He looked about him dubiously.

"I ain't keerin' none," he added. "Me an' yer mother war kin somehow; I disremember how, edzac'ly — through the Scruggses, I reckon. Ef she war alive she'd gin ye the word ez she air kin ter Sam Marvin, sure. Nobody ain't 'spicioned nuthin' 'bout moonshinin' but you-uns, 'cept them ez be in it."

He put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the fence. The clanking of the cow-bell was nearer. The little calf bleated, and thrust its soft head over the bars.

"I wanted ter say a word ter ye," he continued, still more ill at ease because of her silence. "I seen ye comin' along o' all them chill'n," nodding at Leonidas and Lucinda, who seemed to deserve being accounted more numerous than they were, having engaged in a wordy altercation over the bars; the little fellow dragging them off to some special spot which he had chosen, of occult advantage, while the girl, older and wiser, insisted that they should lie handy where they were. Only Tige listened to the conversation, slowly wagging his tail. "I 'lowed I could n't talk ter ye 'thout bein' hendered, but I reckon I'll try. I'm kin ter ye, — that be a true word. An' I'm moonshinin'. Ye ain't tole nobody 'bout seein' me an' the jug thar in Boke's barn?"

He fixed his eyes, eager with the query, upon her face.

She slowly shook her head in negation.

"An' ye won't, eh?"

He smiled beguilingly, showing his long, tobacco-stained teeth.

"Ef nobody axes me."

His countenance fell suddenly.

"Look-a-hyar, Lethe Sayles, don't ye fool with me, a-doublin' on yer words like a fox on his tracks," he said roughly. Then, more temperately, "I'm afeard o' that very thing, — ef somebody axes ye."

"'T ain't likely," said Alethea.

"I dunno," he insisted, wagging his big head in doubtful pantomime. "I want ye ter 'low ye won't tell."

"I don't b'lieve in sech ez moonshinin' an' drinkin' liquor."

"What fur?" he demanded, with an air of being ready for argument.

"'T ain't religion."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Sam Marvin contemptuously. "D'ye reckon ef 't war n't religion I'd plant corn an' raise my own damnation, an' sit an' bile wrath, an' still fury, an' yearn Torment, by sech? Naw, sir! Ye oughter go hear the rider read the Bible: every one o' them disciples drunk low wines in them days, an' hed it at weddin's an' sech; the low wines is on every page."

Alethea was for a moment overborne by this argument.

Then, "'T ain't right," persisted the zealot of Wild-Cat Hollow.

"Will ye listen at the gal!" he exclaimed, in angry apostrophe. But controlling himself, he added quietly, "Ye let older heads 'n yourn jedge, Lethe. Yer brains ain't ripened yit, an' livin' off in Wild-Cat Hollow ye ain't had much chance ter see an' l'arn. Yer elders knows bes'. That's what the Bible says."

Down the shadowy vista of the path on the opposite side of the stream the long horns and slowly nodding heads

of the cows appeared. The little calf frisked with nimble joy on legs that seemed hardly bovine in their agility. Lucinda ran to bring the pail of bran, and Leonidas produced a handful of salt in a small gourd. The moonshiner saw that his time was short.

"What ails ye, ter think 't ain't right, Lethe?" he asked.

"Look how good-for-nuthin' it makes Jacob Jessup, an' — an' Mink Lorey, an' all them boys in Piomingo Cove."

"It's thar own fault, not the good liquor's. Look at me. I ain't good-for-nuthin'. Ever see me drunk? How be I a-goin' ter keer fur sech a houseful ez we-uns hev got 'thout stillin' the corn? Can't sell the corn 'n the apples nuther, an' can't raise nuthin' else on the side o' the mounting, an' I'm too pore ter own lan' in the cove."

The cows were fording the stream. The water foamed about their flanks. Their breath was sweet with the mountain grasses.

He looked at Alethea, suspiciously.

"Ye ain't goin' ter promise me ye won't tell ef ye be axed?" he said, with an air of finality.

In her heart the compact of secrecy was already secure. Somehow she withheld the assurance. It was all wrong, she felt. And if in fear he should desist, so much the safer for him, so much the better would the community fare.

"I ain't a-goin' ter promise nuthin'," she said, slowly, her lustrous eyes full upon his face. "I ain't goin' ter do nuthin' ter holp along what ain't right."

"Waal, then, Lethe Sayles, ye jes' 'member ez ye war warned," he said, in a low, vehement voice, between his set teeth, and coming up close to her. "An' ef ever we-uns air fund out an' raided, we-uns will keep in mind ez nobody knowed but you-uns; an' whether we be dragged off ter jail an' our still cut up an' sech or no, ye won't git off scot free. Ye mark my words. Ye air warned."

She had shrunk from his glittering

eyes and angry gestures. Nevertheless, she struck back with ready sarcasm.

"Then, mebbe I won't tell," she said, in her soft drawl, "fur I be toler'ble easy skeered."

He stared at her in the gathering dusk; then turned, and took his way across the mossy log that bridged the stream and down the path through the woods.

For a moment she had an overwhelming impulse to call him back. Long afterward she had cause to remember its urgency. Now she only leaned upon the rail fence, even her golden hair dim in the closing shadows, and gazed with uncomprehended wistfulness after him as he disappeared down the path, and reappeared in a rift of the foliage, and once more disappeared finally.

And here the cow's great head was thrust over the bars, and L'onidas was on hand in full force to engage in combat with the little calf, and Lucindy was alert with the bucket of bran. All through the milking Alethea was sensible of a yearning regret in her heart. And although she had the testimony of good conscience and good sense, and could say in full faith, "T ain't right," she was not consoled.

She lifted the pail of milk to her head, and as they went back to the log cabin the moon projected their grotesque shadows as a vanguard, and for all Leonidas ran he could not overtake the quaint little man that led the way.

Stars were in the sky, aloof from the moon. A mocking-bird sang on an elder-bush among the blossoms, fragrant and white; and from time to time, as he joyously lifted his scintillating wings, the boughs seemed enriched with some more radiant bloom. The rails of the fence had a subdued glimmer, — the moonlight on the dew.

Her heart, with its regretful disquiet, was out of harmony with the nocturnal peace of the scene; she had somehow an intimation of an impending sorrow

before she heard the sound of sobbing from the porch.

The vines that clambered about it were drawn upon the floor with every leaf and tendril distinct. The log cabin was idealized in some sort with the silver lustre of the moon, the glister of the dew, the song of the bird, and the splendid suggestions of the benighted landscape; yet there was the homely loom, the spinning-wheel and its shadow, the cat in the doorway, with the dull illumination of the smouldering fire behind her, eying a swift, volant shadow that slipped in and out noiselessly, and perhaps was a bat. A group of figures stood in the tense attitudes of listening surprise. But a girl had flung herself upon the bench of the loom, now leaning against the frame and weeping aloud, and now sitting erect and talking with broken volubility.

"Hyar be Lethe now," Mrs. Sayles said, as Alethea stepped upon the porch and set the piggin on the shelf.

The visitor looked up, with her dark eyes glistening with tears. Her face was pale in the moonbeams. She had short dark hair, thin and fine, showing the shape of her delicate head, and lying in great soft rings about her brow and neck. As she spoke, her quivering red lips exhibited the small, regular white teeth. She was slight and about the medium height, and habited in a yellowish dress, from which the moonlight did not annul the idea of color.

"I ain't got no gredge agin Lethe," she said, gazing at her with a certain intentness, "but I hev got my feelin's, an' I hev got my pride, an' I ain't goin' ter hev no jail-bird a-settin' up ter me! I'm sorry I ever seen him!" she declared, with a fresh burst of tears, throwing herself back against the loom. "But ez Lethe never hed nobody else, *she* mought put up with the raccoon ez he fetched me, — fur I won't gin the critter house-room, now."

As Alethea gazed at her, amazed and

uncomprehending, a sudden movement on the loom caught her attention. About the clumsy beams a raccoon was climbing nimbly, turning his eyes upon her, full of the peculiar brightness of the night-roaming beast. She noted his grin as he hung above the group, as if he perceived in the situation humor of special zest.

"I ain't a-goin' ter keep it!" cried Elvira. "All the kentry will be tellin', ennyhow, ez I hev kep company with a murderer." A low, muffled cry escaped from Alethea's lips. "He kem a-makin' up ter me till I went an' turned off Pete Rood, ez war mad ez hops. I can't hender 'em from knowin' it. But I ain't a-goin' ter hev that thar spiteful leetle beastis a-grinnin' at me 'bout'n it, like he war makin' game o' me fur bein' sech a fool. I'd hev killed it, 'ceptin' I 'lowed thar hed been enough onnecessary killin' along o' Mink Lorey."

"Elviry!" exclaimed Alethea, her voice so tense, so vibrant, so charged with anguish, that, low as it was, it thrilled the stillness as a shriek might hardly do, "what hev Reuben done?"

"Oh, 'Reuben,' ez ye calls him," cried the other, sitting upright on the bench of the loom, her dark eyes flashing and dry, — "yer fine Reuben tore down old Griff's mill, an' drowneded his nevy, Tad, an' war put in jail, an' air goin' ter be tried, an' hung, I reckon. That's what 'Reuben' done! He's Mink by name, an' Mink by natur' — an' oh! I wish I hed never seen him."

She once more leaned on the loom behind her, and bowed her head on her hands.

"No! — no!" cried Alethea. She caught her breath in quick gasps; for one moment she seemed losing consciousness. The mountains in the background, the faint stars in the sky, the shadowy roof, the swaying vines, the raccoon in their midst with his grotesque grin, were before her suddenly as if she had just wakened. She had sunk into a chair.

"Ye kin call me a liar! So do!" cried Elvira, lifting her head defiantly. "But he went hisself down ter the court-house an' told it hisself, an' wanted ter gin his gun an' mare ef they'd let him off." She laughed a dainty little laugh of scorn. "That's what he'lowed the idjit war wuth. But my dad 'lows ez the law sets store on the idjit's life same ez folks generally."

Alethea felt as if she were turning to stone. Was it her advice that had led him into danger? Was it her fatal insistence that he should see the right as it was revealed to her? But he had said naught of the idiot boy. He had only bewailed the loss of the mill.

She sprang to her feet, the eager questions crowding to her lips.

"Ye shet up, Lethe!" said her step-mother, entertained by the unwonted spectacle of Elvira's dramatic grief, and not caring to hear again the news of the tragedy already recited. As to Mink, he had only been overtaken by the disasters which must have fallen upon him sooner or later, and he was in many ways a good riddance. This phase was uppermost in her mind when she said, "Ye see now what gals git fur goin' agin thar elders' word. I'll be bound, Elviry, 't war n't yer mother's ch'ice fur ye ter take Mink an' gin Pete Rood the go-by."

"That it war n't!" cried the repentant Elvira, with a gush of tears. "I wish I hed bided by her word! I reckon I war born lackin'! I hev been sech a fool!"

Mrs. Sayles turned to look at Alethea and nod her head in triumphant confirmation. Then she remarked consolingly, "Waal, waal, I reckon ye kin toll Pete Rood back."

"I dunno," sobbed Elvira. "I met him yestiddy at the cross-roads in Pioningo Cove, an' he jes' turned his head aside an' walked by 'thout nare word. I wish — oh, I wish I hed never seen that thar minkish Mink."

"Waal," said Mrs. Sayles, who was very human, and who, despite her sympathy for Elvira, had a rankling recollection of her taunt for Alethea's paucity of the material for "keeping company," "I hopes Lethe'll take warnin', an' not fling away her good chance, fur the sake o' the wuthless, like Mink an' sech."

"Who be her good chance?" exclaimed Elvira, the jealousy nourished on general principles checking her grief.

"Shucks, child! ye pertendin' not ter know ez Ben Doaks hev mighty nigh wore out his knee-pans a-beggin' an' a-prayin' Lethe ter listen ter him!"

Elvira was meeker after this, and presently rose to go.

"I hed ter kem arter dark, else I could n't hev hed Sam an' the mare, bein' ez she hev been workin' in the field ter-day," she remarked.

There was the mare dozing at the gate, and Sam, a boy with singularly long legs and arms, looking something like an insect of the genus *Tipula*, was waiting too. She mounted behind him, and together they rode off in the moonlight, taking their way over the nearest ridge, and so out of sight.

"Waal, waal, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Sayles, as she reseated herself on the porch, with her knitting in her hand, "that thar Mink Lorey never hed no jedgmint noways. He could n't hev tuk ch'ice o' a wuss time ter git fetched up afore a court 'n jes' now. Squair White tole me ez our Jedge Averill hev agreed ter exchange with Jedge Gwinnan from over yander in Kildeer County nex' term, ez he can't try his cases, bein' kin ter them ez air lawing. So Gwinnan will hold court in Shaftesville nex' term. I'd hate mightily fur sech a onsartin, onexpected critter ez him ter hev enny say-so 'bout me or mine. But shucks! Men folks ennyhow," she continued, discursively, her needles swiftly moving, as if they were endowed with independent volition, and needed no supervision,

"air freakish, an' fractious, an' sot in thar way, an' gin ter cur'ous cavortin'. It never s'prised me none ez arter the Lord made man he turned in an' made woman, the fust job bein' sech a failure."

There was a pause. The regular metre of the katydid's song pulsed in the interval. The dewdrops glimmered on the chickweed by the porch. The fragrance of mint and ferns was on the air, and the smell of the dark orchard. Now and then an abrupt thud told that a great Indian peach had reached the measure of ripeness and had fallen. Through the open window and door the moonlight lay in glittering rhomboids on the puncheon floor. All the interior was illuminated, and the grotesque figure of the pet cub was distinctly visible to Jacob Jessup, who was lounging on the porch without, as the creature stole across the floor, and rose upon his hind legs to reach the pine table. As he thrust his scooping claw into the bread trough,—the long, shallow, wooden bowl in which batter for corn-dodgers was mixed,—he turned his cautious head to make sure he was unobserved, and his cunning, twinkling eyes met Jessup's. Somehow the sudden consciousness of the creature, his nervous haste to be off, appealed to Jessup's lenient mood. He listened to the scuttling claws on the puncheon floor as the beast hurried out of the back door, and while he debated whether or not he should play informer his wife, sitting on the doorstep with the baby in her arms, asked suddenly, —

"'Pears like ye air sorter sot agin this Judge Gwinnan, mother. I never hearn afore ez ye knowed him whenst ye lived in Kildeer County. What sorter man be he?"

Mrs. Sayles wagged her head inside her sun-bonnet to intimate contempt.

"A young rooster, 'bout fryin' size," she said, laughing sneeringly, the scorn accented by her depopulated gums. It

seemed very forlorn to be laughed at like that.

"Waal, a man can't be 'lected jedge till he's thirty," said Jessup, consciously imparting information. "He's been on the bench right smart time, too."

Mrs. Sayles looked at him over her spectacles, still knitting, as if her industry were a disconnected function. "What air thirty?"

"Waal" — began Jessup, argumentatively, puffing at his cob pipe. Thirty seemed to him a mature age. And the constitution of the State evidently presumes folly to be permanent if it is not in some sort exorcised before reaching that stage of manhood. He did not continue, however, seeing that thirty was held to be very young by Mrs. Sayles, who, to judge from her wrinkles, might be some four or five hundred.

"I ain't 'quainted with the man myself," she went on presently, "an' what's more I ain't wantin' ter be. But," impressively, "I know a woman ez knowed that man's mother whenst he war a baby. She 'lowed he war a powerful cantankerous infant, ailin' an' hollerin' all night an' mighty nigh all day; could n't make up his mind ter die, an' yit war n't willin' ter take the trouble ter live."

Jessup felt it a certain injustice that the nocturnal rampages of infancy should be as rancorously animadverted upon as the late hours of a larger growth.

"Waal, Jedge Gwinnan is powerful pop'lar now'days," he urged. "He made a mighty fine race when he war 'lected."

"Shucks! ye can't tell me nuthin'!" said his mother, self-sufficiently. "I know all 'bout him, an' Jedge Burns too, ez war on the bench afore Jeemes Gwinnan. Whenst I war a widder-woman an' lived in Kildeer County we-uns useter hev Jedge Burns on the circuit. He war a settled, middle-aged man 'bout fifty, an' the law war upheld, an' things

went easy, an' he war 'lected time arter time, till one year they all turned crazy 'bout this hyar feller, ez war run by his party through fools bein' sca'ce, I s'pose. Jeemes war 'lected. I tell ye I know all 'bout him. He war born right yander nigh Colbury, an' I know a woman ez useter be mighty friendly with his mother."

"What fam'ly in Colbury did he marry inter?" asked the young woman, more interested in items of personal history than in his judicial record.

"Bless your soul, he air a single man. His heart air set on hisself. He would n't marry no gal 'thout she hed some sorter office she could 'lect him ter, ez be higher'n jedge. He be plumb eat up with scufflin' an' tryin' ter git up in the world higher 'n the Lord hev set him, an' 't ain't religion; that 't ain't. He minds me o' Lucifer. He 'll fall some day. Not out o' heaven, mebbe, kase he ain't never goin' ter git thar, but leastwise out'n his circuit. Somebody 'll top him off, an' mebbe I 'll live ter see the day. I dunno, though, I — Laws-a-massy!" she exclaimed, so suddenly that both her listeners started, "look-a-yander at that thar perverted tur-r-key hen an' her delikit deedies, ez air too leetle ter roost! She's a-hoverin' of 'em in that thar tall grass, wet with the dew, an' it 'll be the death o' 'em! Why n't Lethe tend ter 'em when she kem up from milkin'? Lethe! Lethe! Whar's that gal disappeared ter?"

With the vagrant instinct of the wild fowl still strong in the domesticated turkey, she had distrusted the hen-house, and because of her brood she was prevented from roosting high up in the old dead tree.

There was no answer to Mrs. Sayles's call. The daughter-in-law made a feint of busily rocking the baby, and after a doubtful glance at her Mrs. Sayles got up briskly, putting her knitting-needles into her ball of yarn, and thrusting them both into her deep pocket. She clutched

her bonnet further forward on her head, took up a splint basket, and presently there arose a piping sound among the weeds, as she darted this way and that in the moonlight with uncanny agility, catching the deedies one by one and transferring them to her basket. The turkey hen, her long neck stretched, her wings outspread, ran wildly about, now and then turning and showing an irresolute, futile fight for a moment, and again striving to elude the whole misfortune with her long, ungainly strides. When Mrs. Sayles in triumph unbent her back for the last time and started toward the house, the fluttered mother following, clamoring in an hysterical fashion, she exclaimed, "Whar *be* that thar triflin' Lethe?"

"'Pears like ter me ez I hearn Lethe go up the ladder ter the roof-room a consider'ble while ago," said the old man slowly, speaking for the first time during the evening.

Once more Mrs. Sayles paused irresolute.

"Laws-a-massy, then, ef the gal's asleep I reckon I mought ez well put the tur-r-key an' deedies inter the hen-house myse'f; but 'pears ter me the young folks does nuthin' nowadays but doze."

She took a step further, then suddenly bethought herself. "Hyar, Jacob," she said to her son, handing him the basket, "make yerse'f nimble. I reckon ye hev got sense enough ter shet that thar tur-r-key an' deedies up in the hen-house. Leastwise I 'll resk it."

Sleep was far from Alethea that night. For hours she sat at the roof-room window, looking out with wide, unseeing eyes at the splendid night. And so she had given her counsel freely in the full consciousness of right, and the man she loved had done her bidding. What misery she had wrought! She winced to know how his thoughts must upbraid her. She remembered his petulant taunts, his likening her to the

Herder on Thunderhead, whose glance blights those on whom he looks; and she wondered vaguely if the harnt knew the woe it was his fate to wreak, and if it were grief to him as he rode in the clouds on the great cloud-mountain.

"I reckon I know how he feels," she said.

An isolated star blazing in the vast solitudes of the sky above the peak of Thunderhead burst suddenly into a dazzling constellation before her eyes, for she felt the hot tears dropping down one by one on her hand.

Alas, Alethea! one needs to be strong to attain martyrdom for the sacred sake of the right.

Her tears wore out the night, but when the sun rose she was fain to dry them.

VII.

The site of the old mill continued the scene of many curious groups long after all efforts for the recovery of the body had ceased. The river was dragged no more, and hope was relinquished. There had never been any strong expectation of success. The stream was abnormally high considering the season of the year, and running with great impetuosity. Though with the aggregations of its tributaries swollen by the late rains it had the volume of a river, it retained all the capricious traits of the mountain torrent which it had been. It was full of swirling rapids, of whirlpools, of sudden cataracts. Its bed was treacherous with quicksands and rugged with bowlders. Hitched to the miller's orchard fence were rows of horses, dozing under their old Mexican saddles or the lighter weight of a ragged blanket or a folded quilt; teams of oxen stood yoked under the trees of the open space beyond; children and dogs sat on the roots or lay in the grass, while the heavy, jeans-clad figures of the mountaineers explored the banks, as they chewed

their quids with renewed vigor, and droned the gossip in drawling voices.

The same faces were seen day after day, — often enough to excite no particular remark that, whoever came or was absent, Peter Rood was here with the dawn, and night found him still strolling along the banks, looking upon the swollen floods with gloomy, insistent dark eyes, as if he were seeking to read in the writhing lines of the current the inscrutable secret of the Scolacutta River. Sometimes, with his hands in his pockets, his lowering face shadowed by his broad hat, he would silently listen to the speculations of those who found solace for the futility of the undertaking in the enlarged conjectural field which failure afforded, discussing the relative probabilities whether the body had floated down to the Tennessee River, or whether it had been engulfed by the quicksands and buried forever, or caught among the rocks of the jagged bank and wedged in, to be found some day — a ghastly skeleton — by a terrified boy, fishing or wading at low water.

It was only when these bootless surmises had palled at last, through many repetitions and lack of further developments, that the ruins of the old mill asserted an interest. There seemed a strange hush on the landscape, here where the wheel would whirl no more. A few timbers scattered about, a rotten old stump that had served as part of the foundation, the hopper washed up by the waters, several of the posts which had upheld the race, were all that was left of the old mill, so long the salient feature of the place that more than one mountaineer was beset with bewilderment at the sight, — the recollection of the oblique line of the roof against the mountain, the open door, the reflections in the water, having more reality than the bereft bank of the river.

And now the old miller — seeming older than before — was wont to come tottering out with his stick, the gay sun-

shine on his long, white hair, and sit on the broken timbers, forlorn amidst the ruins of his poverty. At first his appearance created renewed excitement, and his old customers and friends pressed up to speak to him and hear what he would say, feeling a certain desire to mark the moral phenomena of loss and the fine processes of grief. But he held his clasped hands upon the stick, and silently shook his bowed gray head in his ragged old hat.

"I reckon ye'd better leave him alone," his pretty granddaughter said; for she always accompanied him, and stood, as radiant as youth may ever be, twirling the end of her tattered apron between her fingers, her tangled yellow hair, like skeins of sunshine, hanging down on her shoulders, and her blue, undismayed eyes looking with a shallow indifference upon the scene. It was replete with interest and curiosity, not to say awe, to the little three-year-old sister who hung upon her skirts, or thrust a tow head from behind her grandfather. Sometimes her lips were wreathed with a smile as she saw some child in the crowd, but if the demonstration were returned she straightway hid her head in the old man's sleeve and for a while looked out no more.

Once old Griff spoke suddenly. "'Gustus Tom," for his favorite kept beside him, "ye would n't treat nobody mean, would ye?"

"Would ef they treated me mean," said 'Gustus Tom, with an unequivocal nod, which intimated that his code of ethics recognized retribution. "'Thout," he qualified, "'t war sister Eudory thar," — he glanced at the little girl, — "I'd gin 'em ez good ez they sent."

"'T ain't religion, 'Gustus Tom, — 't ain't religion," said the old man brokenly. 'Gustus Tom, with his fragment of hat on the side of his tow head, hardly looked as if he cared.

A grizzled old mountaineer in jeans, with a stern, square face and a deep-set

eye, that was lighted suddenly, spoke abruptly in a sepulchral voice.

"Ye oughter go ter camp, Brother Griff," he said in a religious twang, — "ye oughter go ter camp, an' tell yer 'speriunce! Ye hev lived long. Ye hev wrestled with the devil. Ye hev seed joy, ye hev knowed sorrow, ye hev fund grace. Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Ye air full o' 'speriunce, brother, an' ye oughter go ter camp an' comfort yerse'f, an' sing, an' pray."

"I pray no mo'," said the old man, lifting his aged, piteous face. "I'm 'feard the Lord mought hear me an' answer my prayer." He smote his breast. "I ain't keerin' fur the mill. I ain't keerin' for the chil'n, — they'll make out somehows. But ef my prayers could take back every word o' wrath I ever spoke ter the idjit, every lick I struck him, I'd weary the very throne o' grace. Ef I could git him back an' begin over — but I can't! An' I won't pray fur myself, fur the Lord mought hear me. An' I want ter remember every one o' them words an' every lick, an' pay back fur 'em, wropped in the flames o' Torment."

He got up and tottered away toward the house, followed by his grandchildren, leaving the bystanders staring after him, strangely thrilled.

"Waal, I hopes they won't hear at the camp-meetin' o' his talkin' sech ez that," remarked the elderly adviser in dismay. "They hev been a-sermonizin' a good deal 'bout Tad's early death an' Mink Lorey's awful crime, an' sech, ter them young sinners over yander ter camp, an' it 'peared ter be a-sorter skeerin' of 'em, a-sorter a-shooin' of 'em inter the arms o' grace. An' I hopes none o' 'em will hear 'bout the old man a-repentin' an' wantin' ter burn, an' sech, fur the boy's hevin' been c'rected by his elders; they air perverted enough now agin them ez hev authority over 'em."

"Old Griff would change his mind 'bout burnin' ef he seen the fire one

time," said another, winking seriously, as if he spoke from pyrotechnic experience. Then with a sudden change of tone, "What ails Pete Rood?"

For Rood was leaning against a tree, his swarthy face overspread with a sal-low paleness, his lips blue, his eyes half closed, his hand clutching at his heart. How little they imagined what racked it!

He said it was nothing much; he had been "tuk" this way often before; he would be better presently. Indeed, he was shortly able to walk down to the bank of the river, and sit and listen to the surmises of a half dozen idle fellows lying in the grass as to the drowning of Tad and the fate of Mink, and the terrible illustrations that both had furnished in the sermons at the camp-meeting in Eskaquia Cove.

And when he left them at last it was to the camp-meeting he went.

The afternoon brought a change in the weather. Rood noted it as he rode his raw-boned horse over the ranges and down the red clay roads into Eskaquia Cove. Clouds had gathered, obscuring the sun. There were no shadows, no graduated light, no point of brilliant climax. The foliage was heavy masses of solid color. Only in certain plummy silver-green boughs lurked a subdued glister, some luculent enchantment; for if ever the moonlight were enmeshed by a tree it is in the branches of the white pine.

Silence had fallen, as if the source of light were also source of sound. There was wind in the upper atmosphere, but no breath stirred the leaves. Twilight had sunk upon the cove before he turned off into a road leading up a wooded hill. In the dusk, sundry equine figures loomed up. The head of a horse was clearly defined against a patch of the pale sky, and a shrill neigh jarred the quiet. There were wagons, too, under the trees, empty, the teams unharnessed, and the poles lying on the ground. A dim light, deeply yellow, shone among

the boles of the trees further on, a little misty, because already large drops were falling. All unmindful of the rain, a row of young men and half-grown boys perched on a rail fence in crouching attitudes, not unlike gigantic roosting fowls. Now and then a subdued, drawling voice sounded from among them, and a smothered laugh was attestation of callow humanity. They were not devoid of interest in the proceedings of the camp-meeting, but it was in the impersonal quality of spectator, and they held aloof from the tabernacle as if they had no souls to be saved. They turned to look down at Rood as he dismounted and hitched his horse, and he heard his own name passed along the row, it being a self-constituted register of all who came and went. The little gate dragged and creaked on its hinges, and resisted as if it grudged the spiritual opportunities to which it gave access, and desired to point the fact that salvation was not easy to come by. As it yielded and Rood entered the inclosure there were more yellow lights showing with misty halos in the olive-green dusk. They came from the doors of a row of shanties, floorless and windowless, which served as quarters for the crowd at night; and with the intervals between, they looked like a string of glittering beads, a rosary of gold. There was a great flaring flame in the rear of each cabin, with leaping red tongues, surrounded by busy, hovering figures that cast huge distorted shadows against the encompassing foliage, as if some uncanny phenomenal beings were stalking a solemn round among the trees. These fires had less comfortable spiritual suggestions. But they issued merely from the kitchens, the most cheerful things at camp, and here saint and sinner were equally heartily represented. Supper was over, however. The hymn rising even now from the tabernacle was far from cheerful: one of the long-drawn, melancholy songs, with wild, thrilling

swells and sudden falls and monotonous recitative passages, sometimes breaking into a strange, ecstatic chant. The serried vertical lines of rain seemed to vibrate with it like the strings of a harp. Far away the thunder rolled in its pauses. More than once the sudden lightning illumined the grounds with a ghastly gleam, and the rhythmic solemn song went on like a part of the storm. It was a grave assemblage under the great roof of the rude structure, shown in the dim light of six or eight kerosene lamps fixed against the posts. At one end was a platform with a bench, on which sat some five or six of the preachers participating in the exercises. Brother Jethro Sims, a hoary-headed patriarch, was walking slowly up and down the main aisles, clapping his hands and singing with a look of ecstasy in his upturned eyes which a sophisticated religionist might vainly wonder at, finding that his superior attainments and advanced theories had bereft him of the power to even comprehend such faith, such piously prescient joys. The ground was covered with a deep layer of straw, deadening the stir among the rows of benches. Many of these, having no backs, served to acquaint their occupants with martyrdom and to offer a premium to the naturally upright. There were numbers of little children present, for as yet the lenient rule of the mountain churches tolerates their babble and even their crying in reason. Here and there one of the humbly clad young women, with her sleeping infant in her arms, the yellow light falling upon its head and on her solemn, listening, almost holy face, might remind one of another peasant mother whose Child is the hope of the world. The extreme seriousness, the devout aspiration, the sublimity of the unquestioning faith, that animated the meeting could annul ignorance, poverty, uncouthness.

There were many canine figures on the outskirts of the crowd, now and

then peering from the darkness without with wolfish green eyes and weird effect among the laurel, which was beginning to sway and sound with the wind. Those in the full light, standing even beneath the roof and looking, with lolling tongue and wagging tail, upon the proceedings, seemed peculiarly idle here and to incur the imputation of loafers, despite that they are never very busy elsewhere. Others were more selfishly employed, creeping about under the benches and among the feet of the congregation, searching in the straw for the bits of bread and meat thrown aside by the frequenters of the meeting who did not camp on the grounds, but brought their lunch for the midday, and went home at night. One small and dapper yellow dog had bounded on the end of the mourners' bench, and sat there, gravely gazing about him with small, affable eyes, all unnoticed by the elders, but threatening the gravity of an urchin, who grinned and coughed to hide the grin, breaking out with a wild, uncontrollable vocalization, relic of the whooping-cough, not long over-past. He was finally motioned out of the tabernacle, and scudded across in the rain to the shanty, while the little dog sat demure and unmolested on the mourners' bench.

Larger sinners were gathering there presently, albeit slowly.

"Come! Come!" cried the old man sonorously over the singing. "Delay not! My brethren, I hev never seen a meetin' whar the devil held sech a strong hold! Come! Hell yawns fur ye! Come! Yer time is short! Grace beckons! Come! The fires o' perdition air kindled! The flames air red!"

And as his voice broke forth once more in the chanting, the thunder rolled as an echo to his summons, the lightning glared, all the mountains became visible over the woods of the abrupt declivity toward the east; and higher still above the heights was revealed a vast cloud-vista in the midst of the black night,

vividly white, full of silent surging motion, with strange suggestions of bending forms, of an awful glisten at the vanishing point, — darkness enveloped it, and once more the thunder pealed.

As the gathering storm burst, the monotonously chanting voices seemed keyed to an awed undertone, lisping with this mighty psalm of nature, — the thunder and its echo in the mountains, the wild voices of the wind, and the persistent beat of the rain. In the intervals of its splendid periods, one might feel it a relief to hear the water timidly splashing in the little ditches that served to drain the ground on either side of the tabernacle, and the continual whisper in the pines above the primitive structure. Here and there two or three boughs hung down further than the rest, fringing the eaves. Ben Doaks noted, when the lightning flared again, that just between them the distant peak of Thunderhead loomed dimly visible, — or was it a cloud? Strain his eyes as he might, he could hardly say.

For Ben Doaks was there, the first to respond to the earnest exhortations to the sinners to come forward. He had a shamefaced look as he shambled up and took his seat on the mourners' bench, while the little dog sat unnoticed at the other end. Doaks was quick, however, to observe that one of the preachers eyed him sharply, and spoke to another, who shook his head with a gesture indeed of negation, but an expression of reluctant affirmation, and he felt sure that they recognized how often he had sat there, and that they were saying to each other that it was of no use, — he was evidently rejected by grace.

Now and then low voices sounded in the midst of the singing, — the Christians urging those convicted of sin to go up and be prayed for. Others came forward. There was more stir than before; a vivid curiosity was on many faces turning about to see who was going up, who was resisting entreaty, who ought

to be convicted of sin, being admirably supplied with obliquity of which to repent.

Pete Rood saw no one. He sat, his black eyes on the ground, intent, brooding, deeply grave. Elvira Crosby thought at first that he affected to overlook her. Then, with a sinking of the heart, she realized that indeed he did not see her. The tears welled up to her eyes. The past was not to be recalled. When was he ever before unaware of her presence? He had been so eager, so devoted, so unlike the capricious lover for whom she had lightly flung him away. It was all over, though. She looked about her to divert her mind, to preserve her composure. She noted Mrs. Sayles in the congregation, identifying her by her limp sun-bonnet. Mrs. Sayles had long been saying that she intended to put splints in it some day when time favored her; but it still hung over her eyes, obscuring her visage, except her mouth, as she sang, and she was an edifying spectacle of a lack of care for earthly pomps and of vain interest in baubles and bonnets. Alethea's face, like some fair flower half enfolded in its sheath, was visible in the funnel-shaped depths of her own brown bonnet, with a glistening suggestion of her gold hair on her forehead, and one escaped tress hanging down beneath the curtain on her dark brown homespun dress. She did not sing, and she looked downcast.

In the aisle between the two benches reserved for the mourners the brethren were crowding, talking individually to the contrite sinners, sometimes with such effect that sobs and tears broke forth; and then the hymn was renewed, with the rhythmic sound of the clapping of hands, while the thunder crashed and the forked lightnings darted through the sky. The lurid scenic effects added their impressiveness to the terrible word-painting of another preacher, who was less interesting though not less effective than that gentle old man, Brother Jethro

Sims. He described hell with an accurate knowledge of its topography, its *personnel*, and its customs which was a triumph of imagination, and made one feel that he had surely been there. A young woman suddenly broke into wild screams, shouting that she had found her salvation, and clapping her hands, and crying, "Glory!" finally fainting, and being borne out into the rain.

In the aisles they all often knelt, praying aloud in turns: sometimes, the voice of one failing in a whispered Amen! another would cry out insistently, "Let us continue the supplication!" And once more the prayer would go up.

There were no more conversions. Over and again the brethren announced in pious dudgeon that it was a stubborn meeting, and hell gaped for the sinner. It was evidence of the sincerity of the mourners, and their anxiety not to deceive themselves and others, that they could thus resist the urgency of the impassioned appeals, that with quivering nerves they could still withhold all demonstrations of yielding until the spirit should descend upon them.

Presently persons who desired the prayers of the congregation were requested to rise and make known their wish. It might be feared that some of the compliances did not tend to preserve domestic harmony. One woman asked prayers for her husband, whose heart, she stated, was not in his religion, and the defiant contradiction expressed in the face of a man seated beside her suggested that she had thus publicly made reprisal for sundry conjugal differences. Nevertheless, old Brother Sims said, "Amen!" Mrs. Sayles rose and begged prayers for the "headin' young folks o' the kentry, that they'd be guided by thar elders, an' not trest thar own green jedgmints, an' finally be led ter grace." And all the old people said, heartily, "Amen!" Many turned to look at Alethea, whose face had become a delicate pink.

And suddenly Peter Rood rose. "I want the prayers o' the godly," he said, now and then casting a hasty glance at Brother Sims, who stood with his chin in the air, his hands arrested in the gesture of clapping, and listening intently, "fur light ter my steps. I reckon I'm a backslider, fur I git no light when I pray. It's all dark,—mighty dark!" His voice trembled. He was beginning to lose his self-control. "My actions tarrify me! I 'lowed wunst I hed fund grace, but in trouble I hev no helper."

The lightnings flashed once more. The swift illumination seemed to blanch his swarthy face, and lighted his uplifted black eyes with a transient gleam. "I'm in sin an' great mis'ry. I hev done wrong." He was about to sit down.

"Make reparation, brother, an' free yer soul in prayer," said the old man.

"I can't!" he cried, shrilly. "I'm 'feard! I'm 'feard o' my life. I would n't hev done sech 'ceptin' I war drunk,—drunk with liquor an' drunk with spite."

He felt that he was saying too much. He sat down, biting his lip till the blood started. Then he rose and faltered, "I want yer prayers fur light."

"Amen!" said Brother Sims.

Rood had recovered himself abruptly. He was looking about with furtive sharpness through the congregation, seeking to gauge the effect of what he had said when under the strong spell of religious excitement that had swayed the crowd. Fearful as he was, he detected only curiosity, interest, nothing more marked; for in the rhetoric of frenzied repentance these good men often apply to themselves language that seriously entertained could only grace an indictment.

The rain had ceased; the quiet without seemed to conduce to a calmer spirit within. The fervor of the meeting had spent itself. Only a few of the brethren were "workin'" with Ben Doaks, his face troubled and perplexed, his

anxious eyes turning from one to another.

"Can't ye feel ye air jes' a wuthless worm a-crawlin' round the throne o' grace? Can't ye feel that only mercy kin save ye?—fur ye richly deserve damnation."

"Laws-a-massy, naw," said poor, candid Ben, greatly harried. "I think mighty well o' myself!"

And so they left him in his sins. The crowd was breaking up, chiefly seeking their several camps, as the shanties were called. But a few had come merely to participate in the exercises of the evening, and these were busy in harnessing their horses or yoking their oxen into their wagons on the hillside without the inclosure. The declivity was veined with rivulets, into which the heavy feet of the men and beasts splashed; the leaves continuously dripped; frogs were croaking near at hand in the sombre woods,—not so dark now, for the melancholy waning moon shone among the breaking clouds. The rumble of wagons presently intruded upon the low-toned conversation, the burden of which was the meeting and reminiscent comparison with other meetings. Several of the boys, not burdened with immortality, took leave less decorously, whooping loudly at each other as they galloped past the vehicles, and were soon out of sight and hearing.

The red clay road was presently lonely enough as Alethea trudged along it. There was no room for her in the little wagon which Buck drew in single harness, as might be called the ropes by which the ox, fastened between the shafts, was made to dispense with a yoke-fellow. A rope tied to his horn was intended to guide him along any intricacies of the road with which he might not be acquainted. Mrs. Sayles, her daughter-in-law, and several of the children were seated, tailor-fashion, on the floor of the wagon, and sometimes Alethea walked in advance, and some-

times fell into the rear. It was no great distance that they were to travel,—their destination being aunt Dely's house in Eskaquia Cove, where they were to spend the night before wagoning up the Great Smoky.

Alethea was beset with her own unquiet thoughts; the remorse that would not loose its hold; the strange wrong which the right had wrought. Her conscience, forever on the alert—serving, if need were, as proxy—could find no flaw in what she had counseled; and thus perverse fate, in the radiant guise of rectitude, had led Lorey to despair, and delivered her to grief.

She hardly noted the incidents of the wayside,—the foot-bridge over the creek; the stars amongst the ripples; the sound of the insects; the zigzag fences on either hand; the mists that lurked among the trees, that paced the turn-rows of the corn-fields, that stood in the corners of the fences, that caught the moonbeams, and glittered against the dark mountain side. It was another gleam that struck her attention; she looked again,—the slant of the rays against the windows of a little school-house. There was a deep impression of silence upon it, vacant in the night, dark but for the moonbeams. The pines that overhung it were sombre and still. The vapors shifted about it, fringing even the rotting palings that inclosed it. Her feet had followed her gaze. She was near the edge of the narrow road, as she paused to wait for Buck and the wagon to come up. She heard nothing as she listened. She said to herself that she must be a long way ahead. She was sensible of fatigue presently; the excitements of the evening were superimposed on the work of the day. She leaned against the tottering fence. Her bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders; she rested her head on her hand, her elbows on the low palings. She might have dreamed for a moment. Suddenly something touched her. She turned her head

quickly; her shriek seemed to pierce the sky, for there in the inclosure, — did she see aright? — the idiot's face! white with a responsive terror upon it, vanishing in the mist. Or was it the mist? Did she hear the quick thud of retreating footsteps, or was it the throbs

of her own plunging heart? As she turned, wildly throwing up both arms, she beheld Buck and the wagon on the crest of the hill, with the worshipers from the camp-meeting, and the sight restored to her more mundane considerations.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLAR.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE put his hand to the plough in many fields of literature, and in all he showed the sturdiness that denotes yeoman stock. But, apart from his special taste for music, the most of his studies sprang from his love of Shakespeare. In the case of his theatrical and philological writings this is obvious, and in those which illustrate his attachment to England it is fair to ascribe no inconsiderable part to the fondness which, however invigorated and broadened by other traditions, was primarily due to the great dramatist of English history and life. Essays upon words, stage-usages, and matters of music, observations upon our cousins' ways and customs and modes of speech, international satire, and squibs of all kinds and lengths made up a large part of his industrious literary life; but, for all that, Shakespeare was his profession, and the principal work of his hands was editorial. In some respects this choice of employment was felicitous, and fell in with natural intellectual aptitudes. He had a note-taking mind, and his memory was retentive of details to an extraordinary degree, — a quality invaluable to an editor of texts; and in addition to this, his clear-headedness, his shrewd sobriety, his content with a plain and honest-seeming meaning, and especially his contempt for the palaver of refining analysts of the German stripe, stood him in such good stead that he holds an hon-

orable place among the students who have made the critical study of Shakespeare part and parcel of the pride of American scholarship.

The substance of his attainments is to be found, of course, in the various essays, prefatory either to the general work or to the individual plays and poems, which conduce so much to the value of his version of Shakespeare in the way of expansion, criticism, and information; and in these his views are set forth with most modesty, succinctness, and moderation, and his knowledge is deployed with most swiftness and effect. They form, however, only a small portion of his contributions to Shakespeare literature; very much of his labor in his chosen subject was off-hand work, and must be sought in the magazines to which he devoted his less serious moments. Such articles — and their number is legion — usually present some single phase of a Shakespeare theme; and no matter how dry and formal the topic in itself, he makes it entertaining. For it is a distinction of Mr. White's that he always interests; he has the secret of pleasing. His style is wonderfully firm and close-knit; his facts are cold as an iceberg and hard as a flint; and he strews the mental way of his readers with the native nuggets of Yankee sense. His individuality counts for more than all. He was himself a character, in the special meaning of the word; one of those

impenetrable pieces of nature's workmanship which are malleable by no external influence of culture, society, or circumstance. Such persons cannot open their lips without some self-exhibition; whether their solitude is of the village or the study, they always speak from within, and echo no man. Mr. White, who was as tenacious of his peculiarities as an Englishman, stamped them upon his writings; and it is due to this that when one reads his words it is, to an unusual degree, as if one heard him speaking. When a man of this sort has the gift of literary expression, he will be a readable author, whatever deficiencies he may have; and this Mr. White was. Indeed, when one glances over the mass of his minor writing, though it belongs undoubtedly to the literature that springs up and withers in a day, one cannot help wondering at the brightness of its short-lived verdancy. There could hardly seem to be a more thankless task than to make a new paraphrase of Shakespeare's plays. It is true that poets, great and small, have tried to rewrite those dramas, not seeing how deep their words are graven in the living rock of English speech; but to tell their story over in prose, — no one would do that except for children. Yet in the half dozen cases in which Mr. White tried his hand at this mode of transcription, he made, if not novelettes, certainly most delightful sketches, which, though every incident and characteristic of them was familiar to us from our childhood, have the unmistakable and unrubbed newness that belongs to the magazine-mint. These renovations have a use, too, more than to pass an hour of easy reading: they are needed to remind us, who think mostly of the action and thought of Shakespeare's dramas, how much the story counts in the work, and this is best shown by relieving it from its subordination to character and treating it in the novelist's way. The Tale of the Forest of Arden, for example,

as it is retold, might serve as a lesson in romantic fiction, by revealing how poetry is of the essence of it all, not a matter of expression, but of structure. To descant upon the happiness of Mr. White's renderings of Shakespeare in prose, however, was not our purpose: they are cited only as a striking instance of his power over the least promising material. He would strike a shower of wheat out of thrice-threshed straw; or so it seems.

Before his death Mr. White had selected and revised some of these loose articles, which his wife has published in what is perhaps only a first volume¹ of his literary remains; and it seems a fit occasion to give a less confined notice than such a book would in itself warrant of some of the traits of his Shakespeareanism, which for many years has held a prominent place in this magazine. From the start one perceives that Mr. White possessed a hard-and-fast intellect of the sort about which there is, in the favorite phrase, "no nonsense." As a Shakespearean, he was himself, in the bent of his mind, one of the class of American readers which he describes, — "so large and so diffused through society that it cannot be rightly called a class, who do not know that there are German critics, who have little acquaintance with any criticism, to whom Schlegel is unrevealed and Coleridge is but a name, and who yet read and understand and love and delight in Shakespeare, and who would quietly smile at the notion that 'at last' we understand Shakespeare because some learned people have said very profound sayings about his revelations of the 'inner life.'" His own appreciation of Shakespeare, though so much more informed, was essentially the same which belongs to the people of home-keeping wits, who read their author in that unlightened fashion in

¹ *Studies in Shakespeare.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

which the audiences of the Globe listened when the text still knew no recension except that of the pirates. His aim as an editor was to restore, so far as was possible, the conditions of the past; to place the reader in the position of the Elizabethan theatre-goer, and leave him to get the original entertainment which Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote. Shakespeare meant to amuse, and in our times it was the part of a loyal adherent of the master to help him in his old purpose. To such a view metaphysics, however acute, was out of place in Shakespeare's demesne; was a perversion of poetry, like the science which botanizes upon a mother's grave. No words were too sharp, no denunciations too heavy, in Mr. White's opinion, for the flagellation of that school which is no longer confined to German lecture-rooms, but now in all quarters of criticism makes of Shakespeare a problem instead of a poem.

Perhaps in this onslaught Mr. White might have gained by discriminating. The fact is that the dramas do afford a field for such philosophizing, whether rightly or wrongly. It may have been unbeknown to Shakespeare, but he did write a text-book of human life. By the force of his genius he represented mankind, on its social and spiritual side, with the reality of nature. It is the excellence of his creative art that his characters live, and show their souls not wholly but by glimpses, as common mortals do; and thus Hamlet, for example, presents to us the puzzle that any highly organized man affords to a thoughtful observer, and allows of countless theories in regard to his personality and motives. All life is to the thinker fair game for his meditation, and in it the universal spiritual laws are to be discerned, or guessed at, or speculated about. It would be foolish to object to any amount of philosophizing on the real phenomena of character; and if Shakespeare has given us the microcos-

mus of man, if the reality of his imagination is not less truthful than that of actual experience, why should not Germans or Englishmen use it, the more readily because it is a common possession, and not, like ordinary instances, known only to the few who happen to be spectators? Mr. White was wrong, if he found fault with the Shakespeare philosophers, or denied their positions, simply because they occupied themselves with material not originally written for such an investigation; and if he was right at all, it was only in maintaining that Shakespeare knew nothing of this value of his work, and cared nothing for it. Of course there has been much error and feebleness and trash written by the members of this critical school, as is done by incompetence in all departments; but there has been also some wisdom, and it would be gratuitous, if not dangerous, to affirm Shakespeare's ignorance of the worth of his work for instruction. One cannot safely set limits to the knowledge that any great author has of the various meanings which his lines may convey, even if he does not, like Dante, definitely declare that he has expressed a three-fold meaning in the same identical words. Wisdom as well as wit often lodges in the ears that hear it as much as on the lips that speak it, and its application to special circumstances frequently discovers hidden truth in the worn words. How many meanings, for example, have Virgil's lines disclosed to those who for centuries have consulted the *Sortes Virgilianæ*! It would be as foolish to credit Virgil with these as with the famous Messianic prophecy in his eclogue. The case illustrates how innocent Shakespeare was of a good part of the exegesis forced upon him by his editors. At the same time it is not likely that they have so exceeded the great master in wisdom that he would be surprised to find that they make of him an understanding author as well as a successful playwright.

The weight of Mr. White's objurgation, however, falls less upon those who comment upon the text and the general conception of the plays than upon those who reason therefrom to the dramatist's life and development. He himself allows the existence of periods of literary art in his author, but in "spiritual stages" he is almost a total disbeliever. But here, too, one must discriminate, and in much the same way as before. A man grows, but his growth is largely unconscious. The craze to find an "evolution" in all things could not pass by the prime phenomena of genius; and so Shakespeare has been furnished with one. The mistake is in giving too firm lines to the progress of his mind and art. Neither the metaphysical nor the literary yard-stick can be applied to the "myriad-minded" one with any but a ludicrous result; and the scholar who would build up Shakespeare's life in the easy-going fashion of distinct and successive periods is over-confident. The unfolding of his special gift of expression, the apprenticeship and the mastery of art, may be distinguished, from the first smooth-sliding lines to the volcanic fusion of intractable speech in the language of *Cymbeline*. So may a similar thing be observed in Browning, or Carlyle, or Tennyson,—the mere hand-cunning. And in Shakespeare's temper of mind a change may be observed, plainly enough, in the successive plays, not taken individually, but in their totality. It is the same, essentially, which the great poets exhibit in passing from youth to age; so pathetic in Virgil, so deadly earnest in Dante, so exalted in Milton, so wise in Shakespeare. But to go further than this, and reconstruct the inner life of these men, and especially of him whose gift of taciturnity outrivalled nature's secrecy, is another matter; and for those who do this, and would seem to know Shakespeare better than he knew himself, any one with knowledge of the inner life must have the kind

of pity that is akin to contempt. Mr. White had for them unlimited scorn, and poured it forth unceasingly and unsparingly. Those men who assume to know the unsearchable soul of genius, and those who seek to dress the writer of pleasant comedies and tragical histories as an *avant-courier* of Hegelianism, were foes to be put to flight with all his critical weapons if he could compass it. He was a partisan in the conflict, but even when going to great lengths he did good work. To free Shakespeare from his commentators is more of a gain than a loss, for, generally speaking, they are of the sort that darkens counsel. It is possible to look upon their explanations of the doctrines of life as unfolded in Shakespeare's plays, and even upon their efforts to reduce his own genius to the familiarity of Rousseau-like autobiography, with a most tolerant spirit; but blessed is he who finds Shakespeare, though he loses them!

But did Mr. White find Shakespeare? Did he succeed any better than the victims of his own censure in forming an ideal Shakespeare out of the materials at hand on the "no nonsense" theory? What his conception of the man Shakespeare was is well known to the readers of these pages. He lost no opportunity of insisting that the genius we idolize was a popular London playwright, whose aim was immediately to please the spectators and thereby get money. If he wrote a good acting play that would draw an audience and increase the stock dividends of the managers, he had achieved his whole purpose. In this was included his entire notion of the use of the divine art and of his own life. This is the substance of Mr. White's teaching, reiterated almost to weariness. The theory falls in with the common idea that Shakespeare was a kind of Nature's foundling, to whom benevolent fairies had given the great gifts of wisdom, beauty, and fortune as

carelessly as if they were shining pebbles, just as fairies used to do in the old story-books. A few surface facts, principal among them the omission to edit and publish his complete works, give support to the presumed indifference to fame or ignorance of the transcendent worth of his creations on Shakespeare's part, which is involved in the position. There are ready explanations of the facts referred to, such as the nature of theatrical property in those days, and the desirability of not publishing the plays in order to monopolize their acting by his own company, with which we will not delay the reader. But after giving due weight to all that Mr. White urges, it seems to us that it has been as dangerous for him to stop at the surface of Shakespeare's life as it was for the anatomists to probe the centre. In attending to his characterization of the man as a money-getter, one is reminded of the ancient science that discovered in humanity a threefold soul, and one thinks that Mr. White may have found one of these in Shakespeare's case, and has forgotten to look for the other two. In fact, it must be confessed that the editor has sometimes shown a weakness of poetic apprehension,—that his Shakespeare is rather an observer of life than a poet. This comes out strikingly in his statement, for example, that Shakespeare most withdraws the veil from his own personality in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the character of Ulysses gives expression to his own views of life. This drama is indeed packed with noble phrases and fine wisdom, but if the present writer were to seek for Shakespeare in it, it would be in the impatience, the undisguised contempt, that the author shows for these wars about the Grecian jade; nor is there more reason to ascribe any special earnestness or directness to the words of the dialogue than in the case of any other of the dramas that allow frequent opportunity for the utterance of universal truths in respect

to man's nature or life. Mr. White's use of the play is merely to emphasize his notion that Shakespeare was a man of the world exclusively, or at least primarily. It is not incumbent on us to argue against this theory, but merely to point it out as a cardinal trait of the editor's Shakespeareanism. There would be little need for such argument. The many phrases of the sonnets which prophesy immortality for the verse are not to be set aside as merely customary at the time, or as applicable only to the more pretentious work (as Mr. White thinks) of the poet as distinct from the dramatist; they have the ring of sincerity too clear for that, the stamp of the *mens conscia virtutis* which converts a boast into the just superscription of Cæsar. But apart from all these minor matters of evidence, the world will never believe that the man who knew human life more widely and profoundly than any other mere mortal that ever wrote was ignorant only of himself; or that, with such acquaintance with the noble and ideal ends of life, he contented himself with that one of avarice or of getting on in the world which is held to be among the meanest and most paltry, and which is usually debasing to the higher faculties. Had he been so furnished with insight, imagination, and ideality as he was, so complete in earthly wisdom and so apprehensive of the excellence of human virtue, and had he, notwithstanding, declined to the level of those who care for their gifts and works only as means of merchandise, he would have been a monstrosity so strange that nature could scarce contain his deformities. This is instinctively felt by those whose thoughts keep proportion. In this matter Mr. White exhibited most plainly the limitation of his mind. The truth which gives any color to his characterization of Shakespeare may easily be granted, as that he was always mindful of his audience's taste, of stage traditions, of the actual conditions under which he prac-

ticed his art, and that he made money by his work and was glad to have it, and that he valued social rank and position. The error lies in affirming that this is the whole story; in ignoring the poetic nature, the most self-conscious of all the varieties of temperament; and in passing by all that indicates Shakespeare's regard for his art, even in the chance ways possible, such as his repeated criticism on the abuses of the stage and his great reform in the disposition made of the Fool. In these last it was not the theatrical manager, but the outraged poet, who spoke; his impatient contempt for the laughter of the pit and the rant of the stage, though he yielded to them as much as was needful, is the obverse of his love for his art and the value he set upon it. But these hints in regard to the qualities involved in the mere existence of such creative genius, and expressly shown in random flashes of his work, are almost superfluous. Because Shakespeare submitted in his art and worldly life to the conditions imposed on him by fortune, and made that submission the most marvelous triumph of all literature, is not a reason for affirming that he gave his assent to these conditions; and unless he did so with all his soul, the theory that he cared for nothing except to get rich by catering to the apprentices must fall to the ground. We must stop this side of Mr. White's furthest mark, therefore, and admit only that Shakespeare had the wisdom, as a literary workman, to take the times as he found them and reduce them to the purposes of great art; and that, Heaven be thanked, he was paid for his laborious industry, and left money to pay his debts and provide for his children.

To parody the literary proverb, one might say that the defects of Mr. White's Shakespeareanism produced its qualities. In a field so large and various, it may be a working advantage to have limitations of outlook and effort, and to take

short views. The editor who has once satisfied himself, as did Mr. White, that to build spiritual biography was foolishness and to philosophize about the inner life was futile has greatly simplified his task; and if to this he adds the positive idea that Shakespeare's vision was bounded by the circuit of the London theatre, he may well rest contented with the aim of merely restoring the past conditions, and so providing his readers with notes that they can mingle with the crowd at the Globe as with contemporaries. Within these self-imposed bounds the gifts of Mr. White were put to admirable use. In the mere matter of the vocabulary, in elucidating or restoring meanings to words, he was a well-informed and trustworthy guide; and how large a portion of his study was philological does not need to be pointed out. Perhaps a more important, because rarer, service was his reconstruction of the original acting, the *mise-en-scène*, in which his knowledge of the stage was an efficient aid to his scholarship and insight. He laments the break in the theatrical tradition occasioned by the closing of the theatres under the Commonwealth, because it probably deprived us of Shakespeare's own conception of how the characters should be represented; but his essays upon the acting of Rosalind and of Iago, for example, do more to set the Elizabethan interpretation of the plays before us than anything else with which we are acquainted. In fact, Mr. White's frequent criticism on modern impersonations of Shakespeare's characters, by showing how far removed they are from the author's intention, makes a part of his most instructive writings.

Besides the linguistic and the theatrical strands in the more valuable portion of his work, something is to be said for the critical element in the department of characterization. It was here that the editor was strongest. The conception of Iago which he develops is as

finely reasoned an essay as can be found in the field, and his restoration of Jaques from a melodramatic fool into his original sour cynicism is a piece of retributive justice too long delayed. There is no space for further detail, but we cannot refrain from expressing a special gratitude for his penetration into the noble nature of Cassio, who has met with little understanding hitherto, and for the clear and sympathetic discovery of it to his readers. It is when Mr. White applies himself to these subjects that he shows the most valuable individual qualities, and merits honor. They belong, however, to the detailed rather than the general criticism of Shakespeare, and therefore cannot be entered upon here where there is no room for specialism. In scholarship he was, perhaps, lacking in breadth, and in more than one instance, as in his discussion of the text of the two quartos of Hamlet, he argues beside the point in dispute. Notwithstanding these things, the real value of Mr. White's Shakespeareanism is not impaired. The literary form and charm of his style, the hard-headedness of his mind, the practical sense he always displays, make his work, within the limitations which he himself assigned it, of great positive utility; and the sturdiness with which he stood for common sense, in opposition to the eulogistic gush with which Shakespeare, in common with all the greatest poets, is overwhelmed in our times of Swinburnian rhetoric, is something to be very grateful for. He had his pet notions, as who has not? and he was a hard hitter,—“Let the galled jade wince!” But he spent his life with his favorite author, and made of him his liberal education; would that the universities afforded so good a one! His labor was one of love, and it has the value and respect of the best work a man can do, being deficient only where Nature herself had denied faculty, in this case on the poetic side. He has gone over to

the shelves of the “great majority” of acknowledged commentators, beneath the Stratford bust, and with him go the plaudits of true lovers of Shakespeare for such lifelong and honest service to the god of our literary idolatry.

It is but just to add a few words of acknowledgment for the vigor and brightness shown by Mr. White in his work in other fields. His versatility, information, and industry were very great. He was essentially a *littérateur* rather than an author. The keen observant power of his view of English life and manners was really marvelous, when one considers his comparatively short residence—or more properly speaking, vacation—in the mother country; and his knowledge of England, as shown in other volumes than those of travel, appears as intimate as a native's. He possessed, beside this ready apprehension of facts and insight into human nature, some of the best qualities of the transplanted stock from which he sprang, and showed them in the patience and frugal independence of a self-respecting life, which may well serve as a lesson in simplicity and dignity to the rapidly increasing class of writers who make minor literature their profession. The lack of tolerance which he sometimes exhibited was not that of an unamiable but of a strong nature; and the insistence on some opinion which he seems to have regarded as his private property was the common foible of students. On the other hand, genuine heartiness and an inbred courtesy may be easily discerned beneath his literary exterior; and although it is only with his literary character that we deal, the same qualities distinguished him among his friends. He will hold a niche in the remembrance of our readers, for the sake of many agreeable hours which he has afforded us all, and for which, independently of his Shakespeare, a large constituency, in common with ourselves, are thankful.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

AMONG the valuable works which the South has contributed to the history of the late war, the *Life and Campaigns of General J. E. B. Stuart*¹ will take a high place. The book is by no means a mere biography of Stuart himself; it is a history, as the inscription on the side of the cover aptly puts it, of "the Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry." We are prepared, therefore, to find a full and minute account of all the principal and of many of the subsidiary operations of that force. The account, indeed, is so full and so minute that it will tax the patience of the ordinary reader to master the descriptions of skirmishes and ambushes which, unimportant, perhaps, in their bearing on the great events of the war, were yet worthy of being carefully narrated in a work claiming to give a complete history of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. To any student of the military art, however, these literal and exact accounts of the mode of cavalry-fighting in our civil war cannot but be of very great and permanent interest; while any reader who is willing to give the time required for following out the descriptions with the aid of the excellent maps which accompany the volume will find himself well repaid in the peculiar attraction always attendant on watching the varying fortunes of a fight.

Major McClellan was Stuart's chief of staff, and he is, as he should be, loyal to his general. But, so far as we can discover, he is actuated by an impartial spirit. Neither in his treatment of the Federal narratives, nor in his accounts of Confederate operations, do we find any evidence of partisanship. At the same time, allowance must be made for

the fact that he writes from the standpoint of Stuart himself.

The function of cavalry in warfare has changed very much in the last thirty years. For hundreds — nay, thousands — of years it remained substantially the same; the Numidian horse of Hannibal fought very much in the same way as did the cuirassiers of Napoleon. But with the introduction of improved firearms a change has gradually come about. We saw one of the last examples of the old method in the famous charge at Balaklava, thirty odd years ago; but that was condemned at the time as not being, strictly speaking, "war." In our great struggle, it seems to have been recognized from the first that the rôle of the cavalry was to be auxiliary only. They were employed — often most unjustifiably — to do the picket duty for the whole army; they were sent off on expeditions to cut telegraph wires, destroy railroads, capture depots of supplies, and generally to break up the enemy's communications. Columns of cavalry always preceded and covered the march of an army, and were expected to ascertain the position and intentions of the enemy. In these operations it of course often happened that severe fighting had to be done; but when infantry were encountered, the cavalry usually dismounted and fought as infantry. In fact, up to the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1864, it was only when cavalry were opposed to cavalry that the hostile squadrons charged in the old style, using the sabre. Whether this mode of fighting would ever be resorted to now is certainly very questionable. With the repeating small arms of to-day in the hands of the troopers, such splendid attacks, and the like, are no longer possible. General, and Chief of Staff of the Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Richmond, Va.: J. W. Randolph & English. 1885.

¹ *The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, Commander of the Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia.* By H. B. McClellan, A. M., late Major, Assistant Adjutant-

tacks as were made by both the Federal and Confederate cavalry at Brandy Station (or Fleetwood) would, we apprehend, never be attempted. It is the characteristic feature of the book before us that it gives all the necessary facts of a transitory yet very interesting phase in the history of the employment of cavalry in modern warfare. We have minute narratives of those daring raids in the rear of our armies, of which Stuart made at least three which were successful and famous. We have the details of the services performed by him when accompanying a column of infantry. We have careful and impartial, though naturally not always correct, descriptions of those obstinate and spirited hand-to-hand encounters between cavalry and cavalry which followed immediately on the reorganization of the Federal horse in the spring of 1863, and which will carry down to posterity the names of Buford and Gregg and Custer and Sheridan. The actions at Kelly's Ford, Brandy Station, Aldie Gap, Middleburg, Gettysburg, Yellow Tavern, are all described at length; and though there is a great deal that might be written to fill out, or to correct, or even in some cases to reverse, the conclusions of Major McClellan, the Federal historian must acknowledge his indebtedness to him as a fair and honest writer on his own side.

In Stuart the Confederacy had a natural leader of cavalry. Daring, cool, eminently a man of resources in an emergency, full of the spirit of adventure, young, gay, handsome, a fine horseman, he carried into the somewhat prosaic operations of our civil war not a little of the chivalrous spirit of former times. Belonging to one of the distinguished families of Virginia, and possessed of so many undoubted qualifications for his task, his position was an assured one from the very first. He took an active part in the first battle of Bull Run, winning the high commendation of Generals Johnston and Jackson.

He commanded the entire cavalry of the Confederate army on the Peninsula. It was here that he first acquired general reputation by his daring raid around our army, about the middle of June, 1862. Being the first performance of the kind, the effect it produced upon the not very experienced soldiers of McClellan's army was considerable, and the expedition, rash and perilous as it certainly was, may fairly be said to have been justified under the circumstances of the case. In August of that year Stuart tried the same manœuvre again, getting in the rear of the army of General Pope, and capturing some of that officer's head-quarter-baggage. But though this was also a very daring and skillfully conducted affair, it did not strike either army as possessing the importance of the former raid. Stuart, however, who evidently enjoyed these expeditions, the management of which was peculiarly suited to his character and talents, undertook, not long after the battle of Antietam, still another, and perhaps more venturesome, incursion. In October, 1862, when Lee's army was in Virginia, Stuart crossed the Potomac at McCoy's Ferry, a short distance above Williamsport; proceeded rapidly to Chambersburg, where he obtained supplies of all kinds; then taking the Gettysburg road as far as Cashtown, he returned by way of Emmitsburg to White's Ferry, just above Conrad's Ferry, where he crossed the Potomac, eluding with great skill and good fortune the Federal troops, by whom his little force seemed to be well-nigh surrounded. What the object of this performance was, beyond exhibiting to the men of both armies what a fine set of fellows Stuart's cavalry were, what risks they were ready to take, and with what audacity and coolness they could escape from the snares laid for them by their foes, we are at a loss to know. But the importance of distributing information of this kind is hardly to be weighed against the danger of los-

ing such an auxiliary to an army as Stuart and his command. As it was, everything turned out well enough; the Federal generals were annoyed, and the Northern public was irritated. But suppose that Pleasanton had not been misled by false reports, and that Stuart and his raiders had been taken: any one can see what effect that news would have had upon both armies. It would have been a serious blow to the confidence reposed by the South in their generals, and it could not have failed greatly to encourage the North.

General Stuart was now to have a rare opportunity for distinction. In the campaign of Chancellorsville, as hitherto, he commanded the cavalry. On the evening of the 2d of May, after the crushing assault on the eleventh corps, the great Confederate leader, Stonewall Jackson, was mortally wounded, and his place was filled by A. P. Hill, who, while exerting himself to repair the disorder into which the troops had necessarily fallen in their onward and successful movement, and to resist the counter-attacks which Sickles, at the head of the undismayed veterans of the third corps, was fiercely making to recover the lost ground, was wounded himself. Then Lee sent for Stuart, and put him in command of Jackson's corps. It was a proud moment in Stuart's life, and a great honor for so young an officer, for he was but just thirty years old. The task before him was, fortunately, neither an ambiguous nor a complicated task. There was but one thing to do, and that was to fight. Of the battle which raged so fiercely on Sunday morning; of the repeated, desperate, persistent assaults which Stuart directed against our position; of the energy and enthusiasm which he inspired; and of the gallantry with which from time to time he led the troops himself, we have not time to speak. Fierce and determined as were those repeated attacks, however, nothing but the gross mismanagement of Hooker

can account for their having overcome the steady and obstinate resistance of the troops of Sickles and Slocum. But we need not dwell on this ever painful episode in the war. Suffice it to say that Stuart acquitted himself admirably.

His services were, however, more needed in the cavalry. In the severe actions which occurred in the spring and early summer of 1863, Brandy Station, Aldie Gap, Middleburg, and Gettysburg, cavalry met cavalry, and, as has been before said, the fighting was of the most approved old style, horse to horse, and sabre to sabre. In these engagements the Federals displayed a confidence and courage which had rarely been observed before, and which was the result of the thorough reorganization of our cavalry, for which the army was indebted to General Hooker probably more than to any one else.

Stuart's course in the campaign of Gettysburg has been severely criticised as well by Confederate as by Federal authorities. When Lee determined on the invasion of the North, he left a large force of cavalry to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge. He took a very small force to cover the march of the army. The remainder he entrusted to Stuart, and practically gave him *carte blanche* as to the route he should take to compass the two objects of ascertaining the movements of the enemy and communicating his information to General Lee. Stuart, instead of keeping on the right flank of the Confederate columns, between them and our army, chose the devious and complicated course of passing to the south of our corps while they were marching north, thus getting between them and Washington, and then crossing the Potomac near Washington at Rowser's Ford. He expected to make a complete circuit around our army, as he had twice done before, and to bring seasonable information of Hooker's whereabouts and operations to his commanding officer. Looked at from

any point of view, this plan was bad. It necessarily involved the separation of the cavalry from the rest of the army for a period, the duration of which no one could guess, and it exposed it, moreover, to be cut off and captured. The only recommendations of the project were its adventurousness, which we suspect was a pretty strong recommendation in the eyes of General Stuart, and the possibility of doing some damage to the communications of the Army of the Potomac by operating between it and Washington. With such a small force as accompanied Stuart, however, no great successes in this direction were to be looked for, while the danger of utter failure from the discovery of his exposed position by the Federal army — which, contrary to his expectation, was not resting near Washington, but was marching north — daily increased. Not only was Stuart thus made aware of a concentration of the Federal army in Pennsylvania, a fact of the utmost importance to General Lee, but the very movements of the Federal corps by which this concentration was effected prevented Stuart from sending his information to the headquarters of his commander. It must also be admitted that Stuart was far from showing that clear, strong sense which a man like Stonewall Jackson would have shown in a like situation. Having early made a trumpery capture of a lot of wagons and prisoners, he persisted in carrying them along with him, in spite of the delay they were manifestly causing. He never seems to have realized that so long as he was unable to communicate with Lee he was in a false position, from which he ought to make every effort to escape. As for the claim put forward by Major McClellan, that Stuart hindered the movements of the Federal army, that, with all submission, is an entire mistake. “My main point,” wrote Meade to Halleck, “being to find out and fight the enemy, I shall have to sub-

mit to the cavalry raids around me in some measure.” Stuart reached Gettysburg on the afternoon of the 2d of July. But by that time the mischief had been done. General Lee, deprived of his cavalry, had been concentrating his army on Gettysburg, in ignorance of General Meade’s movements. His leading divisions had, on the day before, encountered the first and eleventh corps of the Federal army near Gettysburg, and had beaten them after an obstinate struggle. The Federal general had, nevertheless, decided to concentrate his whole army here and await an attack. On the 2d of July Lee followed up his first success by driving the third Federal corps from an untenable position. Unable now to resist the influences of the hour, he was about to essay the hazardous task of assaulting the steady infantry of the Northern army, thinned but not a whit daunted by their ill luck on the past two days, and holding a strong, well-defined position. In truth, Lee’s only chance, humanly speaking, lay in compelling the Federal army to attack him; but, owing to his ignorance of our designs and movements, his troops struck their enemy unexpectedly, and having been thus far — owing in part, at least, to adventitious circumstances — successful, Lee, on the 3d of July, made that gallant, but rash, assault on our left centre, the utter repulse of which left Meade the victor of the three days’ fight. Whether, if Stuart’s cavalry had been with the main army, Lee would or could have so managed that Meade would have been induced to assault him in position, no one, of course, can say; all we know is that the battle, as it was fought, was unpremeditated by General Lee, — that it was not the kind of battle which he had intended to deliver.

General Stuart’s services in the Wilderness campaign were very brief. In the winter of 1863–4 our cavalry, then under Sheridan, had vastly improved; the cavalry of the Confederates, on the

other hand, was weak in numbers and poorly equipped. Early in the campaign, Sheridan, with some twelve thousand horse, moved in rear of the army of Lee and threatened Richmond. In a severe action at Yellow Tavern, Stuart was mortally wounded. He met his fate like a brave and good man, as he

was. Major McClellan's narrative here is simple and very touching.

We have extended this review to a greater length than we originally intended. But among the heroic figures of the war, the gallant leader of the Confederate cavalry is certainly one of the most attractive.

FOLK TALES.

It has been said, as a mark of the high civilization of London, that no person can be interested in any subject however recondite, or have any taste however fantastic, that he does not sooner or later meet in that vast city some one pursuing exactly the same study, or humoring the same hobby. It is a healthy sign, too, with us that the number of our special scholars is yearly increasing, but it is regrettable, although natural, that they should often be better known in Europe than at home. Although Mr. Crane's name is by no means unfamiliar to the general public, it may safely be said that for his special studies he is, outside of the precincts of his university, far more highly appreciated in Rome and Palermo, in Paris and Berlin, than in Boston or New York. While Mr. Crane's last work on Italian Popular Tales will add still more to the esteem and respect in which he is held by scholars like Pitre, De Gubernatis, Gaston Paris, Köhler, and Ralston, it will reveal to us at home what thorough and excellent work is doing here, and will at the same time win increased favor and popularity for studies in the peculiarly interesting subject of folk-lore. In saying that Mr. Crane's book marks an epoch in this science in America, we do not forget what has already been done here,—the numerous publications of Dr. Daniel G. Brinton on the my-

thology and traditions of the early American races, the papers of Mr. John Fiske on Myths and Mythmakers (originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1867); but, for careful, accurate, and brilliant scholarship, we can compare it with nothing but the remarkable notes of Mr. Francis J. Child, in his edition of the English and Scottish Popular Ballads. It may be mentioned, by the way, that the best and largest collection of works on folk-lore and early popular literature accessible to the student is that in the library of Harvard College, obtained through the care of Mr. Child. Cornell University possesses a smaller collection, peculiarly rich in books relating to the Slavonic people and the races of Russia and Northern Asia.

Fairy tales had long been liked,—the *Piavevoli Notti* of Straparola, their first appearance in literature, was published in 1550, the *Pentamerone* of Basile in 1637, the charming *Contes de ma Mère Loyer* of Charles Perrault from 1691 to 1697, to say nothing of others,—but the scientific study of such stories, of traditions, superstitions, and popular customs, began with the publication in 1816 of the *Kinder-und Hausmärchen*, collected by the brothers Grimm. Since 1840 such collections have been made everywhere, in nearly all countries, civilized and barbarous, and with

each new contribution the surprise increased at the wide diffusion of certain tales and certain types. The necessity grew also of rigorous scientific study of such tales, as expressions of the popular imagination, together with that of usages and beliefs that might seem to be derived from an earlier religion and an earlier stage of civilization. This branch of learning received the appropriate name of *folk-lore*; and so suitable is the word that it has been adopted bodily in several languages, and has such odd-looking derivatives as *folklorico* and *folklorismo*. For the convenience of scholars folk-lore societies have been founded in England, Sweden, Spain, and Italy during the past seven years, and several journals have been started for this specialty. These societies and these journals are very useful, because, although so much has been already done, more remains undone. The tales of the Aryan races show a similarity close enough to serve as proof that they all had a common origin; but how does the case stand with similar tales among people of non-Aryan race, with whom, such as Samoans and Zulus, no Aryan influence can be imagined? Until we have further data it is impossible to decide with certainty even the source of some of the commonest superstitions which govern us from our cradles, or of the customs which accompany the great festivals of the church.

The question of the origin of popular tales was the first to present itself as soon as it was noticed that the same story, differing only in local color or in the subordinate details, was to be found among peoples separated by long distances, and when it was seen that the whole body of tales could be reduced to certain types or formulas, admitting of endless variation within certain lines. The tale of Beauty and the Beast, for instance, exists in English, German, Danish, Norwegian, Russian, Bohemian, Serbian, Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portu-

guese, French, and Breton. These languages and races had a common origin; it seems reasonable, therefore, to conclude that this story was the common property of these peoples before they separated from their early Aryan home in Central Asia. Proofs for this theory, which was originally that of the brothers Grimm, were sought in the earliest literature of India, and Max Müller, with the Vedas in his hands, tried to explain such tales as degraded myths, chiefly solar, representing the conflict between light and darkness, the sun, night, and the dawn. By a disease and a corruption of language, by a forgetfulness of the original meanings of words, pure personifications of natural phenomena became mythical and popular heroes, just as the *Rikshas*, the "bright ones," became the constellations of the Bears. This theory seemed so plausible, and was urged with such eloquence, that it took strong hold, especially in England, where there prevailed an exaggerated opinion of Max Müller's learning. But the vagaries of some of his followers, like Sir George Cox, who wished to explain the Iliad and the Trojan war as a solar myth, soon began to excite distrust. The supporters of the mythic or philological theory were, besides, divided among themselves. Where the English school saw dawn myths, one German school under Kuhn saw fire myths, and another under Schwartz saw storm and thunder-cloud myths. The classical tale of Cupid and Psyche has been interpreted in all three ways with equal plausibility. But the tale of Cupid and Psyche is found among non-Aryan races; and that of Beauty and the Beast exists in much the same form among peoples as widely separated as the Mongols and the Kaffirs. Now, while it is pleasant to believe that an individual tale is a degraded myth from the Vedas, it is hard to admit this of all, and doubly hard to believe that "philological corruption" worked in exactly the same

way in languages of the most diverse nature, origin, and development. The philological school tells us that it is wrong to compare non-Aryan with Aryan myths; but while such a rule may hold good for vocabularies, it seems here rather an avoidance than a solution of the difficulty.

The same difficulty — that of widely diffused stories among different races — besets also, though in a less degree, the other chief theory, that of Benfey and Köhler, that our popular tales come from India, not in Aryan but in historic times, and that they have spread into Europe with every wave of influence circling from east to west. There are strong reasons for thinking that this diffusion of Eastern tales and legends, especially from the *Pantchatantra* and the *Arabian Nights*, was due to commercial intercourse with the Mussulmans, but especially to the Crusades. The legend of Barlaam and Josaphat, saints of the Eastern church, came earlier, for it was written in the sixth or seventh century, and is clearly shown by Liebrecht and Veselofsky to be taken from the Indian legendary history of Buddha. Among the Mongols and some other races of Asia, where Buddhist missionaries have carried their religion, it is easy to understand the appearance of Indian tales and fables; but how can we account for similar stories in countries where contact has been almost impossible in historic times?

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his *Custom and Myth*, working on the anthropological method, has given still another theory, — that these concordances of usage and story are proofs of a certain early stage of development and culture through which all races pass, the Aryans as well as the Australians, and that they are therefore important to the psychological history of mankind. It must be admitted that his reasoning has great force.

All these theories may be partly true: some tales and legends may have been brought from the East, some may be degraded myths, and some may be part of that fund of imagination and fancy common to all mankind. The question of the diffusion of popular tales seems, however, just now to be more important than that of their origin. It is necessary to know not only the agencies by which tales were spread, but the directions they took. For instance, from the resemblance of the tales of the Siberian tribes to the Russian epic ballads, Mr. Stasof, contrary to previous writers, argues that his countrymen are of non-Aryan race. It is to this question of diffusion that Mr. Crane has of late directed his studies, although he gives but few hints of them in the volume before us.¹ In a paper in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* for 1883, which has received very great and just praise and commendation in France and Germany, he gave some of the results of his researches among *Mediaeval Sermon-Books*, — an almost untrodden field of investigation, — and showed the great part played by the preachers of the Middle Ages.

With the exception of two stories discovered by Mr. Crane in the *Scala Coeli* of Joannes Gobijs, published in 1480 (see *Germania*, XVIII., New Series, page 203), variants of which may be found in the collection of Grimm, the first appearance of fairy tales in literature is, as has been already mentioned, in the books of Straparola and Basile. The former, Giovan Francesco Straparola of Caravaggio, is merely a name to us, except for his *Facetious Nights*. In these the author, in imitation of Boccaccio, represents that Francesca Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Milan, retires to Murano, and passes part of her exile in listening to stories told by the ladies and gentlemen of her court, some of

¹ *Italian Popular Tales*. By THOMAS FREDERICK CRANE, A. M., Professor of the Romance

Languages in Cornell University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

whom, like Casali, Bembo, and Cappello, are otherwise known to fame. Out of seventy-four stories, twenty-two are popular tales. This book had such wide popularity that there were sixteen Italian editions between 1550 and 1608, and of the French translation there were fourteen editions between 1560 and 1726. The best now attainable is the reprint of the old French translation by Jean Louveau and Pierre de Larivey in Jannet's *Bibliothèque Elzevirienne* of 1857. Very little more is known about Giambattista Basile, or, as he wrote his name in anagram, Gian Alesio Abbatutis. He had spent part of his early life in Crete, whence perhaps he brought some of his stories, and was the brother of the celebrated singer "la bella Adriana," whose daughter Leonora is praised in three of Milton's Latin epigrams. The fifty tales of his *Pentamerone*, all of them genuine popular tales, are written in the Neapolitan dialect, but are full of the conceits of that age of *concetti*. To us that heightens their flavor. One is at a loss at times to know if they are inserted for ornament or as satire. The book had an undoubted influence upon French literature. There is a good English translation of thirty of the best stories by John Edward Taylor, with charming illustrations by Cruikshank, — still the best fairy-book that we know for children.

Notwithstanding the popularity of these two books at the time, they produced but one imitation, Mr. Crane tells us, *La Posillecheata*, five coarse stories in the Neapolitan dialect, by Pompeo Sarnelli, Bishop of Bisceglie, which was first published in 1684, and is now forgotten. Nearly two hundred years passed before other collections of popular tales were made in Italy, this time from the mouths of the people. De Gubernatis, Widter, Wolf, Knust, Laura Gonzenbach, Miss Busk, Comparetti, and Imbriani have all done their share, but the best work is due to Dr. Giu-

seppe Pitre, of Palermo, whose collection of *Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti*, is otherwise valuable to the student of language, as giving an excellent exposition of the Sicilian dialect. For that alone it is worth study. One interesting peculiarity of these recent collections is the care which has been taken to represent popular forms and terms of speech, for very many of the stories have been taken down in short-hand. Pitre, in the preface to the work mentioned, gives an entertaining account of some of the old women from whom he heard the tales. One of these, Agata Messina, who had been heard by many interested in the lore, died only last June.

The Italian, and especially the Sicilian, stories are particularly interesting, because, owing to the constant relations of Italy with the East, we ought to catch many of them on their passage and in their earliest European forms. A remarkable example of such is the tale of the Parrot, in the book before us.

If we have dwelt chiefly on the scholarly merits of Mr. Crane's book, with its copious notes and bibliography, it is because the interest of the tales themselves, which he has translated for us, is such that they need no praise or explanation. It would be easy to catch, but hard to express, the enthusiasm of an audience of both old and young, who have already heard most of them twice. We miss, however, the local color found in the tales of some other peoples. Consisting, with the exception of the characteristic introductions and endings, in picturesque words of picturesque dialects, rather than in local details, it is necessarily lost in translation. It would seem as if the old women of Italy had inherited the logical lucidity of the old Latin, and had desired to give the facts of their wonderful stories without extraneous ornament.

For local color we must turn to the stories of a kindred people, the Roumanians, who have been subjected to quite

other influences.¹ The tales themselves are rich in details which bring up even the physical aspect of the country, and in poetic and imaginative expressions which show the influence of the Slav upon the Latin race. It is this poetic

side which makes the Roumanian tales different from those of the rest of Europe, and we are willing to agree with the Roumanian poet Alecsandri that it was the hearing of such stories that chiefly contributed to make him a poet.

TENNYSON: THE CONSERVATIVE.

NEARLY all the poems in Tennyson's new volume² have been published separately in periodicals, and were from time to time greeted by the popular press as the Laureate's latest inanity. Yet a book of like finish and strength would bring any unknown poet into the front rank without a dissenting voice, and this one itself will adorn the company in which Tennyson's name will secure it a place for a period to which the criticism of our age can assign no limit. The art of the master, the perfect control of modulated language for poetic ends, pervades the whole; some great themes, so treated as to develop the wisdom of great ideas, are here; and, more conspicuous in the lesser verses, the grace, ease, and sureness of an exquisitely refined mind make an element of pleasant attraction. The lack of recognition of these things on the part of the public suggests that the decline of poetry is not wholly the fault of the singers. It is not without justice, however, that the rude general decision is recorded against Tennyson's old-age work; that the people refuse, and will continue to refuse, these latter-day poems, especially in America.

For one thing, it is exceptionally limited in its appeal, — the outgrowth, in many parts, of his personal relations as a man and as an Englishman. It opens with a tribute to his friend, Mr. Fitzger-

ald, a charmingly natural copy of epistolary verses, familiar, reminiscent, with a touch of humor and also of the soberness of life's closing day, — the greeting of an old man to the friend of his youth who has aged with him. It was sent by his son's hand, and inclosed the poem *Tiresias*, written long ago; but before the missive arrived the host was dead. And so a third copy of verses follows, memorial stanzas, appreciative, somewhat pathetic, calm, and mild. The whole is a threefold sheaf upon his friend's grave. The unfortunately entitled *Charge of the Heavy Brigade* has likewise its prologue of a rhymed note of dedication to General Hamley, commemorating a visit from him, and an apologetic epilogue replying to some "girl-graduate" who would have the lyre struck only in praise of peace; and dangling from this is still another stanza, repelling the commonplace reproach that songs are not deeds. The group, taken together, is rambling matter. Then there are some prefatory stanzas for his brother's poems, not without a stroke or two on the higher chords, but how different from the childhood tablet in honor of the same love in *In Memoriam*! And, later, there is the inscription written for Lord Dufferin's Tower, at his request. As one reads these various bits, the memory revives in him of the

¹ *Roumanian Fairy Tales*. Collected by MITE KREMNITZ. Adapted and arranged by J. M. PERCIVAL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1885.

² *Tiresias and other Poems*. By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, D. C. L., P. L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

old-style days when the poet used his art in every-day intercourse with agreeable acquaintances, and handed about the manuscripts: they belong to the leisure moments of a cultivated life, and their place is with the personal records, the letters and acts of courtesy, of their author; they are the courtliness of literature. Others, besides those mentioned, have their source in the lettered life: the tribute to Catullus, a most graceful exercise; that to Virgil, with a Roman magnificence and amplitude, — a poem for whose perfection no critical praise suffices; and the concluding sonnet, in which Tennyson laments because the sacred poets are “swampy with themselves.” The audience for such pieces as these must be small. They presuppose a special taste, a rarity even of modern culture. If the poet would take all hearts with him he must steer his lonely bark to other seas, where — in the metaphor which our imagination cannot clarify — he will be in no danger of swamping from Virgil, Horace, and Catullus.

To be treated as a friend and a scholar by Tennyson is not a hard lot, though the public are barred out. To be treated as an Englishman is something which we have no shadow of right to object to. If the Princess and the Queen were nearer to us, the lines in which the residence of the young wife with her mother is turned into a curious astronomical vision might seem more than merely court business; and if the changes of English political life appeared more dangerously revolutionary than our experience of democracy allows, the ferment of popular distrust that disturbs some of the poems might be thought less unfortunate. Tennyson's patriotic verses hitherto have celebrated deeds and principles which touched us through their native nobility, or some community with our own civic life or our historical sympathy with England's past; but in the present volume he deals mainly with political

moods, and now and then exhibits signs of irascibility with the young democracy, as if he were tempted to drop into plain, outright, denunciatory prose. The temper of this portion is most simply shown in the lines to the Duke of Argyll, who is idealized as representing the element of order in change, — to speak unpoetically, the brakes on the wheels when the curve of progress discloses a down grade; and this conservatism has been unthinkingly associated with the poet's elevation to the peerage. Tennyson, however, was always a conservative in this sense. His well-worn phrase about “the red fool-fury of the Seine” measures his English hatred of Celtic politics. The idea of Liberty, and of the people which is her charge, impresses his imagination, and the distress of the lot of the English poor has enlisted his sympathy; but he was never so full of the divine rage that he would pour out the Flood and make the past an antediluvian memory, nor of the divine hope that he would sing the New Song before the millennium was in fact established at Westminster without disturbance in Lombard Street. The past glory of England, which has been so largely the illumination of his genius, has a deeper hold upon him than modern ideas; and from early days he has exhibited the repugnance of a sensitive mind to the coarse thumb of the mob — see with what fierceness it breaks out here in the splendid vigor of *The Dead Prophet* — and the aristocratic temper of an idealizing nature. There is no change of accent in his later utterances about Freedom that we can discern. The “dark ages of the popular press,” as he calls our age in his prosiest line, were probably a topic of conversation years ago with his friend Carlyle. The only difference is that when he names Liberty now, he immediately begins to think about her sister Order, and he is very anxious that the latter should not be discriminated against. For him the

great civil principles seem to have descended from the ideal, and to have got confused with temporal measures; so that even when he sets out to write a sort of imperial chorus, *Hands All Round*, for the mother country, the conquered provinces, and the colonies to join in, it becomes, instead of a triumphal hymn of greatness, a plea for the integrity of the combination and no retreat on the frontiers. The secret of the weakness of poetry of this kind is that it springs from prudential considerations which lie in the region of the practical judgment and of shifting circumstance, too narrow and changeful to serve for ideal motives. These odes, or stanzas, or blank verse are as truly occasional pieces as if they were written for a banquet of the Whig peers. The four lines of General Gordon's admirable epitaph are worth whole octavos of these poems, which, whether they "wander from the public good" or not, are in fact a "party-cry."

The remainder of this volume is addressed really to the public, and to the whole of it on both sides of the water. Attention has been most attracted by the two poems which are concerned with questions or aspects of religious faith, *Despair* and *The Ancient Sage*. The latter is impaired by being cast in a duplex form, and consists of two poems in different measures, interrupting each other: one in which the youthful disciple develops the pleasurelessness of life on an atheistic theory, the other in which the wise and metaphysical old man makes a running commentary on the first. In *Despair* the treatment is less didactic, and the ballad form, in which Tennyson has always exhibited his dramatic power most successfully, helps. In substance it is meant to light up in a lurid way the darkness of a sect-creed on the one hand, and of a science-creed on the other, and between the two the man goes crazy; under the circumstances it was the only sane thing for

him to do. In both of these pieces, and in detached passages elsewhere, the hostility of Tennyson to the materialistic tendencies in the science and speculation of the age is pronounced, and has been commented on not so much because of the thing said as of the temper of the saying. Here, too, as in the political verse, one feels that Tennyson would be a stern antagonist if he were in the arena instead of a crowned spectator by the inactive throne. His words have less the rush of poetry than the violence of controversy. But one must remark that, as in matters of state, so in matters of faith, this conservatism is no new thing; since he came to his belief, in *In Memoriam*, he has steadily become more settled in his reliance on a divine element in the universe in intimate relations of Providence to man. With this we are concerned only as it affects his poetry, and that is really a small matter; for the comparative failure of such work as *Despair* to take hold of the public is not due to its jealous attitude toward so-called modern thought, but to an artistic defect. The ballad, as has just been said, is Tennyson's best dramatic form. In it his force gets swing. In the present case, however, in order to justify the passion which was compelling expression, he was obliged to create exceptional incidents and a situation too plainly invented for set purposes. The imagination is not taken captive, does not believe the alleged basis of fact, but, on the contrary, the reason detects an artifice. If the supposed case be voluntarily accepted as real, the vehement declamation becomes natural, and the poem great; but for the public the imaginative acceptance must always be involuntary, and hence arises the tremendous power of passion in poetry when it is evolved from the common things of our experience. A similar reason is to be assigned for the weakness among the people of the two ballads which deal

with domestic infelicity, of marriage in one case and of betrothal in the other. There is in both these a seeming tampering with the facts for the sake of effect: an obvious over-emphasis of a sea-landscape in one, where the poetic passion is brought to its focus in the midst of a storm by the novelist's *deus ex machina* of having two deaths happen in the distant places at the right time; and in the other an equally obvious over-emphasis of a mood with which sympathy must be imperfect, because the facts that might sustain it are practically suppressed. The dramatic power of Tennyson is so intense that it needs, for its working, a situation of rare emotional capability, and at the same time not too strange, such as he had, for example, in the marvelous ballad of Rizpah. His grasp in these last poems is so strong that he seems to crush what he touches.

Much better are the two ballads not yet mentioned, — the pieces in dialect that belong to what is sometimes called *genre* work. Together with the new idyl, Balin and Balan, and the Tiresias, and the battle lyric of the Heavy Brigade, they are the distinctly poetic work of the volume, unadulterated by any admixture of religion, politics, court compliment, temporal occasions, public or private, or even personal friendship not lifted into universal meaning. The Irish ballad is, after the lines to Virgil, the most perfectly wrought poem in the volume; and the English ballad, though without the typical power of the earlier characters that have used Tennyson's dialect, has a rustic interest of the Dutch interior kind. For the sake of completeness, let it be said that Balin and Balan, of which the morality is profound, suffers by being made the body-piece of this volume; in its place among the great idyls, its low relief and simple action will find their artistic necessity. It is unjust to judge an incident of the frieze as if it were a figure of the pediment.

We have reviewed, as we had no thought of doing at the start, nearly all the poems in this volume. Its various power must strike every careful reader; and if there are infelicities in the choice of some subjects and in the poetic form of others, and limitations inherent in many of them which must deprive them of popular currency, nevertheless, let us not forget that there is but one living man who could afford us imaginative work of this order. That the volume is less than the last one, which gave us Rizpah, Grenville, and Columbus, may be readily granted, as that was less than its predecessors. Time has counted, no doubt. "Old age hath yet his honor and his due;" and instead of the charm and might of manhood we have the ease, the less exacting art, the more fragmentary and less selected thought, of less vigorous years. For our own part, we have found delight and profit in this last collection as in all that went before, and the alleged conservatism of the peer has proved a familiar thing, — not that of a convert, or that of a declining life, but that of the poet who has always been impressed by the values that a great national past has established, and who fears that the builders of the new future will care less for the beauty and righteousness which he has spent his life in praising. His fears we cannot share. Beauty and righteousness are not conspicuous, in the present state of England, to the eyes of an American. The duty of "the best conservative" is not confined, in his phrase, to the lopping of branches, but involves, we silently think, the laying of the Gladstonian axe to a few roots. This is outside our tether, however; and we close this insufficient criticism — as what criticism of great poetry was ever sufficient? — with advising those who talk of Tennyson's "inanities" to silence their sounding brass for a while, and diligently discover whether their ears are for hearing or for ornament.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

FROM time to time my attention has been attracted to comments in newspapers and elsewhere upon the expediency or inexpediency of masculine pseudonyms as employed by the literary sisterhood. The practice is frequently defended on the ground that the woman who adopts a masculine signature secures thereby a more impersonal consideration than if her productions were known to be "woman's work," and is accordingly judged by a more indulgent set of criteria. Also, it is argued that if the individual woman have an inclination to take up some line of thought not yet generally pursued by her sisters, she will be best able to carry her free lance by donning a manly visor. Some commentators on the practice have gone so far as to justify it on the ground that the literary wares of men receive a better market price than do those of women. It is not my purpose to look into the validity of these and similar arguments vindicating the use of the masculine pseudonym, but I venture to suggest what has hitherto been overlooked, — the utility of the feminine pseudonym as adopted by writers of the opposite sex. With no intention to disparage that which by exact antithesis might be termed "man's work in literature," it may be remarked, I trust, that one now and then meets both prose and verse which, lacking the highest virility, suffers through being accompanied by a too robust signature. It will be readily seen that a certain protective advantage would be gained for such weaklings if they were put forth over some feminine pen-name. For instance, should the bardic youth, conscious of feebleness in his song, subscribe himself "Laura Matilda," he would be tolerably well insured against critical archery, which rarely aims at a mark so deprecatory.

But there is another phase of the question, — one that has to do with philanthropy and chivalry rather than with selfish expediency. Consider to what an extent the current estimate placed upon woman's literary productions would be raised if able writers of the stronger sex should frequently make use of feminine pseudonyms. The question even becomes one of conscience, if we admit as true the statement that the writings of women are underpaid. It would be genuine chivalry and benevolence if man would consent to submit his work to the same level of pecuniary depreciation. His frequent adoption of a feminine pen-name would probably tend to bring about a more equitable system of appraisal and remuneration. I shall be glad if the suggestions here thrown out shall be related even remotely to the accomplishment of a needed reform; and in pursuance of these suggestions I should, if the Club permitted the use of signatures, beg to subscribe myself, self-sacrificingly, *As-traa*.

— It is not that the outside world is so wearisome; the trouble is with the monotony of our own minds. They are only music-boxes, after all, that play the same tunes, over and over. They are, in fact, like some queer species of music-box that should suppose itself to be infinite in variety, and be always expecting to play a wonderful new tune the next minute. It is really vexatious to find, if we set a watch on ourselves, that from the moment of waking, each morning, we take up the same old programme of interests, ideas of people and things, mind-pictures, and what not; and the inner life of every hour, as we go along through the forenoon and afternoon, copies the corresponding hour of the previous day with painful exactness.

At least, I myself confess to that ; " 't is so in Denmark." To a certain extent, no doubt, this mental repetition is due to the repetition of outside impressions. When we open our eyes on waking, for instance, there is the same eastern light through the same half-closed window, the familiar pillow and bed drapery, the pictured Madonna that has always hung on the opposite wall, and the friendly favorite books upon the little table. So the mind, as it begins to glimmer out of the mists of sleepiness, naturally moulds itself, as usual, upon this wonted *ensemble* of surroundings. The face, or the faces, never failing to appear at this hour to the mind's eye punctually reappear ; the past scene — mournful, or delightful, or bitter-sweet — that habitually comes back renews itself as ever ; the mind's day begins, with the same mingling of the old regret, the old plan, the old discouragement, the old rousing of the will ; the music-box commences to play its tune. So, when one gets to be aware of this, he may look forward to each accustomed place and act of the day, and see a certain set of ideas waiting for him. He sits down in the prescribed chair as the clock strikes, and finds he has seated himself also among a throng of mental activities, the same as the day before, the *genies* of the place. He takes a certain invariable attitude, and dips a pen in the usual inkstand, and finds he has at the same moment taken a wonted mental attitude toward things in general, and has dipped his pen into a flood of habitual ideas. I am not sure that, when a man so much as puts up an umbrella, he does not put up with it a hovering cloud of notions that have their regular habitation in its folds. We all remember the pathetic declaration of the old man, that he was "so tired of putting on his shoes in the morning, and taking them off again at night." It was not the shoes of which he was so tired !

It is on this account that it is almost always good advice to a person suffering from disaster, or overwhelming sorrow, to "go away somewhere." The new surroundings give the mind a chance, at least, to get free from its besetting thoughts and moods ; and it is strange and pitiful, sometimes, to see how, on returning and opening the door, the old trouble steps out and takes one by the hand and leads him in.

Are we not all driven to wonder, first or last, that our friends do not get more weary of us, when we get so weary of ourselves ? But then, fortunately, they do not often have us by the twenty-four hours together, as we do ourselves. As to those who are not particularly our friends, it is not strange that they do not find us any more interesting. We cannot blame them. It is a natural and healthy desire, this craving for something a little fresh and new. We may sometimes feel a kind of apologetic sense of our monotonous aspect in their eyes. We may say, under our breath, as we meet their accustomed faces on our beaten tracks along the pavement, "Here I am again, the same old sixpence ! I wish, for your sakes, I were something different, but here I am again !" And one may even feel moved, of an autumn afternoon, to put his feeling about it into some such verse as we shall venture to append to this fragmentary meditation : —

MY REFUGE.

Down to the flowing river I betake me,
With my dark mood, in these my clouded days.
I cannot meet the face of men ; they make me
Blush for my dolorous look and moping ways.

They have no melancholy thoughts, because
They have no thoughts : they eat, and drink,
and sleep ;
No darkling mystery of being draws
Their eyes, that never shine and never weep.

They count my silence as a kind of sin,
Resent my difference as 't were a crime ;
They almost make me wish myself their kin,
And I am strange and old before my time.

So to the flowing river I betake me,
Down where it flashes through the dusk of firs;
A lonely little hermitage I make me,
Where nothing but the wren or squirrel stirs.

Here I am not ashamed to bring each day
The same old thoughts, the same old mournful
dream;
The waves that heard this morning did not stay,
And yesternight's already seaward stream.

— There recently fell into my hands a little book entitled *Sylvian, a Tragedy, and Poems*, by John Philip Varley. It was so unpretending in appearance that its modesty was a plea for tolerance, but the first glance at its contents showed that it was not to be judged by externals in any way. *Sylvian* takes up half the volume; the rest consists of poems, of which the most striking are, *The River of Dreams*, *The Wayside Virgin*, *Ballad of the Three Winds*, *Pan Fleeing before Apollo*, *Written at the End of a Book*, with the more usual themes of *Absence*, *A Picture*, *The Flower*, *The Cloud*, and a *quant. suf.* of songs and sonnets. On turning over the leaves, my first impression was that somebody had been printing selections from his favorite poets, the Elizabethans, Blake, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Matthew Arnold, the Persians Omar Khayyam and Mirza Schaffy as interpreted by Fitzgerald and Bodenstedt. It did not take long to see that the resemblance was more a result of influence than of imitation; where the likeness was strongest, the boldness, not the servility, of the copy was most apparent. For a study of Shelley take the morsel called *Corinthus* : —

"She lives where the mountains are
A blue wave against the air,
Where the amber fountains are
Things than crystal twice as fair.
There, ah there,
She doth walk the skyey hills upon,
Like a far distant flashing of the dawn."

Of Keats, Faun and Oread, a fragment : —

"Quick he caught
The graceful girl, and quicker than 't is thought
She sat upon his shoulder : one strong arm
Around her limbs he put ; in sweet alarm
She sank together, and cowering in fear

Clasps with both tiny hands his matted hair ;
Whereat he laughed, and, hearing him, she too
'Gan laugh a little fearful laugh, and woo
To be let down, — but he toward that same place
Where first appeared her eager, rosy face
Full quickly sped, and ere I did guess
The gentle lady's white-limbed loveliness,
The Faun's broad back, the bearer and the
borne,
Grew in the wood all distant and forlorn,
A wasting dream, a knell that hath been rung,
Ah me ! the fairest pair that poet ever sung !"

Of Blake, *Love's Hopes* : —

"I'll think no more thereon, but live and hope !
And whereas all my dreamy trees do blow
And blossoms bear,
And all my blossoms smell and glow
And are most fair,
Then hope shall bodied be below,
And gay green wear,
And I shall live with joy, and know
Her eyes and air !
No more I'll think thereon, no more, no more,
And if my shadowy trees should fall, or fail
In slow decay,
While all my ruddy blossoms pale
Like dreams away,
Then shall I sing down some deep dale
Far from the day :
I too was once a bough and greenly hale
That now am gray !"

Of Bodenstedt's *Mirza Schaffy* : —

"If thou hast wings, so use them ;
If thou hast legs, walk with them ;
If thou hast foes, abuse them ;
If thou hast friends, talk with them.

"If thou hast gifts, so bring them ;
If thou hast debts, so pay them ;
If thou hast songs, so sing them ;
If thou hast sorrows, slay them !"

Of Browning and Lowell combined, the following passage (the only good one), in *Ziek Stedfast* on poets in general and himself in particular : —

"The words begin to come right in,
Like sheaves you feed in a thrashin' machine ;
When the chaff goes one way, and the wheat
Comes out at t'other end all complete :
Just likewise so when I begin
Really to do it, the words go in
Somewhere behind all jumbled, but in time
One end spills chaff and t'other end rhyme."

Many poets of the most vivid originality have seemed at first mere *Æolian* harps under the breath of a stronger genius, and the same may be said of some of the greatest masters in every

art. Beethoven wrote pages that may be mistaken for Mozart and Haydn; Raphael's early pictures might pass for Perugino's; a famous portrait assigned for centuries to Titian is now given to his teacher, Palma the elder. The phenomenon is too well known to need illustration. One great difference between Philip Varley and the general run of versifiers is that if their imitations excel at all it is most often in facility and felicity, while he is much less remarkable for those qualities than for energy and audacity. His rhythm is often rough and uneven, his rhyme imperfect, his metre faulty, the sequence or repetition of syllables unmusical, betraying a defective ear; yet after the smooth-flowing rondels and triolets with which we have lately been inundated, this harshness is a relief, a stump to cling to and rest upon. It is none the less a defect, and so are his mannerisms, of which he has as many as he has masters, and among them a trick of repeating words or phrases, as in the poem of *The Cloud*, which is given entire for the sake of its beauty rather than its blemishes:—

"I saw a silver cloud at even-tide,
At even-tide a little silver cloud;
With outstretched, moveless wings, a paly dove
She sailed towards the west, and thus she said:

" 'Ah! joy was mine; he bathed me in his beams,
He bathed me in his beams, and all day long
Over a thousand fields, a thousand groves,
My happy shadow floated like a dream.

" 'Kiss! kiss once more my lips, my pallid lips;
Bring me once more the blush I knew at morn;
Cast thou thine arms about me, ere I die,
Ere in a mist of tears I melt away!'

"While yet she spake her cloudy pallor changed,
And she became a wreath of flaming fire
That did to scorn the sober evening star;
But ah! she darkened visibly as she went.

"Slowly she darkened, slowly, till she was
Whiter than ashes or the face of death.
Then came a cold, low wind, and breathed on
her;
She in a mist of tears did melt away."

None of these examples give an adequate idea of a vigor and concentration which, though not frequent, occur too

positively in Philip Varley's verses to be overlooked in an estimate of them. The following are instances:—

"Could I say in a song how I love thee! Oh, could
I declare
How precious thou art in mine eyes, how perfect,
how fair!
And yet though I cannot—I shall—one pressure
of fire
From my lips to thy lips shall tell thee the whole
of desire."

"This is the end of the Book
Written by God.
I am the earth he took,
I am the sod,
The wood and iron he struck
With his sounding rod.

"I am the reed that he blew:
Once quietly
By the river-side I grew,
Till one day he
Rooted me up, and breathed a new
Delirium in me."

It must be admitted that if there be not original power of production, the power of reproduction amounts to force; it is very unusual to hear so strong and resonant an echo.

Besides the minor faults already mentioned, which Philip Varley must correct before he can take a place in the ranks of sweet singers, and among which is bad grammar, there are more serious ones,—incoherency, obscurity, absence of aim, purpose, definiteness, conclusion; the poems are not only for the most part fragmentary, but convey no notion of a possible form. To go deeper, they lack personality; a child of the age is speaking, but he is one of a million. A profound love of Nature and familiarity with her is the only individual tendency to be discerned, and this is proved not only by fine descriptions, but by many faithful, subtle touches. This, however, is no distinctive merit either in the prose or poetry of the present century. Of youth, too, one is aware, and it is long since anybody has called so loudly from the midst of its *Sturm und Drang*. There is a ferment which throws up foam and not a little scum; all well enough if it works itself clear in the

end. The author, in a note at the end of the book, which would be in better place at the beginning as a preface to Sylvian, speaks of "the dross of youth and defect of immaturity" as things to be remembered in judging this work. In allowing for these drawbacks it makes an important difference whether he is nineteen or twenty-five. For instance, it would be excusable only in a collegian to choose Spain in the seventeenth century, a country and period of which he avows his ignorance, as the theatre of a tragedy meant to represent "the passions and morals, the characters and customs, of the generation that is about us," and, moreover, to give it in the phraseology of the Elizabethan drama. There are bursts of force and fire in Sylvian, and striking situations. Of its value as an acting play only a theatrical critic can

judge. One patent defect to a literary judgment is the want of clearness both in conception and expression, and the absence of motive for the conduct of the personages. Olivia, the heroine, alone justifies herself; the rest have to be forced up to her pitch to carry on the action.

In summing up my impressions of John Philip Varley's first volume I find that I must wait for the second before coming to a conclusion. If there should never be a second, the fact will speak for itself; if there should, every one will know whether we have a new poet or not. Meanwhile, he has much to learn, — to know what he wishes to say, to say it clearly, to scan his metre and not give short measure, to prune his redundancy, and to complete at least one poem which shall be entirely his own.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Criticism. Italian Popular Tales, by Thomas Frederick Crane. (Houghton.) This collection, drawn from the best Italian sources, is the first comprehensive one which has appeared in English. It is interesting to see how divided the author is in his apprehension of his audience. His own interest is a double one: he is a scholar, curious for comparative folk-lore, but he is also a humanist, delighted with the stories which he finds. He follows Grimm in this respect, and though he does not go to individual sources for his stories, his temper and his purpose are much the same as those of the pioneers. — Sartor Resartus appears in a neat form as one of a series of Carlyle's choice books. (Estes & Lauriat.) — Seed Thoughts for the Growing Life, from Robert Browning and others, selected for the use of teachers and the help of children and parents, by Mary E. Burt (The Colegrove Book Co., Chicago): a little pamphlet of sixty pages, drawn from a teacher's experience in providing short, pithy sayings for children to learn. The apothegms have the advantage of being unhackneyed. — The Ethics of George Eliot's Works, by the late John Crombie Brown, with an introduction by Charles Gordon Ames. (George H. Buchanan & Co., Philadelphia.) Mr. Brown, whom readers of George Eliot's Life will remember, finds a common ground in the novels and in historic Christianity which will be likely to sur-

prise some who have looked upon George Eliot as a post-Christian. — The Wanderings of Ulysses, by C. Witt, translated by Frances Younghusband, has been published in Harper's Handy Series: a more close rendering of Homer than Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses, but not, we think, in such graceful English. — The Enchiridion of Criticism is the title given to a small volume intended to contain the best criticisms on the best authors of the nineteenth century, edited by William Shepard. (Lippincott.) The collection is not especially important. Too many persons are treated, from too few points of view. The book is rather for the curious than the inquiring and studious. — The Wit of Women, by Kate Sanborn (Funk & Wagnalls): a volume of selections from the writings of women, connected by running comments. Miss Sanborn's notion of wit seems strained sometimes. We doubt if much of the material would be collected if there were any intention of showing wit in general, and we do not see the precise feminine quality in the book. — A Layman's Study of the English Bible considered in its literary and secular aspect, by Francis Bowen. (Scribners.) In this study, which was originally given as lectures to an academic audience, Professor Bowen makes a vigorous plea for the study of the King James version as a part of liberal education. In doing this, he intends to keep to the Bible as a work of

literature, but it is interesting to see how inevitably he is drawn into discussions of morals, history, and to some extent religion. — Corneille's Tragedy Polyeuctus, the Christian Martyr, has been translated into English blank verse by Walter Federan Nokes. (Schoenhof, Boston.) The French and English are given on parallel pages. — The Great Poets as Religious Teachers, by John H. Morison (Harpers): a thoughtful little volume, in which the author wisely goes to Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and others for those intimations of the religious nature of man which evade the student who relies for his discovery of human life upon the demonstrations of physical nature. — Literature, by Herman Grimm. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) Miss Sarah H. Adams has translated a number of Grimm's essays on Emerson, France and Voltaire, Albert Dürer, Voltaire and Frederick the Great, and other subjects. The freshness of Grimm's mind, the candor and generosity, together with his substantial learning, make his judgments worth attention. He has the advantage of being able to look at the subjects he chooses from something more than a strictly German point of view. — What we Really Know about Shakespeare, by Mrs. C. H. Dall. (Roberts.) Mrs. Dall has brought together in convenient form the accessible facts about Shakespeare, and has added such conjectures of her own as seem to her in keeping with these facts. She confesses her indebtedness to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, but does not always agree with him. The book has rather a helter-skelter look, with its succession of scrappy notes, that bear slight typographical relation to the main essay. — Mr. Augustin Daly has issued an interesting brochure containing a fac-simile reprint of The Merry Wives of Windsor, with a prompt-copy of the comedy as played at his theatre. Mr. William Winter contributes to the volume a delightful essay on Falstaff and various of his interpreters.

Travel and Nature. Through Spain, a Narrative of Travel and Adventure in the Peninsula, by S. P. Scott. (Lippincott.) Much of the ground traversed in this volume is a tolerably new field for tourists, the writer is a good narrator, and the illustrations are pleasing, especially those of architectural subjects. Altogether the book is a creditable addition to our literature of travel. — The Queen's Empire, or Ind and her Pearl, by Joseph Moore, Jr. (Lippincott): a narrative of travel in Hindustan, somewhat dry and uninviting, with phototype illustrations, which have the dullness of the photograph and the indistinctness of the lithograph. — Chosin, the Land of the Morning Calm, a sketch of Korea, by Percival Lowell. (Ticknor.) Mr. Lowell had a new subject, and he has treated it with a leisurely regard for all its possibilities. We have to thank him for a handsome volume with interesting illustrations, and if the style of writing is somewhat discursive and Mr. Lowell seems to wander a little from a straightforward narrative, the reader may remember that the Koreans are in no hurry, and he may well appropriate some of their temper. — Along Alaska's Great River, a popular account

of the travels of the Alaska Exploring Expedition of 1883 along the great Yukon River from its source to its mouth, in the British Northwest Territory, and in the Territory of Alaska, by Frederick Schwatka. (Cassell.) The expedition included a raft journey of over thirteen hundred miles. Mr. Schwatka is an experienced northern traveler, and shows in this book his energy and determination in overcoming obstacles. He clears up many points in Alaskan geography, and gives one a distinct impression of the country scenically, though hardly of its resources. The engravings are intelligible, but rather rude. — Japanese Homes and their Surroundings, by Edward S. Morse (Ticknor): a delightful book and a distinct addition to our intimate knowledge of the Japanese, because the writer has confined himself to a subject capable of being treated comprehensively, and because he writes from a sympathetic position, and one of familiar acquaintance. — The Greek Islands and Turkey after the War, by Henry M. Field. (Scribners.) Dr. Field writes with the advantage of a traveler who has been over the ground twice, and has in his second visit a special errand. He carries with him also his old disposition to moralize upon his theme, but it is only just to say that there is for the most part a pretty straightforward story.

Politics and Sociology. The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States of America, by Oscar S. Straus (Putnams): a thoughtful little book, but somewhat off the track, owing to the author's persistent regard of the war for independence as a revolution. If he had called it an evolution, he would not have missed so many plain truths. He also seems to have overlooked not only the germs of local and representative government in English politics, but the familiarity of the Puritans with Geneva. — The Woman's Department of the World's Exposition at New Orleans has issued a Report and Catalogue (Rand, Avery & Co., Boston), in which the industry of women finds some slight recognition. By means of the classification by States it is possible to reach some conclusion as to the comparative enterprise in this form of the different parts of the country. — Dust Ho! and other Pictures from Troubled Lives, by H. A. Forde and her sisters (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York): a sympathetic account of a dozen church institutions in London for the care of the neglected. The sketches are free from statistical dreariness, and are mainly the report of an intelligent visitor. — The Industrial Situation and the Question of Wages, a study in social physiology, by J. Schoenhof. (Putnams.) The conclusion reached by the author is that with free competition with other nations, that is, by the abrogation of duties on materials, American industries could create an unbounded market all over the world. He does not appear to consider the possibility of self-protective measures on the part of other nations, but it would not be by any means surprising if the adoption of the policy of free trade on the part of America should result in a protective policy on the part of England.